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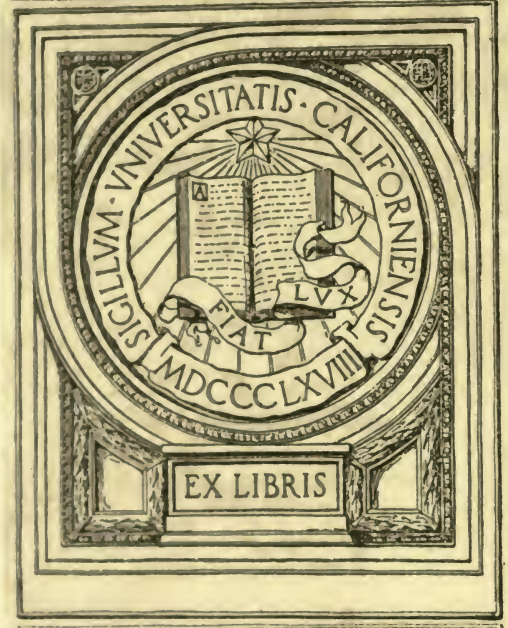

THE MAKERS OF CANADA

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, F.R.S.C., AND
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WOLFE AND MONTCALM

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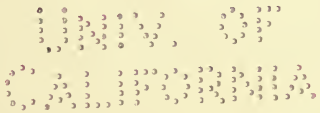
THE MAKERS OF CANADA

WOLFE AND MONTCALM

BY

THE ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN



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INTRODUCTION

SINCE the manuscript of the Abbé Casgrain's contribution to the "Makers of Canada" series was received, several works bearing on the subject-matter of this volume have been published[1] which throw a new light upon the campaign around which has gathered such great debate.

Copies of documents which were either scattered through many published works, or which were practically hidden or inaccessible to the general public, have lately been arranged and rendered available for research and discussion. The interest in this notable campaign can never cease, and it is probable that although the general opinion may become settled as years go by, historical students may, for all time, continue to differ.

In justice, therefore, to the memory of the late Abbé, who had not an opportunity of consulting all these works before his death, it becomes our duty to direct attention to several points at issue, which briefly are as follows: (1) What credit does

[1] Particular mention must be made of the following works:—

The Siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, by A. G. Doughty in collaboration with G. W. Parmelee, six volumes, Quebec, Dussault and Proulx, 1901.

The Fight for Canada, by William Wood, London, Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 1904.

La Guerre de Sept Ans. Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire. Par Richard Waddington. Tome III. Paris, Firmin-Didot et Cie, 1904.

Wolfe deserve for the successful operations of September 13th? (2) Which official, upon the French side, whether Montcalm, Vaudreuil or Bougainville, must bear the onus and responsibility of defeat? And in this connection it is important to investigate the relations which existed throughout the siege between Montcalm and Vaudreuil, and to attach, likewise, due importance to the statements of those who defend Bougainville's conduct on the day of defeat.

We are assured that the readers of this book will find their interest in the narrative deepened by very reason of the strength of the author's convictions, and it is in order that these strong convictions may not give the book an undue tincture of prejudice that we have thought it proper to embody in the introduction views that are not infrequently at variance with those which the Abbé Casgrain has so ably expressed. Disputed matters which admit of brief reference are treated in the notes at the end of the volume.

DID WOLFE ORIGINATE THE FINAL PLAN?

A brief survey of the facts will assist our inquiry. Before the actual siege began, Wolfe had imagined that he could effect a landing on the Beauport shore, and force a crossing of the St. Charles River (pp. 77 and 96). Montcalm, however, forestalled this movement by erecting powerful defences between the St. Charles and the Montmorency. Consequently

Wolfe first made his position secure in the Island of Orleans, then established siege batteries at Pointe Lévis, and, on July 9th, with the remainder of his forces, occupied in strength the left bank of the Montmorency at its mouth. He has been criticized for thus dividing his forces, but the disposition was a wise one, at least until it had been discovered that ships could pass above the town. The Island of Orleans was a convenient position for a hospital and stores; from the Lévis batteries he could perpetually harass the town; and from his Montmorency camp he was in a position to threaten the enemy's left. Moreover Wolfe's avowed object was to tempt his enemy to assume the offensive, and in a conversation with some French prisoners he expressed his surprise that Montcalm, in spite of the opportunities afforded, had not attacked him.

On July 18th Wolfe reconnoitred the north shore above Quebec, and some vessels succeeded in forcing their way up the river in spite of the town batteries. These movements so alarmed the French that they anticipated an attack from above the town, and Dumas, with five hundred Canadians, was despatched to L'Anse du Foulon to oppose a landing there.

Wolfe had such a capacity for keeping his own counsel that it is impossible to determine whether at this early date he contemplated extensive operations above the town. Suffice it to say that in spite of various reconnaissances up the river, and in spite

of the further fact that a considerable portion of the fleet succeeded in passing the town batteries without serious damage, Wolfe persisted in occupying his position at the Montmorency for a whole month after the disastrous affair of July 31st. Must we not infer that his reconnaissances above the town, of July 18th and July 21st, convinced him of the almost insuperable difficulty of effecting a landing in force in that direction? This is clearly borne out by reference to Wolfe's despatch to Pitt under date of September 2nd, in which he details the operations of his forces between June 26th and the battle of Montmorency (July 31st). "The 18th of July two men-of-war, two armed sloops, and two transports with some troops on board, passed by the town without any loss, and got into the upper river. This enabled me to reconnoitre the country above, where I found the same attention on the enemy's side, and great difficulties on ours, arising from the nature of the ground, and the obstacles to our communication with the fleet. But what I feared most was that, if we should land between the town and the river Cap Rouge, the body first landed could not be reinforced before they were attacked by the enemy's whole army. Notwithstanding these difficulties, I thought once of attempting it at St. Michael's, about three miles above the town; but, perceiving that the enemy, jealous of this design, were preparing against it, and had actually brought artillery and a mortar, which, being so near to

Quebec, they could increase as they pleased, to play upon the shipping, and as it must have been many hours before we could attack them, even supposing a favourable night for the boats to pass the town unhurt, it seemed so hazardous that I thought it best to desist."

Wolfe's defeat at Montmorency again turned his thoughts above the town. On August 5th Murray was placed in charge of twelve hundred men to operate up the river, and Bougainville was detached by Montcalm to watch his movements. Murray was only partially successful in his expedition, and returned to the main army on the twenty-fifth. On August 20th Wolfe wrote to Monckton commenting adversely upon Murray's prolonged stay above Quebec: "Murray, by his long stay above and by detaining all our boats, is actually master of the operations, or rather puts an entire stop to them." These complaints were reiterated on August 22nd, and on the twenty-fourth he ordered rockets to be thrown up as a signal for Murray's recall.

Due weight should be given (in dealing with the evidence) to the letter to Admiral Saunders (see "Siege of Quebec," vol. ii, p. 154): "My ill state of health," writes Wolfe, "hinders me from executing my own plan; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute. The generals seem to think alike as to the operations. I, therefore, join with them, and perhaps we may find some opportunity to strike a blow." What was his own

desperate plan? Probably that carried out on the thirteenth.

We now come to Wolfe's famous letter of August 29th to the brigadiers (pp. 154-5). In this letter no suggestion is made as to the possibility of an attack above the town. Of the three alternatives suggested all were concerned with operations in the neighbourhood of Beauport and the Montmorency, and the brigadiers, in their reply of August 30th, firmly rejected each proposal. After stating their objections the brigadiers continue: "We, therefore, are of opinion that the most probable method of striking an effectual blow is by bringing the troops to the south shore, and directing our operations above the town. When we have established ourselves on the north shore, of which there is very little doubt, the Marquis de Montcalm must fight us upon our own terms, we are between him and his provisions, and betwixt him and the French army opposing General Amherst. If he gives us battle, and we defeat him, Quebec must be ours, and, which is more, all Canada must submit to His Majesty's arms."

The matter now resolves itself into a mere question of fact. Wolfe had recognized the seeming impracticability of a descent in force above the town. When the brigadiers made their forceful recommendation he accepted their proposal, and then vigorously formulated his own plans independently of all advice. The brigadiers had in view a landing at some spot about twelve miles above the town, and

on September 8th expected that Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, would be selected. Wolfe, in his reconnaissance of September 10th, decided for valid reasons that the Anse du Foulon (less than two miles from Quebec) was the only suitable place, and with extraordinary ability he planned every detail of the subsequent operations. Surely there is enough glory in this to satisfy his most exacting admirers!

Dr. Doughty and Major Wood accord the whole merit of the enterprise to Wolfe and the coöperating fleet which was really acting under his orders. The Abbé Casgrain inclines to attribute the successful issue of the operations to sheer good luck, abetted by the incompetency of Bougainville. Wolfe had good luck, it is true, but the good luck which accompanies excellent strategy. His knowledge was complete on several points, thanks in part to the information gleaned from deserters, and partly to his own skilled observation. He knew that the Anse du Foulon was guarded by an incompetent officer with an inefficient force. He appears to have known that the Guyenne regiment was not on the Heights of Abraham. He knew that Bougainville, with the flower of the French army, had been detached to watch the movements of the fleet as far as Jacques Cartier if necessary. And finally he knew that Montcalm in the Beauport camp was in hourly expectation of attack. With these trumps in his hands he played his cards to perfection. Montcalm and the

town were kept in constant suspense by the operations of Saunders; and Holmes's squadron was employed to keep Bougainville beyond striking distance.

Dr. Doughty attaches much importance to two letters of September 12th as establishing Wolfe's claim to the initiative in the battle of the following day. The first is from the three brigadiers requesting precise information as to the place or places they were expected to attack on the morrow. They say: "We must beg leave to request of you as distinct orders as the nature of the thing will admit of, *particularly of the place or places*, we are to attack. This circumstance (perhaps very decisive) we cannot learn from the public orders, neither may it be in the power of the naval officer who leads the troops to instruct us." Wolfe replies at half-past eight on the same day from the *Sutherland*. There is some asperity in the communication: "It is not a usual thing to point out in the public orders the direct spot of our attack, nor for any inferior officers not charged with a particular duty to ask instructions upon that point. I had the honour to inform you to-day that it is my duty to attack the French army. To the best of my knowledge and abilities I have fixed upon that spot where we can act with the most force, and are most likely to succeed. If I am mistaken I am sorry for it, and must be answerable to His Majesty and the public for the consequence."

Taking this letter into consideration with the remainder of the evidence the conclusion to be drawn is obvious—namely, that from the moment when he selected the Foulon as the objective point of his attack (September 10th) Wolfe organized and executed the operations upon his own initiative and upon his own responsibility. Before the receipt of the letter from the brigadiers (August 30th) he had abandoned all hope of a successful landing in force above the town. The subsequent conduct of the campaign is stamped with the outstanding and singular qualities of his marvellous genius.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN MONTCALM AND VAUDREUIL

Granted two temperaments so opposed, a conflict of opinion was probable; and granted the anomalous conditions under which Montcalm and Vaudreuil held office, a clash of authority was inevitable. Montcalm was impulsive and irascible, Vaudreuil was vacillating and suspicious; Montcalm had all the knowledge and Vaudreuil all the power. With such discord within and a watchful enemy at her gates, the doom of Canada was sealed. Wolfe might have failed, but another year must have seen the passing of France's dominion in the New World.

The author has given sufficient indication of Montcalm's brilliant qualities, and has not concealed altogether the unfavourable aspects of Vaudreuil's character (see pp. 28, 29, 81, 215, 227, 228).

But, like all French-Canadian writers, he is loyal to the province, and seeks when possible to shield Vaudreuil, the Canadian-born governor, behind the alleged errors of Montcalm, the French commander. A careful examination of the material that has come to light within the brief interval which has elapsed since the present book was written has convinced the editors that it is no longer possible to defend Vaudreuil at the expense of Montcalm and Bougainville, and we are persuaded that if the Abbé Casgrain had been spared to study the evidence now available he would have been led to modify the views of which he was so conspicuous an advocate.

Vaudreuil in spite of his tolerance of Bigot and his crew of bandits has never been accused of personal dishonesty. He was at the worst a meddlesome blunderer, a *Polonius redivivus* thrust into a position of authority at a crisis when his country required all the qualities of firmness, tact, and moderation in which he was wanting. Like all weak men he was eager to display his strength, and it was a jealous regard for his own reputation which constantly led him to belittle and even to malign Montcalm to the home authorities. Parkman, with the incomplete evidence at his disposal had already divined Vaudreuil's character with his customary discernment: "He had not the force of character which his position demanded, lacked decision in times of crisis; and though tenacious of

authority was more jealous in asserting than self-reliant in exercising it. One of his traits was a sensitive egotism, which made him forward to proclaim his own part in every success, and to throw on others the burden of every failure."

Vaudreuil's instructions to Montcalm throughout the campaign were so formulated as to forestall all possibility of blame directed against himself in case of disaster, and his reports after the event usually implied that all the credit of victory was his. Thus, after the capture of Oswego, to whose fall he had at least contributed by initiating the design, he writes in his accustomed strain: "The measures I took assured our victory in spite of opposition. If I had been less vigilant and firm, Oswego would still be in the hands of the English." The contemptuous tone which Montcalm habitually assumed in his references to the colonial troops affords some palliation for Vaudreuil's excessive praise of the Canadians in which no small measure of self-laudation was involved. Montcalm, in detailing the events, writes on August 28th, 1756: "I have usefully employed them (the colonial officers) and the militia of the country, not, however, at any work exposed to the enemy's fire. It is a troop knowing neither discipline nor subordination."

It does not require a close reading between the lines to understand how a man of Vaudreuil's suspicious temper would resent Montcalm's unaffected contempt of the Canadians, and, on the other hand,

the source of Montcalm's grievance is no less apparent. But Vaudreuil's weakness shows itself most glaringly when we consider the events of the siege, and more especially the episode of the final battle and the subsequent evacuation.

If blame can be attached either to Montcalm or Vaudreuil for not defending the Traverse, through which Saunders' fleet was permitted to sail unopposed, it probably may be equally divided. But it should be remembered that for many years the French had considered the channel impassable for vessels of two hundred tons and over, and to this false confidence in natural obstructions might be attributed what now seems a serious oversight.

But it was in spite of Montcalm's vigorous protest that Vaudreuil neglected to occupy the heights of Lévis, with such disastrous results to the town. Passing now to the complicated events of the final Battle of the Plains an unprejudiced interpretation of the facts must compel us to attach to Vaudreuil no small share of the responsibility for defeat. His advocates, and these include both the Abbé Casgrain and Vaudreuil himself, hold that the day was lost owing chiefly to the precipitancy of Montcalm's attack. To this main cause our author adds Bougainville's dilatoriness, the withdrawal of the Guyenne regiment from the Heights of Abraham and the worthlessness of Vergor, for whose appointment he seems inclined to blame de Bougainville. We

wish to present within brief compass the important evidence on these points.

I—THE PRECIPITANCY OF MONTCALM'S ATTACK

Vaudreuil's letter to Lévis in which he blames Montcalm for the precipitancy of his attack is given on pp. 212, 213 of the present volume, and on p. 194 the author comments upon the same matter. His argument has much force, but it is in a measure offset by the following facts: (1) Montcalm held a council of war before attacking, and no officer proposed deferring the attack, (p. 195); (2) His troops were full of enthusiasm, and would brook no delay; (3) The English would utilize every moment to strengthen their position; (4) Montcalm was unaware that Wolfe had such a large force ready to engage, and feared that each hour would add to his numbers. We may state here that Montcalm did not feel that he could rely upon any aid from the direction of the Beauport camp. He had sent there to summon the whole left wing to the front, but Vaudreuil had countermanded his order.

II—BOUGAINVILLE'S DILATORINESS

It will be remembered that when Vaudreuil received from Bernetz a confirmatory report of the English landing he despatched Montcalm with one hundred men to resist the attack, and sat down to compose a letter to Bougainville, under the impression that the latter was at Cap Rouge. The truth is

that Bougainville, in pursuance of his instructions always to keep above the English fleet, had followed the ships on the night of September 12th as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec. It was when Bougainville was returning towards Cap Rouge at nine o'clock in the morning that he received word from Vaudreuil's courier of the landing of the British troops. The Abbé Casgrain says that according to Bougainville's own admission in his letter to Bourlamaque he learned the news as early as eight o'clock. M. René de Kerallain in "La Jeunesse de Bougainville" says that in a memoir written in the camp at Lorette on September 21st Bougainville substitutes nine o'clock as the hour. With this estimate Dr. Doughty and Major Wood, with the memoir before them, concur. Bougainville then made a forced march from Cap Rouge over bad roads to the scene of action, seven miles distant. His advance guard reached the battle-ground in about two hours, and Bougainville sent a detachment to take the Samos battery. Here he was repulsed, and after attacking Townshend's rear was forced to retreat, though in good order, to L'Ancienne Lorette. The main battle had long since been decided.

III—THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE GUYENNE REGIMENT FROM THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

Neither Bougainville nor Montcalm, but Vaudreuil alone, must bear the responsibility for this

action. Dr. Doughty and M. Kerallain (*op. cit.*) both argue successfully to establish the fact, but Major Wood has advanced the documentary evidence which we take the liberty of quoting: "The documentary evidence proving that Montcalm was thwarted by Vaudreuil in his attempt to protect the Heights and Plains of Abraham by posting this regiment there on the fifth is to be found in Mr. Doughty's work. But the evidence for Montcalm's order on the twelfth (namely for the regiment to proceed to the Foulon) is to be found in a journal discovered in the archbishop's palace in Quebec—and printed in the April and May numbers of the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, Vol. IX, No. 5, p. 139. It is a verbatim reprint of the entry for September 12th, 1759, in the journal of Jean Félix Récher, curé of Quebec: 'Order given by M. de Montcalm to the battalion of Guyenne to go and camp at the Foulon, afterwards revoked by M. de Vaudreuil, saying, *we shall see about that tomorrow.*'"

IV—VERGOR AT L'ANSE DU FOULON

No one disputes the worthlessness of Vergor. His treachery even has been hinted at. The Abbé Casgrain implies (p. 178) that Bougainville was partially responsible for his presence at the Foulon as commanding officer, and takes Bougainville to task for neglecting Vaudreuil's order to reinforce the post by fifty of Repentigny's men. However,

we are certain that Vergor was in command at the Foulon with the full knowledge of both Vaudreuil and Montcalm. With reference to the second point we need only say that Vaudreuil had intended to despatch five hundred of Repentigny's men to the assistance of Bougainville. The latter was to despatch fifty of these to reinforce the Foulon. The men were not sent owing to the scarcity of provisions.

THE EDITORS.

Montcalm.

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CHAPTER I

MONTCALM'S EARLY YEARS[1]—HIS ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC

ON March 14th, 1756, General the Marquis of Montcalm descended the grand staircase of the palace at Versailles, where he had just received his final orders from the king, Louis XV. He was leaving for Canada, where he went to replace the Baron de Dieskau, who had been taken prisoner the year before at the unfortunate affair of Lake St. Sacrament, better known as Lake George. The prince, to whom the Marquis of Montcalm had been recommended as one of the most brilliant officers of his army, had raised him to the dignity of major-general and appointed him commandant of the troops that he was sending to carry on the war in New France.

The general left Versailles the following day for Brest, accompanied by his leading aide-de-camp, M. de Bougainville, a young man then but little known, but who was destined to make himself famous, later on, by his travels around the world.

Montcalm was full of hope and joy when he left; for the king, as the finishing touch of his goodness, had named his son, who was barely seventeen years

[1]Minute details regarding the life of Montcalm may be found in the Abbé Casgrain's *Montcalm and Lévis*, of which a second edition is now on sale in Quebec.

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of age, colonel of a regiment of cavalry. The happy father hastened to convey the good news to his wife and his mother, informing them at the same time that he had gone with his son to thank the king and to present the young colonel to the members of the royal family.

The journey through Brittany was a pleasant one, thanks to the influence of the first fine days of spring which had opened the buds of the trees and clad the hillsides once more in green. At Brest Montcalm found awaiting him all the members of his establishment who had preceded him, and his second aide-de-camp, M. de la Rochebeaucour "a man of quality, a native of Poitou and a lieutenant in Montcalm's regiment of cavalry." He was joined shortly afterwards by his third aide-de-camp, M. Marcel, sergeant in the regiment of Flanders, promoted to the rank of an officer.

There lived at Brest at this time a man of the highest integrity in the person of M. Hocquart. He had held the office of intendant in Canada, and gave a warm welcome to Montcalm and to the superior officers who accompanied him. In the salon of Madame Hocquart was one with whom Montcalm formed the first link of a friendship that was never broken. This was the Chevalier de Lévis, who had arrived at Brest the day before, and who had been appointed second in command under Montcalm with the rank of brigadier. From that time forth nobody possessed the confidence of Montcalm

to the same extent as Lévis. He was his most intimate friend, his adviser, and the custodian of all his secrets. Montcalm's correspondence with him, recently discovered, reveals the fact that he recognized him as a master of military art. Though they differed in their fortunes they were the last defenders of a lost cause, and around them clustered the closing glories of the French arms in America.

Louis-Joseph, marquis de Montcalm, seigneur de Saint-Véran, was born on February 29th, 1712, at the château of Candiac, near Nîmes. He came of an old family originally from Rouergue. His ancestors, for many generations, had gained lustre upon the field of battle. The people of the country were in the habit of saying that war was the tomb of the Montcalms.

The marquise de Saint-Véran, née Marie-Thérèse de Lauris de Castellane, mother of Louis-Joseph, was a woman of eminent character and of a piety more eminent still. She had converted to Catholicism her husband, who was born of Huguenot parents, and she had exercised an extraordinary influence over her son. If the principles with which she inspired him did not preserve him from all errors in this century of impiety and debauchery they produced upon him an impression which was never effaced and which governed the whole course of his future life.

Montcalm's early childhood was spent at Roque-

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maure with his maternal grandmother, Madame de Vaux, who, like all grandmothers, spoilt him a little, in consequence of which and of his delicate health, he tells us that in 1718 he had not yet learned to read. He was then confided to the care of M. Louis Dumas, his uncle *de la main gauche*, an original genius, who had both the good qualities and the faults of a savant and a pedagogue. He was the inventor of a new system of teaching which, it is said, he applied for the first time to his pupil.

Louis-Joseph, in spite of frequent revolts against the system of his harsh master made rapid progress in the study of Latin, Greek and history, thanks to a good memory and a bright intelligence. When barely fourteen years of age he followed the traditions of his family and joined the army, but without abandoning his course of study. His career required him to be a man of action, and he had a special taste and aptitude for it. He was a soldier of the old school, devoting considerable time to study, even in camp. He wrote from the army to his father in 1734 :—"I am learning German . . . and I am reading more Greek, thanks to my present solitude, than I have read for three or four years."

Montcalm received his baptism of fire under the walls of Kehl (1733), and did not belie the bravery of his ancestors. The following year he took part in the taking of Philippsbourg, where he saw the old Marshal of Berwick, victorious like Turenne, struck

down like him by a bullet. The death of his father brought the young officer back to the paternal château, to dear Candiac, now his own property.

Only the half of the château de Candiac now remains, but its stern magnitude is still imposing. Surrounded by fruit trees it dominates the undulating and solitary country that stretches away from it to the horizon. It was there, under the sunny sky of Provence, among the plantations of olives and of almond trees which he cultivated, that the future hero of Canada spent the few years of peace and happiness that were allotted him. It was there that he took his young wife, whose family, by a strange coincidence, had already had relations with Canada. Her grand uncle, the Intendant Talon, had founded the royal administration there. Angélique-Louise Talon du Boulay, whom Montcalm had married in 1736, had brought him some means without making him rich. The marchioness was more the equal of her husband by the qualities of heart than by reason of intelligence, and she was as tender a wife as she was a devoted mother. They had ten children, of whom six survived; two boys and four girls. Montcalm was eminently a family man, and was deeply attached to this corner of France, where he found all the pleasures that he loved in the companionship of his mother, his wife, and his little children. In fact he enjoyed the feudal existence and all its charms. And later, when exiled from them a distance of fifteen hundred leagues, in the depths of

the American forests, we shall often hear him sighing, "When shall I see again the motherland? When, again, shall I see my dear Candiac?"

During the long and frequent absences necessitated by his military services, his mind was much occupied with the future of his young family. Then, in the spirit of that faith that came to him from his mother, he asked God,—as he himself has written,—to preserve them all and to prosper them both in this world and in the other. "It is a good deal," he added, "for a modest fortune, and especially with four daughters, but does God ever leave his children in want?"

"Aux petits des oiseaux il donne la pâture,
Et sa bonté s'étend sur toute la nature."

During the war of the Austrian succession Montcalm had accompanied his regiment into Bohemia, and had had his share in the sufferings of the French army. Later, in Canada, he will recall to his soldiers the famine that they had to endure in that terrible campaign, and he will write to Lévis: (1757) "The times are going to be harder in some respects than at Prague . . . Accustomed to adapt myself to whatever happens, and having already given proof of this at Prague, I am not worrying now about what is going to happen."

Montcalm was colonel of the Auxerrois Regiment of infantry during the Italian campaign (1746) where he narrowly escaped terminating his career. Taken prisoner while bleeding upon the field of

battle, after the defeat of the French before Plaisance, he wrote to his mother: "Yesterday we had a most vexatious experience. A number of officers, generals and colonels were killed or wounded. I am amongst the latter with five sabre cuts. Fortunately, none of them are dangerous, I am assured, and I am inclined to believe it because of the strength that I still retain, notwithstanding that I lost a good deal of blood, having had an artery severed. My regiment, which I had twice rallied, is annihilated."

Promoted to the grade of brigadier on his return to France, he was again severely cut up in a gorge of the Alps, where the brother of Maréchal de Belle Isle went madly to his death with four thousand French soldiers. The two new wounds that Montcalm received in this action gained him the congratulations of the king, the grade of commander, and the command of a new regiment of cavalry, to which his own name was given.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) brought him a few years of rest, the last that he was destined to pass at the château of Candiac. We find him in February, 1756, reading to his mother and to his wife the following letter which had been addressed to him by the keeper of the seals :—

"At Versailles, January 25th, Midnight.

"Perhaps you have given up waiting, sir, for news from me on the subject of the last conversation which I had with you on the day that you

came to say adieu to me in Paris. I have not, however, lost sight for a single instant, since that time, of the overture that I then made to you, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I now tell you of its success. The choice of the king has fallen upon you for the command of his troops in North America, and he will honour you on the occasion of your departure with the rank of major-general.

"D'ARGENSON."

The reading of this letter threw into despair the Marchioness of Montcalm, whose timid and retiring disposition restrained her from rising, without great difficulty, above considerations of the family circle. She would never be able to consent to her husband's departure upon so distant an expedition. The Marchioness of Saint-Véran, on the contrary, strong as a Roman matron, although crushed with sorrow, advised her son to accept the post of honour and of confidence that had been offered him by his sovereign. The Marchioness of Montcalm never forgave her mother-in-law for this counsel, and reproached her, later, with the death of her husband.

At Brest Montcalm had met in the person of the Chevalier de Lévis, a companion-in-arms who had been with him upon more than one field of battle. Gaston-François de Lévis was, like Montcalm, originally from Languedoc. He was born on August 23rd, 1720, at the château of Azac, one of the oldest houses of France. In the third crusade Philippe de Lévis accompanied the king, Philip-Augustus, to

the Holy Land. Two members of this family, Henri de Lévis, duc de Ventadour and François-Christophe de Lévis, duc de Damville had been viceroys of New France (1625 and 1644). From the age of fourteen years the Chevalier de Lévis had borne arms, and gave evidence of the possession of talents as solid as they were brilliant. The regiment of the marine, of which he was a lieutenant, fought at the affair of Clausen. Young Lévis was brought into prominence by a bravery and a coolness surprising for his age, and obtained a promotion. It is said that it was during the Bohemian campaign that Montcalm and he met for the first time. Lévis, wounded in the thigh by a fragment of a shell at the siege of Prague was probably amongst the invalids left in that city in charge of the heroic Chevert.

He sustained a stubborn fight on the bank of the Mein at the head of a detachment of a hundred men, and assisted at the battle of Dettingen (June 27th, 1743). The losses that the regiment of the marine sustained in this battle prevented him from continuing in the campaign, and he returned to France. Shortly afterwards he joined the army of Haute-Alsace, under command of the maréchal de Coigny. Here he distinguished himself no less than he had done in the preceding campaigns.

In 1745 he served under the Prince of Conti, and was at the passage of the Rhine. In the following year he accompanied his regiment which

was despatched upon Nice to defend the frontiers of Provence. Named adjutant of the army in Italy in 1747 he distinguished himself at the sieges of Montalban, of Valencia, of Cazal, of Villefranche and of the château of Vintimille. At the disastrous battle of Plaisance he had a horse killed under him and was wounded in the head by a gunshot near Bieglis, where he had been detached to make a reconnaissance. During this campaign the Chevalier de Lévis elicited admiration for his presence of mind and his rare military qualities. A brilliant feat of arms, which was much talked of, is related of him. His cousin, the Duke of Mirepoix, Gaston de Lévis, commander of the regiment of the marine, had selected him for aide-de-camp at the attack upon Montalban. They found themselves without any escort at the mouth of a gorge, in the presence of a battalion of Piedmontese. "Lay down your arms," they cried out to the enemy, "you are surrounded." The entire battalion was captured.

Such were the military services which had brought the Chevalier de Lévis into notice, and which had determined the Count d'Argenson to join him to Montcalm in the command of the Canadian troops.

These two men played so great a rôle at this period of our history that it is necessary, before going further to define well their characters. Rarely were two commanders united in such close friendship and in such agreement and mutual understand-

ing of all their operations. And yet their characters presented striking contrasts. The one was as ardent as the other was temperate. Montcalm was a veritable Southerner. His temperament was as hot as the sky of Provence; he flew into a passion at the slightest provocation, but regained the mastery of his feelings with equal facility. It is in these good qualities and these defects that may be found the explanation of the success and the reverses of the general. The Chevalier de Lévis, although born in the South like Montcalm, had none of his impetuosity nor yet of his loquacity. He was calm, cool, and of few words. Both were equally ambitious, always dreaming of honours and of advancement in their military career, with eyes constantly turned towards the court of Versailles in quest of what were then called *des grâces* (favours). But Montcalm easily created difficulties for himself, while Lévis avoided them with the greatest tact, never losing sight of the aim that he pursued. Throughout the expedition may be detected this great motive power of their actions. In addition, both officers and men are animated by the same spirit. The future of the colony that they have come to defend interests them but little. It is a distant land, afflicted with a rigorous climate, peopled with a handful of Frenchmen, its importance but little understood ; while Voltaire, the oracle of the century, called it " a few acres of snow," and later on Minister Choiseul congratulated himself upon being rid of it.

If it is not a foreign country for the soldiers of France it is about to become one. They feel it and foresee it. From now till then it is simply to them a battlefield whence they may gather laurels or gain high rank. It is necessary to keep this in view while studying the last years of the French régime in Canada. The interests of the colony will be often in conflict with those of the army, and many errors and faults will result therefrom.

In the roadstead of Brest a flotilla of six sails was ready to weigh anchor to transport the expeditionary corps placed under the orders of Montcalm. This body was composed of the second battalions of the regiments of La Sarre and of Royal-Roussillon, the first commanded by M. de Senezergues, the second by the Chevalier de Bernetz, and forming an effective force of eleven hundred and eighty-nine men. The three frigates were destined for the chiefs of the expedition. Montcalm boarded the *Licorne*, Lévis the *Sauvage*, and Colonel de Bourlamaque, third in command, the *Sirène*. The troops had been divided between the three vessels, the *Héros*, the *Illustre*, and the *Léopard*. The crossing of the Atlantic was accomplished without accident, in spite of the English cruisers which infested the route, of fogs, icebergs and storms, the last of which continued not less than ninety hours. Montcalm, impatient to arrive, landed at Cap Tourmente, May 13th, 1756, and drove the remainder of the journey.

FIRST VIEW OF QUEBEC

In perceiving from the heights of Montmorency the steep promontory of Quebec, Montcalm could not but admire its strategic position. He examined with the same military *coup d'œil*, the vast panorama that opened out before him, the lofty cliffs of Lévis, the immense harbour, the hills of Beauport, where he was destined, three years later, to win his last victory. In crossing, with a light heart, the walls of Quebec, he was far from suspecting that the summit of that rock was to serve him for a tomb.

CHAPTER II

PHYSIOGNOMY OF NEW FRANCE

MONTCALM was greatly interested in his visit to the little city of Quebec, which already occupied so prominent a place in the history of New France. Everything was new to him in this New World: its society, so young as compared with that which he had left, and nature, herself, so wild and so grand as compared with the soft, sunny fields, vineyards and smiling landscapes of France. The limited area enclosed within the walls of Quebec swarmed with soldiers, militiamen and Red Skins, who were being hastened to the frontier to meet the enemy. The gathering was as weird in its costumes as in its manners. With his usual activity the marquis had soon carefully visited both the city and the ramparts. M. de Longueuil and the intendant who accompanied him indicated the principal points of interest, the château St. Louis, whose stern and imposing mass of masonry dominated the crest of the cape; and at its foot the Lower Town—the principal centre of business and of shipping. Up from the heart of the narrow and tortuous streets rose the steeples of the churches of Notre Dame, of the Jesuits, of the Récollets, the seminary, the bishop's palace, the Ursuline con-

vent, the ruins of the Hôtel-Dieu, destroyed by fire the previous year, and farther away, in the valley of the St. Charles the monastery of the General Hospital; finally at the foot of the cliff the intendant's palace. All indicated, at a glance, that this was in very truth, the heart of New France. The three palaces of the governor, the intendant, and the bishop, were the visible expression of that triple power which radiated from Quebec to the very extremities of this immense continent. Within the walls alone five churches, three monasteries, a college, and a seminary illustrated the important part played by Catholicism in its progress. The colony consisted only of two long-drawn-out parishes ranged one on either side of the St. Lawrence. Beyond it in all directions, its mantle of verdure covering mountains, plains and valleys, stretched the vast, primeval forest, with its lakes, its swamps, its numberless rivers, their cataracts roaring night and day; with its myriads of babbling brooks beneath the overhanging foliage; with its bare or moss grown rocks and headlands, uplifting their eternal foreheads to the winds or snows, the sunshine or the rain, affording safe retreats for the wild beasts of the woods and for the still wilder native tribes.

These tribes were scattered almost everywhere. To the east lived the Etchemins, the Abénaquis, the Micmacs, implacable enemies of the English; to the south, the five Iroquois nations, traditional

foes of the French, but at that time undecided, and merely seeking for an occasion to range themselves on one side or the other; farther away were the Chaouenons, the Miamis, the Cherokees; and towards the great West, the Poutéotamis, the Ottawas, the Illinois, the Sakis, and a multitude of other indigenous tribes almost all friendly to the French. I have indicated elsewhere the reason for this sympathy; it suffices to recall here, in passing, that English colonization was founded upon an altogether different principle from that of the French: egoism was its leading motive; and this distinction Indian sagacity had not failed to discern.

Canada presented only three vulnerable points: the waterways of the St. Lawrence, of Lake Champlain, and of the Great Lakes. The citadel of Louisbourg guarded the entrance to the Gulf; Fort St. Frédéric protected the head of Lake Champlain, and Fort Frontenac, the outlet of the Great Lakes. The upper country which extended backwards for a distance then unknown, afforded a vast field for the exploits of the *coureurs de bois*. There was formed that hardy race of pioneers from among whose ranks came the most illustrious discoverers: the Joliets, the Nicolas Perrots, the Nicolets, the La Vérendryes and so many others. An indomitable, undisciplined race, it was often cruel from having witnessed such nameless inhumanity.

Clothed in Indian costume, accustomed to great fatigue, knowing all the forest trails as well as the

Indians themselves, often allied to them by more or less regular marriages, and possessing a great influence among their tribes, the *coureurs de bois* were of inestimable use in times of war. They would arrive at certain periods of the year, usually accompanied by Indians, paddling, like them, their birchbark canoes, and singing Canadian songs. These lost children of civilization had acquired the habits of their newly-found companions, becoming as proud and careless as themselves, their arms, hands and breasts tattooed, their muscles dry and hard, their keen eyes lighting up their almost copper-coloured features. They came from the depths of the forest, where they had filled their boats with packages of furs bought from the Indians. Brave, often to rashness, but not understanding braveness as Europeans do, they fought in the manner of savages, that is to say they practised a guerilla warfare. To retire was not to them a flight or a disgrace, but simply a means for attaining a better position. Their lack of discipline was a danger to regular armies, which they exposed to confusion and a breaking of the ranks, and thus their services were most highly esteemed upon expeditions of discovery and operations involving stealth and surprise.

From the time that Champlain, the greatest of French discoverers, had first penetrated into the valley of the Great Lakes, these vast regions had become the domain of France. She had acquired

a double right to them, that of first occupant, and that of a civilizing power, which in the eyes of reason and of right is the only positive justification for the invasion of a barbarous country.

In 1673 Joliet and Marquette had entrusted themselves to the unknown waters of the Mississippi, and had descended their mighty flood to Arkansas; La Salle had discovered its mouth and sounded its delta under a tropical sky in 1682. It was Frenchmen who upon perceiving from the heights of the Alleghanies the beautiful branch of the Mississippi whose gilded waters meander through the valley of the Ohio had exclaimed: *La Belle Rivière*, which thence became its first name. La Vérendrye had been the first to gaze upon the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. This was in 1743. Before the explorers had drawn the maps of this country missionaries had watered it with their blood. In the wildest and most distant villages a little cross might often be seen surmounting a cabin of bark, upon whose threshold would appear the black robe of the priest or the coarse mantle of some monk or friar.

To the eternal honour of France we may say with a Protestant historian: "Peaceful, benign, beneficent, were the weapons of this conquest. France aimed to subdue, not by the sword, but by the cross; not to overwhelm and crush the nations she invaded, but to convert, to civilize and embrace them among her children." And again: "The

French colonists acted towards the inconstant and sanguinary race who claimed the sovereignty of this land in a spirit of gentleness that affords a striking contrast with the cruel rapacity of the Spaniards and the harshness of the English. The scheme of English colonization made no account of the Indian tribes. In the scheme of French colonization they were all in all." The French wrought in the spirit of their great leader, Champlain, who was often heard to say that the saving of a soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire.

The neighbouring colonies were born and had grown up in a spirit of hostility or at least of indifference in regard to the Indians. They had remained shut in on the east side of the mountains which separated them from us, so little had interest and ambition directed their eyes and their footsteps in the direction of the setting sun. It had taken them more than a century to decide to venture towards the west, for their traditional conduct towards the aborigines had rendered their approach of them as difficult as it was easy to the French. Had the experience of a century taught them anything? Did they bring to the Indians any benefit, any lofty idea, any civilization? No, nothing of the kind. Traffic and spirituous liquors were all that they offered them. But they were as rich in these as they were destitute of everything else, and it is easy to understand the demoralization which accompanied these new invaders.

In a few years, thanks to their methods, they offered a formidable competition to the French traders, and attracted a good number of tribes, to whom they sold, at more advantageous terms, arms, ammunition, merchandise, and, in fact, everything with which they could tempt them.

In 1748 Canada was governed by an officer of marine, who lacked external grace, because of a bodily deformity, but who was extremely intelligent, well informed, active and of keen discernment, and who later gave good proof of his possession of these qualities by gaining a brilliant victory over the English off the island of Minorca. The Count de la Galissonnière strongly urged the attention of his government to the danger which threatened New France from the other side of the Alleghanies, and to the necessity of protecting it by a system of forts, calculated at the same time to connect it with Louisiana.

New France bore a striking analogy to the two great rivers which traversed it, whose sources although they approached each other never met. In proportion as the distance was increased from its points of support—one at the north, at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, and the other at the south, at the mouth of the Mississippi—its power decreased, and disappeared altogether before a point of union was reached. The colony would be cut in two unless the plans of La Galissonnière were speedily executed, and this was a matter that

claimed the serious attention of the following administrations.

A chain of forts was constructed at an enormous cost at the principal points where the enemy might issue. Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Niagara River; Fort Duquesne at the junction of the river Alleghany with the Ohio; Forts Machault, Le Bœuf and Presqu'île, which established communication with Lake Erie; Fort Miami, on the river of the same name; Fort Vincennes, on the Ouabache; and finally, on the Mississippi, Fort de Chartres, the only one of them all which was worthy the name of fort, built in stone with four bastions, and impregnable except with artillery. Before the formal declaration of the war which had brought Montcalm to Canada, three famous conflicts had taken place on the undecided frontiers of the two colonies; one at Fort Necessity, where Jumonville had been killed; another near Fort Duquesne, where General Braddock had paid for his proud temerity with his life; the third at the head of Lake George, where Baron de Dieskau had been defeated, wounded and taken prisoner. The detailed explanation of these events had absorbed the attention of Montcalm from the time of his first conversations at Quebec, because it gave him the key of the situation. He had listened to the recital of the facts from the mouths of the French and Canadian officers who had taken part in one or the other of these actions. The marquis had ob-

served with no less interest the composition of the colonial society, whose charm and originality he had heard praised, and which he promised to avail himself of in order to relieve the irksomeness of his exile.

This little world was a miniature of French society, having like it its various strata and its well-worked degrees. At the top were the nobility of sword or of robe: the *seigneurs*, the public officials, the higher clergy. In the second rank came the landed gentry and the traders, to which might be added the clergy of the country parts; and finally in the third class were the common people or *habitants*, the large body of farmers which then as now had nothing in common with the French peasant, particularly with the type of former times. Conscious of his importance and of his dignity, the *habitant*, to quote an expression of Montcalm's, "lives like the small gentry of France."

The privileges of the *seigneurs* being less in Canada than in France, and the tenants or holders of the conceded seigniorial lands (*censitaires*) being more independent than in the motherland, there was neither the same gulf nor yet the same prejudices between them: the different classes lived, as a rule, in perfect harmony. Those who could boast of education were limited in number, but what these enjoyed of it was indeed excellent. This class included those who had taken the classical course at the Jesuit College in Quebec, or who

had studied in Europe. The women were better educated than the men, thanks to the greater opportunities for study which they enjoyed, in the various convents scattered through both town and country. Although there were parish schools the masses of the people did not know how to read or write. It might be said that their instruction was confined to the teaching that they received from the pulpit.

The spirit of revolt against all law, divine and human, which was then finding expression in France, had not reached the colony. Both civil and religious authority were acknowledged without questioning. This authority was concentrated in three hands: that of the governor, that of the intendant and that of the bishop, who generally gave each other a loyal and mutual support. The result was a strong unity of action, which in times of war was of inappreciable value, and which explains the long resistance of Canada to an enemy infinitely superior in numbers and in resources of all kinds, but weakened by divisions.

This absolute system of government, so useful without the colony, was fatal to its internal concerns. It killed all initiative. It kept the people in a constant state of tutelage, and opened the door to many abuses. While upon the other side of the frontier the spirit of democracy prevailed to an exaggerated extent, here the monarchical régime degenerated into autocracy.

LIFE OF THE WOODSMAN

From the earliest days of the colony the people had been carefully excluded from public affairs; they had not understood their rights, nor aspired to the conquest of liberty. All spirit of independence was not smothered, however, in the bosom of the rude and valorous race. It has never been found possible so to restrain human nature that it cannot find an outlet in some manner. The egress here supplied was the forest, which presented openings on all sides in its thousands of mysterious pathways, with its wandering tribes, its freedom and deliverance from all restraint, and the attraction of its many adventures. For Canadian youth it had a special fascination, inspiring and cultivating their native love of travel. The most sanguine dispositions were unable to resist its allurements, and so went to swell the ranks of the army of woodsmen or *coureurs de bois*.

CHAPTER III

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1756—THE TAKING OF OSWEGO

MONTCALM carried away the most favourable impression of Quebec, though he had only spent ten days there. He had sent a messenger to M. de Vaudreuil to notify him of his arrival; and since he had learned that the remainder of the fleet was in the river he went to Montreal, even before the arrival of the Chevalier de Lévis, to confer with the governor as to the plan of campaign to be followed.

At this first interview there was nothing to portend the terrible animosity which was soon to arise between these two men, with such disastrous results for themselves and the colony. The diplomatic reserve which was necessitated during this official conference, disappeared beneath the courteous forms and the grand court airs to which both of them were accustomed.

Vaudreuil was tall in stature, as proud of his person as of his origin. More than once in the course of the interview, without appearing to do so, he eyed from head to foot the sprightly little man with piercing eyes and short, vehement words, who gesticulated before him in an extraordinarily peevish

manner. He seemed to feel him grow as he spoke, and from that time he should have been able to form a very good idea of the domineering force of a will power that was so energetically expressed. He must have regretted, also, more than ever, not to have been able to secure the acceptance of the advice which he had tendered the minister a few months before, to the effect that it was unnecessary to send a general officer to replace the Baron de Dieskau.

Vaudreuil would have been right to speak in this manner if he had been a Frontenac, for the division of the military command, as well understood by the court, was full of inconveniences. But Vaudreuil was far from being of the same fabric as a Frontenac. Montcalm, on his side, probably knew nothing of the steps taken by Vaudreuil; but he flattered himself that his military superiority would ensure the acceptance of his services with good grace.

The court imagined that it had avoided the difficulty of a dual command by affirming the authority of the governor. The king's letter to Vaudreuil said formally: "M. le marquis de Montcalm has not the command of the land troops; he can only have it under your authority, and he must be under your order in everything."

Pierre-François Rigaud, marquis de Vaudreuil-Cavagnal, was the son of the governor of that name, who had administered the affairs of New France during twenty-two years—from 1703 to

1725—with as much wisdom as firmness. At first governor of Louisiana, Vaudreuil succeeded the Marquis Duquesne in 1755. Like his father, he was much loved by the Canadians, who were proud to have one of themselves at their head, for Vaudreuil had been born in Quebec on November 22nd, 1698. In addition to this his defects, like his qualities, were of a nature to make him popular. He was gentle, affable and completely devoted to the colonists, whom he treated as his children, and who rightly regarded him as their father; but his character was feeble, and he was irresolute, unenlightened, jealous of his authority, and was taken advantage of by a corrupt *entourage* which he was incapable of dominating.

Montcalm observed few of these defects at first sight, and appeared well satisfied with the preparations for the campaign ordered by Vaudreuil. The governor, on his side, was not less frank in his tenders of assistance.

The colonial military forces were composed of three distinct elements: the land troops, the marines and the militia. The former consisted of different detachments of the regular army, and came from France. They formed an effective force of about three thousand men, chosen among the *élite* of the army, and distributed between the battalions known as those of the Queen, of Béarn, of Languedoc, and of Guyenne, brought by Baron de Dieskau, and those of La Sarre and of Royal-Roussillon, which

had just arrived. In this total are not included the eleven hundred men of the Louisbourg garrison, composed of the battalions of Bourgoyne and of Artois.

The marine troops were the regular army of the colony, employed in the maintenance of order and in the defence of the country. While the land forces were sent out by the minister of war these troops were under orders from the ministry of marine, which had charge of colonial affairs. Long established in the country they had formed strong attachments, first of all because some of the officers and men were recruited from amongst the population, and also because many of the others intended to settle here, had married here, or devoted themselves, during the leisure time of garrison life, to certain industries which assured them something for the future. This body of troops was composed of about two thousand fairly well disciplined men, more inclined to sympathize with the militia than with the regiments of the line.

The militia was under the orders of the governor, at whose call it was required to take up arms. This, the most onerous form of conscription, was aggravated by the fact that the conscripts received no pay for their military services. The king only bore the cost of arming, equipping and feeding them. The first levy had furnished a contingent of twelve thousand men, but this figure increased from year to year and attained that of fifteen thousand

at the time of the last crisis. The militia of Montreal, more exposed to attack, was more inured to war than that of Quebec, at least up to the opening of hostilities. The *élite* of these troops was recruited among the *coureurs de bois*, who were themselves recruited in all the parishes from among the hardy and adventurous youth, who were periodically enticed away to join them.

When to these different army corps are added the irregular reinforcements of the Indian allies, it will be possible to form an idea of the disposable forces of Canada at that period.

It would be necessary to have seen on the parade ground, or on a field of battle, these widely differing bodies of troops, with their escort of Indians, in order to appreciate the picturesque scene that they presented. The undisciplined troop of Indians which hovered about the army was armed according to the caprice of each warrior. It was an assemblage of rags and of the skins of beasts, gathered from all directions, and defying all description. The chiefs were easily recognized by the ornaments about their necks, the large silver medals, gifts of the king, which shone upon their breasts, and the horrible scalps, stretched upon hoops and hanging, all bloody, to their belts. Each Indian armed for war had his powder horn and bag of bullets suspended from his neck, a tomahawk and scalping knife attached to his belt and a gun on his shoulder. Several of those who came from the

most distant tribes still carried the bow and quiver, and sometimes the lance.

One of Montcalm's first cares after having spent a few days in Montreal was to make a tour of inspection and an offensive demonstration on the side of the frontier defended by Fort Carillon at the head of Lake Champlain, where he feared an attack on the part of the English. He confided the command of the troops at this point to the Chevalier de Lévis, and returned to Montreal, where he had the satisfaction of finding Intendant Bigot, who had arrived the day before to hasten the provisioning of the army. He had been very useful to him in organizing the camp at Carillon.

François Bigot, whose name personifies all the shame of the epoch, just as Montcalm's recalls its glories, belonged to a distinguished family of the south of France. His father and his grandfather had occupied high rank in the magistracy of Bordeaux. He forced his way at court, thanks to family influence, particularly to that of his near relative the Maréchal d'Estrées, and obtained successively the offices of intendant at Cape Breton and in New France.

Physically Bigot was a man of small stature, with red hair and an ugly face covered with pimples. He had also an ozena, but concealed the effect of it as much as possible by a continual use of perfumes and fragrant waters.

The elegant and refined vice of the eighteenth

century formed his morals. Notwithstanding his delicate health he was as indefatigable in pleasure-seeking as in work. Haughty with his inferiors, supercilious in command, he was conciliatory with his equals. He was extremely prodigal and an ungovernable gambler. He had made a little Versailles of the intendancy at Quebec, where he imitated the manners of his master—the king. With all his vices he had the real qualities of ability, energy, and business experience.

Montcalm was not ignorant of the great preparations made by England for the campaign which was opening. The British parliament had in fact granted all the assistance which had been asked of it, in men and in money, to avenge the two disasters which had so profoundly humiliated it in the preceding year—that of General Braddock at Monongahela and that of Admiral Byng off the island of Minorca. It had voted an indemnity of a hundred and fifteen thousand pounds sterling for the colonies, had sent from Plymouth to New York two regiments with Generals Abercromby and Webb, and numerous transports loaded with tents, munitions of war, artillery and tools for the works of fortification; and lastly had named governor of Virginia and general-in-chief of the armies in North America, an old officer of a very different type to Braddock, Lord Loudon. The colonies, on their side, had resolved to raise ten thousand men to attack Fort St. Frédéric, and to build a road to Montreal; six thou-

sand to secure Niagara; three thousand to assault Fort Duquesne; and finally two thousand to menace Quebec by way of the woods in the valley of the Chaudière. All these militiamen, added to the regular troops, formed an army of more than twenty-five thousand men, that is to say double the number that could be then got together by Canada. It was in face of such an armament that Vaudreuil, on the advice of Montcalm and de Lévis, ventured to take the offensive. The enterprise would have been more than rash if he had had to contend with as plucky soldiers and as able generals as his own.

After having drawn the attention of the enemy from Fort Carillon by the demonstration made by him, Montcalm hurried to Frontenac, where three thousand five hundred men were assembled including soldiers of the line, Canadians and Indians.

The expeditionary force crossed the lake, suddenly disembarked at Chouaguen (Oswego) and besieged it. It was taken with unprecedented rapidity, animation and good fortune. Twenty cannon carried by manual labour were mounted in batteries in a few hours. The English commander having been cut in two by a cannon ball the besieged were summoned to surrender, and given an hour to deliberate.

"The yells of our Indians," wrote Montcalm to his mother, "promptly decided them. They yielded themselves prisoners of war to the number of 1,700, including eighty officers and two regiments from England. I have taken from them five flags, three

military chests full of money, a hundred and twenty-one pieces of ordnance, including forty-five swivel-guns, a year's supply of provisions for three thousand men, and six decked boats carrying from four to twenty guns each. And as it was necessary in this expedition to employ the utmost diligence, so that the Canadians might be sent to harvest their crops, and be brought back to another frontier, I demolished or burned their three forts, and brought away the artillery, boats, provisions and prisoners."

Montcalm, who understood the heart of the soldiery, resolved to celebrate his victory by a religious and patriotic demonstration, which would arouse the enthusiasm of the army. On the morning of August 20th, 1756, he planted a large cross bearing these words: "*In hoc signo vincunt.*" And near this cross he planted a pole, upon which were placed the arms of France with the following device, which revealed the general's classical taste:—"*Manibus date lilia plenis.*" The troops were called to arms, and Abbé Piquet, the chaplain of the expedition, blessed the pious trophy, amid the beating of drums and the reiterated discharge of cannon and musketry.

The next day the French flotilla sailed away, after having saluted a last time the ephemeral monument of its victory. When the last of the boats had disappeared behind the angle of the cliff, the silence of primitive nature, that immense silence of infinite solitudes, scarcely disturbed by the pas-

sage of the breezes or the murmur of the waves, had already invaded the ruins of Oswego.

The fall of this fort, as sudden as it was unexpected, had come to the neighbouring colonies as a thunder clap. General Webb, who was marching to its relief, even dreaded that Montcalm might advance from Oswego upon him, and in his fright he burned the dépôts of supplies along the route, and as rapidly as he retreated, obstructed the river, which served as his means of communication, by throwing a large number of trees into it.

Lord Loudon ordered Winslow, who commanded at the head of Lake St. Sacrament, to abandon all offensive schemes, and to entrench himself strongly to keep the French in check. The effect of this British reverse made itself felt in England, where it was understood that France had an able general in Canada.

CHAPTER IV

CAMPAIGN OF 1757—TAKING OF WILLIAM HENRY

THE campaign of 1757 was marked by a daring achievement, no less remarkable than that of the preceding year, namely, the siege and the destruction of Fort William Henry.

Never had the star of France shone so brightly in the depths of the great American solitudes; never was such a variety of tribal people assembled under its flag; from the Sakis (Sacs), seated on their mats at the border of Wisconsin, and the Illinois, hunters of the buffalo, to the Abenakis and the Micmacs, accustomed to follow the salmon by torchlight and to spear them with the trusty *nigog;* from the Kikapoas of Lake Michigan, still pagans and anthropophagists to the Mohicans and the Chaouenous of the Blue Mountains.

The emissaries of Onontio,[1] sent in all directions during the winter to infuse the spirit of war, had been well received everywhere, even in the home of the Five Nations. The warriors, tattooed in black and vermillion, had lighted the council fire, smoked the calumet with them, and accepted their proposed alliance. The *chichikoué,* accompanying the war dance had been heard from one village to

[1] The Indian name for the governor of Canada.

another, and the jugglers, squatting in their cabins, had seen in their visions, numbers of scalps and prisoners.

The squadron of canoes coming from all points of the horizon converged towards the fort of Carillon, which in the month of July presented one of the strangest and most picturesque scenes that it is possible to imagine. The total number of these Indians reached 1,799 warriors, belonging to forty different tribes. They swelled the effective force of the army gathered by Montcalm at the fort of Carillon, to 8,019 men of all branches of the service, including regulars and Canadian militia.

The inspection of the advance posts, which Montcalm made on July 21st, was accompanied by a characteristic scene which it gave the marquis pleasure to recall. He had embarked for the Falls in a canoe paddled by several Indians from the upper part of the country. During all the journey a young warrior stood singing in the canoe, accompanying his song upon an Indian tambourine. Behind him sat the oldest Indian of the expedition—Pennahouel, the Nestor of the forest. In his recitative, modulated to a tone which was not lacking in grace, the young warrior described his last visions: "The Manitou has appeared to me; he told me that of all the young men who would follow thee to the war you will lose none; they will succeed, and will cover themselves with glory, and you will bring them back again to their mat." Cries of

applause interrupted him from time to time. The old chief spoke at last, saying to him in a solemn tone: "My son, was I wrong to exhort you to fast? If, like the others, you had spent your time in eating and sacrificing to your appetite, you would not have secured the favour of the Manitou; and here he has sent you happy visions which give joy to all the warriors."

The Indian camp resounded day and night with similar juggleries. They stuck a stick in the ground, and from the end of it suspended their Manitou: it might be, for instance, an accoutrement, the skin of a beast or a dead dog, to which they offered in sacrifice ends of tobacco, several whiffs of their pipe, or pieces of meat, which they threw into the fire. They spent the rest of their time in dancing, in amusing themselves or in bathing. Their dexterity in swimming and in diving astonished the whites. "Sometimes," writes Parkman, "when mad with brandy, they grappled and tore each other with their teeth like wolves. They were continually 'making medicine,' that is, consulting the Manitou, to whom they hung up offerings, sometimes a dead dog, and sometimes the belt-cloth which formed their only garment."

The manners of the Christian Indians formed quite a contrast to those of these pagans. Clothed, generally, with more decency, they were more tractable, and held the priests who followed them in great respect. They were furnished with muskets which

they used with rare ability, while most of the others were armed only with arrows, lances or small pikes.

On July 24th, at break of day, four hundred Indians who had been placed in ambush facing the islands of the lake, noticed the approach of twenty-two English barges, bearing three hundred and fifty militiamen. They threw themselves upon them, captured twenty vessels, took nearly two hundred prisoners, and became intoxicated from drinking the brandy which they found on the barges. The scenes of carnage and of horror which they then enacted defy description.

After this success all the Indians wished to return to their own country, for, said they, to brave the danger anew, after so successful a stroke, would be to tempt the Master of Life. In order to prevent this flight, which might render the expedition abortive, Montcalm called a general meeting of the Indians. It was held in the middle of the camp. None of the French officers, accustomed as they were to operatic scenes and to the enchantments of the Parisian boulevards, had ever seen a spectacle more theatrical or better calculated to strike the imagination. Everything contributed to it, the locality, the *personnel*, and the proceedings. There, with its tents pitched in a glade in the midst of a desert valley, between two chains of mountains, covered from base to summit with virgin forests, in all the splendour of their summer foliage, was the military camp, exhaling, under a Neapolitan

sky, the noisome odours of the assembled Indians; there were the smart-looking officers in white uniforms and gold lace, with powdered hair under their plumed hats, who might have been mistaken in such a place for fops, were it not that they were as brave as they were elegant; while all around them, elbowing them and grazing them with their naked bodies were the Sakis, the Iowas from the extreme West and the Mascoutins, eaters of human flesh, and many besides forming a conglomeration more like a masquerade than an army. Such were the actors, such the scene, and the drama to be enacted was a victory darkened by a bloody tragedy.

While Montcalm addressed the Indians a large tree happened to fall a few feet from them. The general, without losing his presence of mind, thus interpreted the omen: "That," cried he, "is how the English will be overthrown, how the walls of Fort George will fall. It is the Master of Life who announces it."

Lamotte, the chief of the Folles-Avoines, accepted the augury in the name of the upper tribes, and Pennahouel, raising himself with solemnity, supported it in these words:

"My father, I, who of all the Indians count the most moons, I thank you in the name of all the nations, and of my own, for the good words that you have given us. I approve them. Nobody has ever spoken better to us than you. It is the Manitou of war who inspires you."

After the orators had spoken Montcalm again addressed the assembly, and raising his collar of six thousand beads, which he held in his hands, he said: "By this collar, sacred pledge of the good faith of my words, symbol of good intelligence and of strength by the union of the different beads of which it is composed, I bind you one to the other in such a manner that none of you are able to separate from the others, before the defeat of the English and the destruction of Fort George."

These words were then repeated by the different interpreters, and the collar was thrown into the midst of the assembly.

It was taken up by the orators of the different nations, who exhorted them to accept it, and Pennahouel, in presenting it to those of the upper country said to them:

"A circle is now drawn around you by the great Onontio, from which none of you can go out. So long as we remain within it the Master of Life will be our guide, will inspire us as to what we should do, and will favour all our enterprises. If any one leaves before the time, the Master of Life will no longer answer for the misfortunes which may strike him; and which must fall upon himself alone, and not upon the nations who promise an indissoluble union and entire obedience to the will of their father."

On the morning of August 3rd the whole army disembarked in front of Fort William Henry, built

at the head of Lake George. From this strong position the English, by the aid of the fleet which they had sheltered there, could ascend, by way of Lake Champlain, to the very doors of Montreal. It was to dislodge them thence that Montcalm had gone there on his adventurous expedition. Already, in the course of the preceding winter, a daring surprise had almost succeeded in giving the mastery of William Henry to the French. In fifteen or twenty degrees of frost one thousand five hundred French, Canadians and Indians had crossed Lakes Champlain and George on the ice, marching sixty leagues on snow-shoes, with their provisions on sleds, which, upon good roads, were drawn by dogs. They slept in the snow on bearskins, with only a sail for shelter, and arrived at a distance of a short league from William Henry. When the Canadian expedition set out on its return the fort alone remained standing in the midst of smoking ruins; two hundred and fifty transport boats, four brigantines, and all the dependencies had been burnt. It was necessary now to open the frontier on this side by destroying the place itself.

When the traveller stops to-day at the head of Lake George it is with difficulty that he can recognize the site formerly occupied by Fort William Henry. Of its walls and its ditches there now remain only vague undulations of the land. Cultivated fields have been cut, here and there, out of the forest, and graceful villages rise on the border of

the lake; but the great lines of the horizon have kept their wild aspect. The beautiful mountains of Lake St. Sacrament still mirror their plumes of verdure in its limpid waters. With the return of August 11th, which witnessed the tragic events that are about to be described, the promontories and islands still take on the closing summer tints; and when the whistle of the steam engine, which has replaced the cannon of Montcalm, has ceased resounding, the dead leaves that the breeze carries out upon the lake fall in the same silence as that of other days.

Fort William Henry was situated on the cliff which dominates the lake. On the right, that is to say at the south-east, it was defended by an impassable marsh; on the left by the lake, and on the other two sides by a good palisaded ditch. These ramparts were formed by a collection of large pieces of wood, crossed one on the other, and solidly bound together; the interstices being filled with earth and gravel.

At a distance of a cannon shot from the place a waste space had been made, where the half-burnt and fallen trees, lying one on the other, together with their stumps, presented an obstacle such as was almost unknown in the defence of similar European places. At the east of the fort an entrenched camp had been constructed upon a very advantageous height commanding the fort itself, and largely protected by marshes. The entrench-

ments were made of the trunks of trees placed one on the other; they were of small extent, but with many flanks provided with artillery, and could be lined by the enemy.

The fort and the entrenched camp, which were connected by a roadway constructed along the beach, were defended by twenty-nine cannon, three mortars, a howitzer, seventeen swivel-guns, making in all fifty pieces of artillery, and by a garrison of two thousand four hundred men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, of the 35th Regiment of the English army, a veteran Scotsman of incontestable personal bravery, but, as events proved, of feeble character.

Despite his garrison, and the strong position which he occupied, Monro was unable to resist without assistance. At Fort Edward, a few hours' march nearer to Albany, General Webb commanded six thousand men.

From the ramparts of William Henry old commandant Monro listened attentively in that direction, whence from hour to hour he hoped to hear the roar of the English general's cannon. But in this direction the forest remained silent. A letter concealed in an empty bullet was found on a courier killed by a party of Indians. It was written by Webb to the commandant of William Henry, and gave him but little hope of succour. Webb advised him to capitulate before being reduced to extremities. Monro was lost. Montcalm

sent him the intercepted despatch, and with it a letter in which he urged him not to resist beyond measure, so as not to excite the fury of the Indians.

The surprise and consternation of the veteran Scotsman upon receiving from Bougainville the communication of a message from Webb only a soldier can imagine.

On August 9th the drums of the fort sounded a parley; William Henry had yielded.

Before signing the capitulation the Marquis de Montcalm summoned the chiefs of all the nations in council, and asked if they approved of it. They all consented, and pledged themselves to keep the young men within bounds. Alas! they promised more than they were able to do, and the following day gave to their words a bloody denial.

According to the terms of the capitulation the garrison abandoned the fort, the camp and all that they contained, including the provisions and munitions of war. They marched out with the honours of war and the baggage of both officers and men, and they also carried their arms with a certain number of ball cartridges, and took with them a piece of cannon: this last was conceded by Montcalm out of consideration for the English commandant, who had not asked it. The garrison was to be conducted to Fort Lydius, escorted by a detachment of French troops, and by the principal officers and interpreters attached to the Indians.

Before commencing the recital of the frightful

catastrophe of which he was a witness Captain Desandrouins made a profession of faith as to his honesty which deserves to be quoted.

"I am about," he said, "to give an account of this massacre, faithfully and according to my conscience, and with the utmost impartiality, after having carefully informed myself from ocular witnesses, as to what occurred beyond my own view. To change the truth in order to save the honour of the guilty, no matter who they might be, would be to become a participant in the crime. I should be much more inclined to expose the outrage to the indignation of all honourable men.

"At daylight on August 11th the evacuation of the fort commenced. M. de Laas had the column preceded by a detachment of his escort, and advised the English to proceed cautiously, and to keep together without intervals. He stationed himself at the entrance of the camp to oversee the departure.

"Seeing the column leaving the Indians ran to watch them. The head of the column squeezed itself close to the little detachment in front. Those of the English who had not yet left the camp held back and appeared to waver. In the meantime a vacant space was formed, and orders were sent to the head to slacken its pace.

"The Indians approaching the trouble increased, and the hesitation which followed emboldened them so that they indulged in threatening gestures. The

English, a little scattered, were only too glad to abandon their bags or their arms, in order to rejoin the main body of their column.

"It was still possible to re-establish order, and the officers of the escort did their utmost with that end in view. But those Indians who had picked up anything ran at once with it to the camp, each to those of his own nation, to show his trophy. The others, jealous at the idea that they might otherwise appear in their own country with less of glory than their brothers, darted off immediately, and ran tumultuously to endeavour to secure a share of the spoil; some of them even raised a war-cry.

"The English then became agitated, and lost their heads. The British commandant, on the advice, as he pretends, of an unknown Frenchman, ordered his men to carry their rifles, butts upwards, on the ground that the ordinary methods of bearing them appeared menacing, and irritated the Indians.

"This pusillanimous manœuvre completely killed the already waning courage of the soldiers, and emboldened the Indians, several of whom dared to seize the guns of the former, making signs to them to give them up, which they did with every evidence of terror. One Indian, not satisfied with having secured a gun that was too heavy for him, soon attempted to exchange it for that of an officer, which illustrates the rapid progression of insolence on one side and fear on the other.

"Colonel Monro believed that it was only necessary that the cupidity of these barbarians should be satiated, in order to put an end to the disorders, and he ordered his men to cast their bags and other effects at their feet, adding that the King of England was powerful enough to compensate them. Those of the English who were within reach of the escort threw theirs to the French soldiers, who were weak enough to take them. They might have done well had they returned them.

"In most of the packages the Indians found rum and other strong liquors, with which they became intoxicated. Then they became real tigers in fury. Tomahawk in hand, they fell mercilessly upon the English, who, filled with fright, finished by scattering themselves in all directions, having finally believed that they had been really sacrificed by the French.

"None of them dreamed of saving themselves by any other means than flight. Our escort, far too small, protected as many as it could, principally the officers. But being compelled to maintain its ranks, in order itself to command respect, it was only possible for it to shelter those who were within its reach.

"Unfortunately during all this disorder no Canadian officer or interpreter, who usually has some control over the Indian mind, was to be found. They had endured considerable fatigue during the siege, and were all quietly resting.

"At last M. de Montcalm, M. de Lévis, and M. de Bourlamaque were notified. They ran and gave orders to employ the whole force if it should be necessary. Interpreters, officers, missionaries, Canadians, all were set at work, each one striving his best to save the unfortunate English by snatching them from the executioners.

"These last, intoxicated with blood and carnage, were no longer capable of listening to anybody. Many killed their prisoners rather than abandon them; a great number dragged them to their canoes and carried them off.

"M. de Montcalm, in despair at his failure to make any impression on the Indians, bared his breast and cried:—'Since you are rebellious children, who break the promise you made to your father, and will not listen to what he says, kill him the first.'

"This extraordinary vehemence on the general's part seemed to impress them a little, and they said, 'Our father is angry.' But the mischief was done. No comparison can be made of the despair which now took possession of us at the spectacle of this butchery! I heard soldiers utter loud cries of indignation."

Desandrouins not unnaturally expresses his astonishment that the English, who had retained their arms, whose guns were loaded, and who were more numerous than the Indians, permitted themselves to be intimidated and disarmed by them. In addi-

tion to this they had bayonets at the ends of their guns and their cartridge boxes were filled. Yet they made no use of them.

Montcalm and Lévis were not less surprised than Desandrouins at the pusillanimity of the English. "It is difficult to understand," says the chevalier, "how two thousand three hundred armed men allowed themselves to be stripped by the Indians, armed only with lances and tomahawks, without making the least appearance of defence."

He adds that the English are not justified in complaining of the infraction of the terms of capitulation by the Indians, since they gave them brandy in spite of recommendations to the contrary.

"Several days after the catastrophe," continues Desandrouins, "Colonel Monro and all the officers and soldiers whom he had been able to assemble, left in good order, dragging after them the cannon which belonged to them. Such is the unfortunate event which I have described as I saw and heard it without disguising anything."

Montcalm employed all his troops in the demolition of the fort and the camp. On August 15th there remained nothing but a mass of smoking ruins, of what six days before had been William Henry.

On the night of the sixteenth the last French boats had left the shore, and disappeared one after the other in the light mists which the coolness of the twilight had suspended over the lake. Faint glimmerings of fire, gradually dying out, marked

the sites that the English fort and camp had occupied. All sound of war had ceased in this corner of the land where thousands of men had battled. The whoops of the Indians and the cries of agony and despair had been succeeded by the gloomy silence of the forest, scarcely interrupted by the sinister cry of some nocturnal bird, or of some tawny wild beast attracted to the neighbourhood by the odour of dead bodies.

Thus closed one of the most appalling incidents of these eventful times. The accounts of the massacre given from the English standpoint do not minimize Montcalm's sense of horror at the outrage, but they do not entirely exculpate him and his officers. The English soldiers were defenceless, for they were without ammunition and few of them possessed bayonets. The charges, therefore, of pusillanimity, if we accept this account, are unfounded. Montcalm, moreover, had witnessed the disorder which had prevailed in the afternoon, and if he had followed the dictates of prudence would have had enough troops at his disposal to repress an outbreak among the Indians whose natural ferocity had been intensified by rum.

CHAPTER V

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1758—BATTLE OF CARILLON

PEACE! Peace! was the message of both Montcalm and Lévis when they wrote to Versailles on the return of their victorious battalions from William Henry. It was the cry of an enlightened patriotism. The proper French policy would have been to strengthen the navy, and so consolidate the whole colonial empire by strengthening the hands of Montcalm in America and Dupleix in the East. They were the only generals who were sustaining the honour of her arms, but France had fallen into effeminacy, and was working out her own humiliation and decadence. Dupleix had already been abandoned, and Montcalm was soon to share his fate.

In his report to the minister at the end of the campaign he thus summed up the situation:—"Hardly any provisions remain, and the people are reduced to a quarter of a pound of bread. The soldiers' rations may have to be still further reduced. Little powder and no shoes."

Famine! What a godsend for Bigot and his boon companions! What profits they reaped from their long monopolized stores of corn! But if they made money they spent it gaily, too. "Notwithtanding the general distress balls and frightful

gambling," the indignant Montcalm wrote to his mother, and Doreil adds, in his despatch to the minister: — "Notwithstanding the ordinance of 1744, forbidding games of chance in the colonies, such gambling as would frighten the most confirmed and daring players went on in the house of the intendant until Ash Wednesday. M. Bigot alone lost more than two hundred thousand crowns."

The succour received from France in the spring of 1758 was a mere mockery, consisting of a small stock of foodstuffs, and seventy-five recruits. Such were the conditions under which an enemy that daily gathered strength was to be confronted.

England prepared to attack Canada at three points at once. Fourteen thousand men and a formidable squadron were assigned to the first undertaking. From sixteen to eighteen thousand men commanded by the new general-in-chief, Abercromby, had orders to invade the country by way of Lake St. Sacrament, and nine thousand were let loose upon Ohio.

At Quebec no one dreamed of any such huge forces, and only the victory at Carillon, where the victors repulsed an army outnumbering them by five to one, saved the country.

Montcalm had taken up his position half a mile in advance of Fort Carillon, on a height which he had fortified with the trunks of trees which his men cut down. In front of these entrenchments, which

flanked each other, the fallen trees with their branches sharpened served as *chevaux de frise.* The little army of French troops of the line and Canadians did not amount in all to more than three thousand five hundred men, the right being commanded by the Chevalier de Lévis, the centre by Montcalm, and the left by Bourlamaque.

About midday on July 8th the English advance guard appeared at the skirt of the woods, and opened fire in skirmishing order. At once the French soldiers dropped their tools and ran for shelter, and immediately the triple lines of their companions formed behind the greyish rampart walls, above which flew the flag of each battalion.

It was the battle's prologue. All the verge of the forest, from the right to the extreme left, was thick with men in blue, while behind them through the openings in their ranks three columns of red-coats were seen advancing, together with a fourth, whose multi-coloured garb proclaimed a Highland regiment. The voices of the officers as they directed their men's fire could be heard along the entire line, and heavy discharges of musketry succeeded one another uninterruptedly. Still the Frenchmen never answered, for the bullets from such a distance hardly reached their shelter, and not one entered their ranks. From the silence the forts might almost have been thought abandoned.

On and on came the red-coats and the "kilties," marching proudly erect, notwithstanding the ob-

stacles that beset their way. Once within easy gunshot the whole line of the ramparts was hidden by a cloud of smoke, and three thousand bullets rained upon the heads of the advancing columns, the entire front ranks of which went down. Still they continued the fire without flinching, but, while the greater part of their bullets simply sank into the tree-trunks, those of the French, aimed with the greatest precision, mowed down whole lines. "It was a perfect hell fire," said an English officer who came out of the fight unhurt.

Under this shower of lead the columns presently began to give way, and then, encouraged by their officers, the men soon reformed, and advanced, firing as they came. General Abercromby, who was stationed about a mile and a half to the rear, had given orders to carry the position at the bayonets' point, and the men, as much infatuated as their chief, rushed madly onwards, confident of victory. But the forest of overturned trees, with their branches interlaced, made advance well nigh impossible, and threw their ranks and fire into disorder. The dead and wounded who fell on all sides made the confusion worse, and the incline leading to the ramparts, through which the soldiers could see only flashes of fire and puffs of smoke which vomited death, seemed more and more impregnable.

However, the fallen trees which so assisted the defenders had also their disadvantages, for they afforded shelter to a swarm of sharpshooters sta-

tioned on the flanks of the invading army and between its columns. Better at this kind of work than the troops of the line, these skirmishers, hidden behind the stumps and the branches, poured in a murderous fire which thinned the Frenchmen's ranks, though the latter retaliated with even more admirable aim.

Finally the head of one column reached the improvised *chevaux de frise* which defended the foot of the entrenchments, but there the men were halted by the thousands of sharpened branches, which they in vain sought to remove from their way, while from front and right and left they were riddled with lead. After an hour of such bloody fighting amidst an incredibly heavy fire the four columns were thrown back into the border of the woods.

Abercromby ordered a renewal of the attack, and the firing was resumed with redoubled fury, while the lowered bayonets glistened in the sun as the officers' cry of "Forward!" came to the ears of the French. This time the commanders changed their tactics. The two columns on the right threw themselves against the opening guarded by two companies of volunteers. The two others attacked the right angle of the position. The shock was terrible, and the heads of the columns were shaken under the storm of missiles, without, however, arresting those behind, who, trampling the dead underfoot, fought with true British tenacity. The

Highlanders, always the bravest of the brave, were many of them killed within a few feet of the walls. It was a pity to see them fall, those gallant giants who, after Culloden, would never have wished to measure bayonets in Europe with the French.

On their side the Canadians fired with all possible speed, and with the accuracy of men accustomed to the chase. They alone of the defenders made several sorties, and driven back to shelter by a terrific fire they, time and time again, issued therefrom, great gaps in the English ranks marking each successive attack. It was owing to these sorties alone, says Pouchot, that the enemy did not dare to turn the position by the extreme right, which they might easily have done "if they had known the locality and how easily it could be entered."

The heat was suffocating, and at the beginning of the engagement the Marquis de Montcalm took off his uniform, smilingly remarking to his soldiers, "We will have a warm time of it to-day, my friends."

The scene of carnage was indescribable. Inside the defenders' lines the whole line of the ramparts was strewn with dead and wounded. Outside, all round the walls, the bodies lay by hundreds in masses more or less compact according to the fierceness of the fighting. Some lay across the fallen trees, while others were caught in their branches. Many still writhed in the pains of their dying agony. Disordered columns moved to right and

left, seeking a vulnerable point of attack amidst the thunders of the firearms, the whistling of bullets, the sharp commands of the officers, and the imprecations of the soldiers as they advanced or retired amongst the impenetrable mass of leaves and branches.

However, the day had already begun to decline, and the sun was just about to disappear behind the mountains, set in a sky as pure and calm as that in which it had arisen. The peaceful light of its slanting rays as they fell upon the field of Carillon seemed to be a voiceless protest against the scenes of horror taking place. General Abercromby finally arrived upon the field of battle furious at his men's repeated checks. Before acknowledging himself beaten he would make a supreme and final effort, so gathering together the two columns on his left he threw them against the right angle of the entrenchments, while the two on the right he hurled at the foot of the ravine which runs along the Lachute River, and which overlooked the opening guarded by the French volunteers. No previous attack had been made with such impetuosity and desperation.

Notwithstanding their enormous losses the enemy seemed to multiply, and struggled to cross the barrier of lead which stopped their progress. Montcalm, bareheaded, with his face inflamed, and fire in his eye, personally superintended the defence of the threatened spot, and exposed himself to the

same dangers that his troops had to face. Lévis, always unmoved, although balls had twice pierced his hat, seconded his efforts with that good judgment which was to make him the future hero of Ste. Foy.

The moment was a critical one. Suddenly from the extreme right came the cry, *En avant Canadiens!* It was de Lévis who had ordered the sortie of the band now fully seven hundred strong owing to recently arrived reinforcements. A swarm of woodsmen issue from the fortifications, and spread amidst the timber and along the fringe of the woods, their gallant officers at their head. From their position in the plain they direct their fire upon the flank of the column skirting the side of the hill, from which it threatens the fort. These Canadians, seasoned and skilful hunters, do not waste a single bullet and create gaps in the ranks of the enemy which, however, are soon filled up. But the fire becomes so murderous that the column inclines somewhat towards the right in order to escape it, and moves more towards the centre. All efforts, though, are useless, and enveloped in front, and on the right and left by the storm of lead the column is finally flung back upon the forest's edge. This sortie of the colonials was decisive, and it was undoubtedly the accuracy of their fire from the advantageous positions which they gained by their successive sorties, as well as the terror which they, like the Indians, inspired in this kind of warfare, in which they had

no equals, that prevented the enemy from making a direct attack upon the open plain they occupied.

About six o'clock one last attack was made, but it was as fruitless as its predecessors, and from that hour until half-past seven, only an intermittent rifle fire ensued to cover up the retreat of the English forces. The French troops slept along the ramparts with their guns by their sides fearing the enemy's return, but, panic-stricken, the latter hastily embarked, even leaving some of their wounded by the lakeside. They acknowledged a loss of one thousand nine hundred and forty-four men. The French lost one hundred and four killed and two hundred and forty-eight wounded.

On the morning of the twelfth the French army drawn up on the plain sang the hymn of victory accompanied by the sound of bands, drums and cannon. A large cross, planted by order of Montcalm, bore this inscription, which he composed himself, and below he wrote the French translation which follows it:—

"Quid dux? quid miles? quid strata ingentia ligna?
En signum! en victor! Deus hic, Deus ipse triumphat!"

"Chrétien! ce ne fut point Montcalm et sa prudence,
Ces arbres renversés, ces héros, leurs exploits,
Qui des Anglais confus ont brisé l'espérance;
C'est le bras de ton Dieu vainqueur sur cette croix."

Time has not respected this ephemeral monument, and the fort itself is dismantled, but the name of Carillon is indelibly inscribed in the annals of Canadian history.

The campaign of 1758 finished in November, when the French retreated from the Ohio valley. The little French-Canadian army nobly defended its entire frontier from Louisbourg to Duquesne, but, crushed by numbers, its two wings had been driven in. The centre alone was able to resist by means of prodigies of valour and unhoped-for good fortune. All of the three gates by which the English could penetrate into Canada were open to them. The small forts of Carillon and Niagara, left to themselves, could not hold out for more than a few days against the masses coming against them. Only the very centre of the colony could hold out any longer, and this was alone possible by concentrating about Quebec all the forces of the country. Montcalm and Vaudreuil, separated as they were by an inveterate hatred, agreed on one point at least and cried out for peace as the only means of saving the colony. So desperate, indeed, did the situation seem to them that they mutually decided to send at express speed to Versailles in the endeavour to awaken the king and his ministers from their stupor, if this were possible, and make them understand that if help were not sent, as the Marquis de Vaudreuil demanded, the colony was lost. Bougainville was chosen for the mission, and Doreil, the commissioner of war, who was called to France on family business, was instructed to support the representations before the court. However, notwithstanding their most urgent solicitations, neither one

nor the other could obtain the slightest effective help.

In view of the distress prevailing in Canada the meagre provisions accompanying the recruits brought by Bougainville amounted to next to nothing. The twenty-three ships which arrived at Quebec had brought out a bare third of what had been asked for. Still, "trifles are precious to those who have nothing," as Montcalm replied to the governor. In conclusion he added, with prophetic courage, "I shall entirely devote myself towards saving this unfortunate country, and if necessary will die in the attempt." The governor expressed himself in the same manner, and sent word to court to the effect that the entire colony was ready to die facing the foe. In this he simply told the truth, for despite the vices of his administration he was immensely popular amongst the Canadians, and could get what he liked from them. In fact he was, with some reason, looked upon as father of the people. It was generally known that he alone of all the governors had always championed the colonists' cause, and this fact was largely responsible for his incurring the animosity of the army.

The bishop and his clergy, whose influence was the predominating one, were of the same opinion. He and Mgr. de Pontbriand joined their voices together in calling the people to arms, all the *habitants* being ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march on short notice with their arms

and six days' food. One officer alone, out of each company, was to remain at home with the aged, young and sick.

CHAPTER VI

WOLFE

FEBRUARY 16th, 1759, which was characterized by one of those heavy fogs so prevalent in London at that time of year, found General Wolfe at the residence of William Pitt, who had confided to his direction the expedition about to set out to besiege Quebec. It was the eve of his departure, and Pitt had summoned him to dinner, together with but one other guest—Lord Temple. Towards the end of the evening the future conqueror of Quebec, doubtless carried away by his own thoughts, the great interests at stake, and the presence of the two great statesmen, gave vent to his natural impetuosity, and though he seems to have been very abstemious in his libations during the repast, indulged in some singular bravado. He rose, drew his sword, struck the table with the butt, and as he walked about the room he brandished the weapon, proclaiming aloud the deeds it would accomplish. The two ministers were dumbfounded by an outbreak so unlooked for in a man of common sense. When Wolfe had left, and the sound of his carriage wheels had died away in the distance, Pitt's high opinion of the youthful general seemed to be for the moment disturbed, and lifting his hands and

eyes to the sky he cried to Lord Temple: "Great God, to think that I have committed the fate of my country and my ministry into such hands!"

Lord Mahon, who reports the incident in his History of England, states that he learnt of it from his relative, Lord Grenville, a mild and kindly man, to whom Lord Temple himself related it. This outbreak, adds the historian, confirms the testimony of Wolfe himself, who acknowledged that he did not appear to advantage in the matters of every-day life. At times his very excessive timidity caused him to fall into the other extreme, and so, concludes Mahon, we must excuse a momentary outburst which may so well go hand in hand with the truest ability and merit.

It may have been some rumour of this incident which caused the Duke of Newcastle to say in the presence of George III that Pitt's new general was a mad fool. "If he is mad," answered the aged king, "I hope that he will bite some of my generals."

James Wolfe was born on January 2nd, 1727, at Westerham, Kent, of a family which originally came from Limerick. From infancy he manifested so decided a taste for military life that when thirteen years of age he embarked with his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe, on the expedition which was decimated before Carthagena. However, before the fleet sailed, an illness, due to his delicate constitution, obliged him to return to his mother. Such a feeble

state of health one might have expected would give him a tendency towards a life of peace, but his young ambition had been fired by the tales of his father, who had gained his rank in the armies of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and his dreams were merely those of military glory. At sixteen years of age he took part in his first campaign in Flanders. He was then a tall but thin young man, apparently weak for the trials of war. Moreover, he was decidedly ugly, with red hair and a receding forehead and chin, which made his profile seem to be an obtuse angle, with the point at the end of his nose. His pale, transparent skin was easily flushed, and became fiery red when engaged in conversation or in action. Nothing about him bespoke the soldier save a firm-set mouth and eyes of azure blue, which flashed and gleamed. With it all, though, he had about his person and his manner a sympathetic quality which attracted people to him.

In his last portraits he is represented as wearing a square-cut, scarlet coat, after the English style, while the rolled-back collar shows the lacework of his shirt. His knotted hair falls down between his shoulders, and he wears a three-cornered, gold-laced hat. On his feet are gaiters, and a sword is in his belt, while on his arm he bears a band of crêpe, for at the time he was in mourning for his father. He is also similarly represented in the wooden statue, made shortly after his death, which stood for many years at the corner of Palace Hill and John Street,

in Quebec, but which has now found a resting-place in the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society of that city.

With his talents, and his devotion to his chosen career Wolfe's promotion could not be other than rapid. He took part in the victory of Dettingen, where he distinguished himself by his bravery and coolness, and was next day made adjutant and then lieutenant, being raised to the rank of captain in the ensuing campaign.

From the continent he crossed to Scotland, and was present at the battle of Culloden. Some historians represent him as there appearing in a most magnanimous rôle to the disparagement of his general. The Duke of Cumberland, they relate, while crossing the field of battle with him noticed a Highlander who, notwithstanding the severe nature of his wounds, raised himself upon his elbow and met the duke's gaze with a smile of defiance. "Kill that insolent good-for-nothing who dares to look at us with scorn," the latter is reported to have said to Wolfe, who answered:—

"Your Highness has my commission; it is in your hands, but I can never consent to become an executioner." At twenty-three years of age he was a lieutenant-colonel, and the study of Latin, French, and mathematics occupied all his leisure. About this time, too, he had a love trouble which he tried to drown in a round of dissipation, but debauchery was foreign to his nature, and he soon forswore it.

Stationed at Inverness, then a centre of disaffection, amidst a recently conquered population which was still restless beneath the yoke, and struggling against the most wretched ill-health he succeeded in forgetting his discouragement and winning the good-will of every one, even of the Highlanders. He had an inexhaustible supply of humour and good spirits, and with them he was accustomed to say a man can overcome all obstacles. However, he found the five years spent amongst the Scottish mountains long, for he feared that he would grow rusty in the intellectual void surrounding him.

The winter of 1753 found him in Paris in the midst of a world, the refinement of which could not but attract him. He fairly revelled in it, frequented the court, and was presented to the king, paying homage to the Crown, whose choicest jewel was so soon to fall by his sword. Madame de Pompadour from the height of her gilded shame deigned to smile upon him. "I was fortunate enough," he writes, "to be placed near her for some time. She is extremely pretty, and I should judge from her conversation that she possesses much wit and intelligence."

Wolfe, for the moment, became a courtier. Between his courses in equitation and French he took dancing lessons, and was just flattering himself that he had fairly well mastered the intricacies of the minuet, according to his professor, when a peremptory order, which he had barely time to curse,

called him back to England. He thus lost the opportunity of seeing the various armies of Europe, as he had intended, before his return, but he made up for the loss by study.

At the beginning of the Seven Years' War his lucky star led him before Rochefort, where his brilliancy dazzled the chiefs of the expedition, and thus his military fortunes began.

The command which the prime minister, Pitt, confided to him, in connection with the Louisbourg expedition, was little to his taste. He even dreaded the task, anticipating from it more difficulty than glory, as well as an outcome fatal to himself. Moreover, being a wretched sailor, his always uncertain health almost completely collapsed at sea. Premature infirmities bade fair to cut short his earthly existence, and he would have liked to enjoy for at least a few years the joys of home which he had never known, and of family life, towards which he had strong inclinations. He was fond of children, and had fallen in love with Miss Lowther, daughter of an ex-governor of the Barbadoes. The height of his ambition was to live by her and watch their children grow up in a snug little cottage in some such retired and peaceful country seat as his native Westerham, but when he abandoned the soil of Europe he felt that he had bidden farewell to all these cherished dreams.

"Being of the profession of arms," he wrote from Blackheath while preparing to sail, "I would ask

all occasions to serve, and therefore have thrown myself in the way of the American war; though I know that the very passage threatens my life, and that my constitution must be utterly ruined and undone, and this from no motive either of avarice or ambition." Writing to his mother he says: "All I hope is that I may be ready at all times to meet that fate which no one can avoid, and to die with grace and honour when my hour has come, whether it be soon or late."

Captain Knox, who saw Wolfe for the first time at Halifax, detected in the youthful brigadier an Achilles. Impetuous and irascible, his weak constitution often allowed him to be carried away by outbursts of passion. His temperament was Celtic rather than Saxon. He was liberal in his ideas, more devoted to his country than to his ambition, and a model of filial piety. Friendships, which he readily formed, he well knew how to retain. He was ever a slave to duty, a stern disciplinarian, and a soldier before all else, and consequently beloved both by officers and by rank and file. Such, in outline, was Wolfe's character.

Not long after the capture of Louisbourg in 1758, at which he distinguished himself, Wolfe went to Bath, there to restore his very uncertain health. "I have got in the square," he wrote to his father, "to be more at leisure, more in the air, and nearer the country. The women are not remarkable, nor the men neither; however, a man must be very hard

to please if he does not find some that will suit him." He, however, speedily acquired a liking for his residence at Bath, and there seems to have renewed his intimacy with Miss Catherine Lowther, to whom he offered his hand, and was accepted. She gave him her portrait, which he took with him to America, carrying it on his person until the eve of his death.

But the hours which he devoted to sentiment did not in any way interfere with the young officer's attention to military matters. A few days before the incident mentioned he wrote to his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Rickson, a letter which showed his real feelings concerning the late expedition.

"I do not reckon," he said, "that we have been fortunate this year in America. Our force was so superior to the enemy's that we might hope for greater success. It seems to me to have been no very difficult matter to have obliged the Marquis de Montcalm to have laid down his arms, and, consequently, to have given up all Canada. . . . Amongst ourselves, be it said, that our attempt to land where we did was rash and injudicious, our success unexpected (by me) and undeserved. There was no prodigious exertion of courage in the affair; an officer and thirty men would have made it impossible to get ashore where we did. Our proceedings in other respects were as slow and tedious as this undertaking was ill-advised and desperate; but this for your private information only. We lost

time at the siege, still more after the siege, and blundered from the beginning to the end of the campaign. . . . I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases, and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism, but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers. If I followed my own taste it would lead me into Germany. . . . However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey."

What would Wolfe have thought if, while blaming the fortunate error committed at Louisbourg, he had been told that he himself would only take Quebec by similar means? The House of Commons passed votes of thanks to Admiral Boscawen and General Amherst, but did not mention Wolfe because he was only second in command. However, Pitt soon afterwards, as has been related, confided to him the expedition which he was preparing against Quebec, and raised him to the rank of brigadier.

Wolfe's last few days in England were passed in preparations for his departure and in filial duties. His father, a war-worn septuagenarian, and his mother, whose health had always been uncertain, caused him much anxiety, and he, in turn, caused them equal uneasiness. Each felt how small were the chances of their being reunited, and this feeling

gave to their adieux the sadness almost of a death-bed farewell. "All that I ask," he said, "is that I may be ready at all times to meet with a steady eye the fate which no man can avoid, and to die with good grace and honour when my hour has come." His prayer was answered beyond his wildest expectations.

Wolfe was to have under him three brigadiers—Monckton, Townshend and Murray, all older than himself, though still in the prime of life. Pitt had allowed him to choose all his own officers, except Townshend, who, by scheming, was appointed, whether Wolfe would or not. He was a haughty, pretentious, jeering nobleman, who passed most of his time in caricaturing his superiors. He was brave and talented, and possessed other good qualities, but was always ranged on the side of the malcontents. Walpole, in his memoirs on the reign of George III, claims that he did all in his power to overthrow Wolfe's plans. Monckton and Murray were very different characters. Monckton, who was broad-minded, straightforward and modest, was recognized as a perfect gentleman, but unfortunately played a sad part in the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755. James Murray gained Wolfe's admiration and friendship by his valour and activity at the siege of Louisbourg. He became the second English governor of Canada, and his highest praises are sung by the French-Canadians, by whom his name has always been held dear notwithstanding the diffi-

culties of the time during which he governed them. Another of Wolfe's friends—his chief-of-staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton—was destined in after years to have his name written in golden letters on the annals of this country. Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, so gained the love of the French-Canadians and governed them with such wisdom and prudence that at four different times England named him governor of Canada.

During the evening of February 17th, 1759, the admiral's ship, *Neptune*, which left Spithead that day after the English fleet, sailed along the coast of England, and on the bridge stood Wolfe, endeavouring to forget the seasickness, which had already begun to haunt him, by watching the lanterns on the distant ships light up as they appeared on the horizon. This vast force of twenty-two line-of-battle ships, five frigates, and nineteen other vessels, was under the command of an invalid officer, thirty-two years old, whose genius Pitt alone had discerned.

The fleet's destination was Louisbourg, but on its arrival off Cape Breton the roadstead was found to be shut in by great ice-fields, which obliged Admiral Saunders to seek a temporary refuge at Halifax. Two other fleets had left England a few days previously. One, that of Admiral Holmes, was *en route* for New York, whence it was to convey reinforcements to Louisbourg. The other, Admiral Durell's, was to cruise off the entrance of the St. Lawrence, in order to cut off any aid which might

be sent out from France. Admiral Saunders's fleet only succeeded in making Louisbourg harbour in the middle of May. Wolfe had scarcely landed when he learned of his father's death.

"I am exceedingly sorry," he wrote to his uncle, "it so fell out that I had it not in my power to assist him in his illness, and to relieve my mother in her distress; and the more as her relations are not affectionate, and you are too far off to give her help."

Further on in the letter, where Wolfe outlined his plan of attack on Quebec, there is evidence that he did not foresee the resistance that he was to meet, although a few days before he had written to Pitt that "in Canada every man is a soldier."

"We are ordered," he writes, "to attack Quebec —a very nice operation. The army consists of nine thousand men; in England it is called twelve thousand. We have ten battalions, three companies of grenadiers, some marines (if the admiral can spare them), and six new-raised companies of North American Rangers—not complete, and the worst soldiers in the universe. The regular troops of Canada consist of eight battalions of old Foot—about four hundred a battalion—and forty companies of marines (or colony troops), forty men a company. They can gather together eight thousand or ten thousand Canadians, and perhaps one thousand Indians. As they are attacked by the side of Montreal by an enemy of twelve thousand fighting men they must

necessarily divide their forces; but, as the loss of the capital implies the loss of the colony, their chief attention will naturally be there, and, therefore, I reckon we may find at Quebec six battalions, some companies of marines, four or five thousand Canadians, and some Indians; altogether, not much inferior to their enemy.

"The town of Quebec is poorly fortified, but the ground round about it is rocky. To invest the place, and cut off all communication with the colony, it will be necessary to encamp with our right to the river St. Lawrence, and our left to the river St. Charles. From the river St. Charles to Beauport the communication must be kept open by strong entrenched posts and redoubts. The enemy can pass that river at low water; and it will be proper to establish ourselves with small entrenched posts from Pointe Lévis to La Chaudière. It is the business of our naval force to be masters of the river, both above and below the town. If I find that the enemy is strong, audacious, and well commanded, I shall proceed with the utmost caution and circumspection, giving Amherst time to use his superiority. If they are timid, weak, and ignorant, we shall push them with more vivacity, that we may be able before the summer is gone to assist the commander-in-chief. I reckon we shall have a smart action at the passage of the river St. Charles unless we can steal a detachment up the river St. Lawrence, and land them three, four, five miles,

or more, above the town, and get time to entrench so strongly that they won't care to attack."

Continuous fogs detained the fleet at Louisbourg, but finally, on June 6th, the last of the transports weighed anchor. As they filed out of the harbour the troops drawn up on the decks caused the cliffs to echo again with their cheers, while the officers, no less enthusiastic, exchanged healths, and toasted in advance, "British colours on every French fort, port, and garrison in America."

On the eleventh, from the cliffs of Gaspé, the French sentinels made out the fleet by the spread of canvas which appeared upon the horizon, and before nightfall the host of ships, with their wings extended like those of descending vultures, had doubled Cap des Rosiers.

The advance guard, composed of ten of Admiral Durell's vessels, had just dropped anchor in La Prairie Baie, between Ile-aux-Coudres and Les Eboulements. Durell had captured only three war vessels and a few cargoes of provisions.

On board was a French pilot, belonging to an old and honourable Canadian family, whose name is now branded as that of a traitor. Jean Denis de Vitré was captured at sea, and, if his testimony is to be believed, was obliged, under pain of death, to guide the fleet. Moreover, he was not the only one who found himself under this dire necessity, for the admiral, when he entered the harbour, hoisted the French flag, and showed the signal used in calling

for pilots. The latter at once launched their skiffs, and only realized their mistakes when, upon boarding the ships, they were made prisoners. According to a legend, which had no origin save in the imagination of the English, a missionary, who was near one of the look-out stations, was transported with joy when he imagined that it was the French fleet that approached, but fell dead on the spot from disappointment when he recognized the English flag at the masthead.

At seven o'clock, on May 22nd, Montcalm went to his place of lodging on Rampart Street, worn out with a march of nearly two hundred miles made at one stretch, and angry at Vaudreuil, who had detained him at Montreal, sorely against his will, until the arrival of the last despatches from the court. He at once had a conference with the intendant, the result of which was that he found absolutely nothing in readiness.

Ever since the autumn of 1757 Montcalm had, in anticipation of a siege, been inspecting the surroundings of Quebec, on both sides of the river, as far down as Cap Tourmente, for the city's fortifications afforded practically no protection. "Its situation," he said, "should have inspired any engineer other than M. de Lery with the means of making an exceedingly strong place of it; but it seems that he has, although spending immense sums of money, devoted himself to destroying the advantages with which nature had, with such prodigality, supplied it."

The ramparts overlooking the plain were formed "only of a very weak wall," without either parapets or a single cannon which could command the plain. There had not even been any attempt at protecting it by outworks. Montcalm's plan then was to prevent the enemy from landing on the only spot which seemed to him to be accessible, viz., the Beauport shore.

Here the northern bank of the river stretches in a gentle slope, intersected on the right by the river St. Charles, and on the left by the Montmorency River and Falls. Upon this incline he resolved to form an entrenched camp, and mass his troops.

Vaudreuil had written to the minister in about the same sense on the preceding April 1st:—"I will dispose my troops according to the number I have of militia, regulars, Indians and seamen, either opposing the enemy's landing on the Island of Orleans, or, if I am reduced to so doing, awaiting them from the Montmorency River to Quebec, and from Quebec to the Carrouge River.

"Whatever the English may attempt I flatter myself that the worth of my troops, the colonists' personal interests, their attachment to the king, the number of Indians we will have, all these forces combined will render the conquest of the colony exceedingly difficult, if not impossible."

On May 8th, of the same year, Vaudreuil added:—"However sad and critical our position may be I have no less confidence in my ability to face the

enemy on all sides, in so far as our means permit. The zeal with which I am animated in the king's service will enable me to overcome the greatest obstacles. I am taking the best possible measures for the enemy's reception, at whatsoever point he may choose to attack us.

"Permit me, my lord, to beg you to assure His Majesty that, no matter to what hard extremity I may be driven, my zeal will be as ardent as it is indefatigable, and that I will do all in my power to prevent any progress on the part of the enemy, or at least to make it extremely dearly bought."

If Vaudreuil did not show in the face of the enemy the resolution which animated him in his council chamber, he at least expressed that of the entire colony. The day after his arrival Montcalm called together, at the intendant's palace, all the captains of the frigates and warships, with the officers of the port. At their head was Captain Vauquelin, the hero of Louisbourg, who was as able in the council room as he was intrepid in combat. There, also, was the old captain known to everyone as *bonhomme* Pellegrin—a trifle deaf but still active and possessed of consummate experience, who had piloted the squadron which brought out Montcalm and his troops. It was to this old and experienced sailor that the officers confided the messages for their families at home, and through him they received their replies.

In response to the first demand made by the

general the council unanimously decided to place three hundred sailors at the disposal of the engineers, to work on the defences along the St. Charles River. Captain Duclos undertook the construction of a floating battery, and vessels which were each to carry one gun. This little fleet was to be manned by one thousand four hundred sailors.

It was proposed to close the straightest channel, the Traverse, between the Island of Orleans and Ile Madame, by sinking ten of the largest ships, and to build batteries in this neighbourhood, one at Cap Tourmente and the other at Cap Brûlé, but neither project was carried out because Captain Pelletier, being sent a few days later to take soundings in the Traverse, found it much wider than reported.

The same day Montcalm wrote to the Chevalier de Lévis :—" We have just learned from the captains of two merchant-men that they saw at Saint Barnabé six or seven vessels, probably the advance guard of the English fleet. However, no signals were made, and we have no formal notice, which prevents me from moving my battalions because we must be saving in our food supply. However, have them in readiness, for in less than twenty-four hours you may have another courier instructing you to put them on the move. M. Rigaud will kindly put in readiness the Canadians whom M. de Vaudreuil intends for the defence of this point. I am sending marching orders for Languedoc's battalion.

"I expect that M. de Vaudreuil has already left. If you will kindly communicate to him the contents of this letter."

Vaudreuil was already on the march, and de Lévis was very shortly to follow him. That very midnight the entire right bank of the St. Lawrence was illuminated from cape to cape as far as Quebec, which replied by the signals previously agreed upon. A courier sent from Baie St. Paul at the same time told of the arrival of the English vanguard at the anchorage of Ile-aux-Coudres.

Then the last doubts vanished. Previous to that time the optimists, such as are always to be found, had flattered themselves that the English fleet could not overcome the difficulties presented by the navigation of the river. Within their own memories Admiral Walker's squadron had been lost upon the rocks of Sept Iles. All the women, their souls all devotion, besieged the churches, the religious orders were continually engaged in prayer, and pilgrimages and processions went to Notre Dame des Victoires, and all to obtain this special favour. But finally came such evidence as no one could longer doubt.

Feverish agitation and activity took possession of the city and the country, whence the people flocked, all armed, towards the capital. A final note from Montcalm found Lévis on his way to Quebec: —"I have still less time, my dear chevalier," he wrote, "for writing since the arrival of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, for I have to allow him to play the

rôle of general. I act as secretary and major for him, and greatly long to have you with us and to greet you."

It was the first time that Vaudreuil had taken his place in the army beside Montcalm, whose position became all the more irritating by reason of his recent promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general. The governor had no such high rank, and yet Montcalm had to hand over the generalship to him. This division of the generalship was, as has been seen, an inherent vice of the colonial system, which was repeated in the civil relations of the governor and the intendant. It had contributed to many conflicts, and threatened fatal results. In the final crisis the court could see no way out of the difficulty. Montcalm had strong claims by reason of his victories, and Vaudreuil had equal ones owing to his influence with the colonists. To replace the former would mean, in all probability, the loss of the colony, while the recall of the second might entail the disaffection of the Canadians, whom the king felt ashamed to abandon after having required so much at their hands. By giving Montcalm the full management of the military operations, and Vaudreuil the right to be consulted, he thought that he had found a way of conciliating both, but he really had only brought the discord to a culminating point.

As the troops arrived they were camped behind the General Hospital, on the right bank of the St. Charles River, where they were employed on the

completion of this line of defence which was to serve as a means of retreat for the army should it be forced from the Beauport defences. Colonel de Bougainville went forward with the companies of grenadiers placed under his orders, and placed them *en échelon* along the left bank of the St. Charles, as far as the Beauport brook, to work at the entrenching of the camp. The workers were daily increased by the arrival of the members of the militia, who turned out in greater numbers than any one had dared to hope. Among them were even old men of eighty, and children of twelve and thirteen, who did not wish to claim the exemption to which they were entitled by their age.

Montcalm felt a keen sense of relief when he pressed the hand of his dear friend de Lévis—such was his confidence in his military ability, and his presence rendered that of Vaudreuil much less exasperating.

Moreover de Lévis was always on good terms with the governor, and with much tact and prudence lessened the friction between the two enemies. From the time that he arrived, he and Montcalm were almost always out together. Mounted, and followed by Pontleroy and some other engineering officers, they traversed the entire shore to the Falls of Montmorency, and fixed the locations for the redoubts and batteries.

M. Jacquot de Fiedmont undertook the fortification of the approaches to the bridges over the St.

Charles, and another engineer, M. de Caire, a recent arrival from France, looked after the works along this river. Two other bridges were built at its mouth and fortified, while on two sunken ships at this spot were built two batteries of ten guns each. Finally the mouth of the river was closed by a stout boom. The intendant's palace was surrounded by a double row of palisades, and the wharf opposite it was armed with several field-guns. Around the base of the cliff were four great batteries, looked after by the Chevalier de Bernetz, named second in command of the town. Some of these batteries overlooked the roadstead and others the stream of the river. All buildings which might be in danger of fire were razed, and the openings of the houses below the cliff were closed, while all streets leading to the Upper Town except Palace Hill were barricaded. Starting from this latter point the summit of the cliff, whose fortifications were not complete, was crowned by embattled palisades two or three feet thick, running from below the gate to the Lower Town, and the various batteries were repaired or furnished with new guns. Two barbette batteries defended the approach to the Lower Town, and the bishop abandoned his palace that it might be used for a redoubt.

During this time the lines of the entrenched camp on the Beauport side rose as though by magic. "Never," says Captain de Foligné, "did works go up more rapidly, so that our generals soon had the

satisfaction of seeing themselves in a position to receive the enemy."

Captain Duclos received the command of the floating battery, "Le Diable," which he had designed. It was hexagonal in shape, and drew only three or four feet of water, although it mounted twelve heavy calibre cannon. Eight fireships, and one hundred and twenty rafts, laden with combustibles, were also to be let loose upon the enemy's fleet as soon as it appeared within the harbour. The ships laden with provisions were ordered to Three Rivers, whence the army was to draw its provisions, and the two frigates moored at L'Anse des Mères, half a league above Quebec, were to prevent all attacks upon them. M. de la Rochebeaucour also formed a cavalry corps of two hundred men to go to the assistance of the points which were most pressed. Montcalm, who, notwithstanding his numberless other occupations, found time either to write or dictate his journal, included in it such biting reflections as this:—"Vehicles are lacking for work upon the fortifications, but not for carrying materials for making a casemate for Madame de Péan. No matter how tragic the end of all this may and probably will be, one cannot help laughing."

Concerning Vaudreuil's first visit to the entrenched camp he ironically remarks:—"The Marquis de Vaudreuil, governor-general, and therefore general of the army, has made his first visit of inspection; youth has to inform itself. As he had never seen

either a camp or military works it was all as new as amusing to him. He asked some singular questions, such as might be put by a blind man who had just received his sight."

A new source of discord had sprung up since the sharp reprimand addressed to the intendant by Minister Berryer. Bigot felt that he had been betrayed by Bougainville, and let the latter's friends as well as himself feel the weight of his wrath. The council was the principal scene of these animosities, and such violent altercations broke out that it was frequently found necessary to adjourn the meeting. Montcalm complains of it to Lévis in these words: —"I was in the town yesterday, and beheld the council in an indecent tumult. On the part of the navy there is a general outcry against Le Mercier, and great impatience for his batteries, to which the whole army is subordinated."

The intendant and the commissary of stores, Cadet, took up their headquarters at Beauport, whence they provisioned the army. The people were then reduced to two ounces of bread a day, and many of them did not even get that, while whole families died of want. High society, however, did not live any the less luxuriously on this account, and Cadet had grain thrown to thousands of fowls destined for his own table and those of his friends.

Admiral Durell found Ile-aux-Coudres deserted, for by Vaudreuil's orders the people had abandoned it when the English sails appeared, and had retired to

the woods of Baie St. Paul. He consequently established a camp on its cultivated heights, and landed there some of his troops, to rest them after the fatigues of the voyage across. They soon fancied themselves secure, and the officers amused themselves by hunting, and riding about on the horses left on the island. Three Canadian officers, MM. de la Naudière, Des Rivières and de Niverville had, however, gone down from Quebec to Baie St. Paul with one hundred and fifty militiamen, one hundred Abenakis, and a few pieces of artillery to prevent a landing there, and, aided by the people of the place, they built trenches and mounted batteries at the mouth of the Gouffre River. Thence parties of militiamen and Indians guided by the islanders frequently crossed over under cover of night to harass the invaders and take a few prisoners. On the north side of the island is a rugged promontory called Cap à la Branche, at the base of which passes a straight road bathed by the waters of the river. A few islanders commanded by one of themselves, François Savard, a man as active as he was brave and intelligent, ambushed themselves by this road behind a curtain of great cedars, and waited until they beheld the approach of two officers, one of whom bore on his saddle a young lad. As they passed the ambuscade a volley brought down both horses, and all three were made prisoners before they knew what had taken place. Great was the surprise of Savard and his associates when they learnt that one of the

officers was the grandson of Admiral Durell. Captain Des Rivières, who was with the captors, accompanied him to Quebec, where de Vaudreuil treated him with the utmost consideration until he was later on exchanged with other prisoners.

An inspection of the Island of Orleans made by de Bougainville and Pontleroy having shown the impossibility of defending it successfully, the inhabitants were ordered to evacuate it also, and M. de Courtemanche, with five hundred Canadians and a party of Indians went down to prepare an ambuscade and attempt to capture a few prisoners. Frequent north-east winds had favoured the progress of the English fleet, and on June 23rd it anchored below the lofty mountains of Baie St. Paul. Admiral Saunders then began the sounding of the dangerous Traverse channel, reported to be unnavigable by big warships, whence the French had removed the buoys, besides destroying the landmarks on the shores.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th," adds Knox, "a French pilot was put on board of each transport, and the man who fell to the *Goodwill's* lot gasconaded at a most extravagant rate, and gave us to understand it was much against his inclination that he had become an English pilot. The poor fellow assumed great latitude in his conversation; said he made no doubt that some of the fleet would return to England; but they should have a dismal tale to carry with them; for Canada

would be the grave of the whole army, and he expected, in a short time, to see the walls of Quebec ornamented with English scalps. Had it not been in obedience to the admiral, who gave orders that he should not be ill-used, he would certainly have been thrown overboard." The Traverse was navigated without accident.

"At the Island of Orleans," continues Knox, "we are presented with a view of a clear, open country, with villages and churches innumerable, which last, as also their houses, being all white-limed on the outsides, gives them a neat, elegant appearance from our ships."

As Captain Knox advanced his admiration became more lively, and when, on June 26th, the *Goodwill* cast anchor before the parish of St. Laurent he wrote in his note-book:—

"Here we are entertained with a most agreeable prospect of a delightful country on every side; windmills, water-mills, churches, chapels, and compact farm-houses, all built with stone, and covered, some with wood and others with straw. The lands appear to be everywhere well cultivated, and, with the help of my glass, I can discern that they are sowed with flax, wheat, barley, pease, etc., and the grounds are enclosed with wooden pales. The weather to-day is agreeably warm; a light fog sometimes hangs over the Highlands, but in the river we have a fine clear air. Where we now ride the tide does not run above six knots an hour, and

we have good anchorage; the rest of our fleet are working up, and, by the situation of affairs, I am inclined to think we are happily arrived at the place, that, to all appearance, will be the theatre of our future operations. In the curve of the river, while we were under sail, we had a transient view of a stupendous natural curiosity, called the water-fall of Montmorency, of which I hope, before the close of the campaign, to be able to give a satisfactory relation."

The ambuscade of M. de Courtemanche at the lower end of the Island of Orleans did not have the success expected, for notwithstanding his warnings the Indians showed themselves too soon, and consequently only one barge, with a few prisoners, was taken.

At sunset on the twenty-sixth Lieutenant Meech, with forty Rangers, made the first reconnaissance of the island. Believing it deserted he imprudently entered a woods where he fell upon a party of Canadians, engaged, as he believed, in making a *cache*. They were, however, in reality de Courtemanche's rear guard, left to keep a lookout, and they almost surrounded the landing party. Meech had barely time to throw himself with his party into a house, and barricade it, without daring to stop and pick up one of his men, who was struck down by a ball. The army landed without opposition, and the first camp was pitched on a plateau a little below the St. Laurent church. Knox,

with some brother officers, profited by their first leisure moment to visit the church. "A neat building," he says, "with a steeple and spire." The ornaments had all been carried away, except some paintings of no value. The curé of the parish, before leaving, had affixed to the door a letter addressed to "The worthy officers of the British army." He begged them, in the name of humanity and their well-known generosity, to protect his church as well as the presbytery and its outbuildings, if not out of consideration for him at least for the love of God, and out of compassion for the unfortunate homeless parishioners. "I would have been glad," he added, "had you arrived sooner so that you might have tasted the vegetables, such as asparagus, radishes, etc., which my garden produces, but which have now run to seed." The curé closed his letter with what Knox calls the "frothy compliments peculiar to the French."

The next day was as clear as the preceding one, and at sunrise Wolfe took with him his chief engineer, Mackellar, and with an escort of light troops went up the river as far as the upper end of the Island of Orleans, where he landed. His first impression of the scene before him we have not in writing, but it is not hard to guess what it was. He had before him one of the finest views and one of the best chosen strategical positions in all North America; on his right the river and falls of Montmorency forming a natural line of defence; on his

left the rugged heights of Lévis; in front of him, three miles distant, projecting like the prow of an immense ship, was the promontory of Quebec, commanding either shore. He could distinguish perfectly the lines of the entrenched camp running in zig-zags with its batteries and redans, from the top of Montmorency down to the St. Charles; and behind this first line, all along the hillside, stood the double row of pretty white-washed houses bordering the roadway. He did not know yet that the group of tents on his extreme right was the camp of his cleverest opponent, the Chevalier de Lévis, with the best regular troops, and those famous woodsmen from Montreal whom the soldiers feared almost as much as they did the Indians; that in the centre of this slope the seigniorial manor of de Salaberry, surrounded by a multitude of tents, was the headquarters of Montcalm, and that further on near La Canardière was de Bougainville's quarters, which Vaudreuil was soon to occupy. All along this slope he saw the white lines of the French regulars, and those of the colonial troops, who were taking up their respective positions. At the entrance to the St. Charles River he beheld the confused lines of the fortified bridges, and in the distance down the valley the steeple of the General Hospital was barely visible. With the aid of the plan of Quebec unrolled before him he could locate the principal city buildings, whose spires and roofings crowned the ramparts—the

seminary and Hôtel-Dieu at the edge of the cliff; the cathedral, the Jesuits' college, and the Ursuline and Récollet monasteries, standing in the centre in the form of an irregular quadrilateral; and on the left could be seen the profile of the Château St. Louis crowning the precipice. The two great groves of trees arising from among the roofs indicated the gardens of the seminary and the college.

Along the palisaded crests of the mountain were ranged the batteries of the Château St. Louis, the seminary and the hospital; and below, extending their mouths to the water's edge, were the St. Charles, Dauphine, Royal, and Construction batteries. But what he could not see from where he stood, as Cape Diamond hid them from his sight, were the two chains of sharp cut rock, between which, for many leagues, the river wends its way. But without seeing them he knew by the most positive reports that on the north shore as far as Cap Rouge, three leagues higher up, the cliff was practically insurmountable, that at the few points where it was accessible it could be defended with ease by a small force, and that beyond that the Cap Rouge River, with its lofty banks, formed no less difficult an obstacle than did the Montmorency. This locality then would not enter into his plan of attack save as a last resort to which he would only turn when all other means had been vainly exhausted.

In his letter to his uncle, written from Louis-

bourg, he had worked on two hypotheses. Either he would find his enemy audacious or he would find him timid. As a matter of fact he found him to be neither; the French general was evidently determined, but he was also as prudent as he was firm, and trusted nothing to chance. He awaited him behind his ramparts, and would dispute the ground foot by foot; in a word, he would stretch out the length of the siege as far as possible, and wait until the invader had either exhausted his forces or been driven away by winter's approach. Wolfe had imagined that he would be able to land without much resistance on the Beauport shore, which he then hoped to hold by a system of fortifications such as he had employed at Louisbourg. He had supposed that the only serious opposition he would have to meet would be in the passage over the St. Charles, but here at one stroke he saw his base of operations thrown back to more than two leagues from the city, and below the Montmorency River, the difficulties of which he saw at a glance.

When he had carefully examined the formidable positions occupied by his enemy, and had recognized all the obstacles which nature had accumulated against him, and those which skilful generals had added and would still add to them, a feeling of defiance took possession of him. He understood at last that at a distance he had not fully taken into account the difficulties which he had to face.

If at least the twelve thousand men who were

advancing against Carillon had been commanded by as enterprising a general as himself he could have hoped to make a timely junction with them. This would have been his best chance of success, but he knew Amherst's character only too well. He had suffered too much from his slowness, before and after the siege of Louisbourg, even to hope that he would move at more than a snail's pace, and he foresaw that the campaign would be over before that general had come down the Richelieu. This was the more apparent because the policy of prudence and temporizing adopted by Montcalm showed in advance the course which Bourlamaque would pursue. This first inspection then served to disillusion him and overturn his plans, and, as if nature wished to reflect the clouds which hung in his thoughts, the sky, which was so fair at sunrise, became darkened. A storm formed above Cape Diamond, spread over both banks of the river and burst in the afternoon with a torrent of rain, heavy thunder, and a wind which made the vessels of the fleet drag their anchors, many of the transports, boats, and barges being thrown upon the shore and smashed to atoms. Happily for the British enemy this tempest vanished as quickly as it had appeared, and gave place to a calm clear night.

The same quiet reigned the following night, when the lookouts on the various English ships reported to their commanders that they saw several black bodies gliding down the river, and increasing in

size as they approached with the current. Seven fireships had, in short, been launched under the direction of a young ship's officer named de Louche —a boastful, inexperienced youth, who had forced the acceptance of his services against the wishes of the engineers. Montcalm with some of his principal officers stationed himself near the Beauport church to watch the effect.

He had little confidence in the scheme, and said in his journal:—"Our dear fireships! The epithet is indeed appropriate, for they cost us from fifteen to eighteen thousand francs. . . It is to be hoped that they will have a better effect on the English fleet than the tempest had."

De Louche was seized with terror, amounting to a panic, before he had reached the middle of the roadstead, and caused the torch to be applied to the fireships almost at once. Only one was coolly managed and burnt to some purpose. The brave officer who had charge of it, M. Dubois de la Milletière, could not escape from amidst the blazing boats which surrounded him, and perished with all of his men. Some of the fireships went ashore at the Island of Orleans; the others were stopped by the English sailors, who caught them with their grappling irons, and towed them to the beach, where they burnt themselves out, casting a lurid glare over the entrenched camp, the anchorage, and even as far as the cape at Quebec.

Captain Knox, who saw these infernal machines

approach from his ship, says that nothing could be more extraordinary than their terrible, and at the same time, magnificent appearance. Cannon loaded with grape shot, which together with a great quantity of grenades and other projectiles had been placed on board, exploded with such rage that the sentinels placed at the end of the island were terror-stricken, and fell back upon their camp spreading the alarm. The light regiments were advanced, and the regiments of the line stood to arms and were ordered to load.

"The night," Knox continues, "was serene and calm, there was no light but what the stars produced, and this was eclipsed by the blaze of the floating fires, issuing from all parts, and running almost as quick as thought up the masts and rigging; add to this the solemnity of the sable night, still more obscured by the profuse clouds of smoke, with the firing of the cannon, the bursting of the grenades, and the crackling of the other combustibles; all which reverberating through the air, and the adjacent woods, together with the sonorous shouts and frequent repetitions of *All's well*, from our gallant seamen on the water, afforded a scene, I think, infinitely superior to any adequate description."

Among the French there was as much indignation as disappointment. "De Louche," Montcalm observes, "complains that the intendant and Le Mercier forced them to leave before they were quite ready. . . . . One of the captains said:—

'Gentlemen, we have acted like cowards. There is still one fireship left. Let us wipe out our shame by either success or death.' One only accepted the proposition ; the others were silent."

Wolfe, seeing that he had to abandon all idea of an attack *viâ* Beauport, turned his attention towards the south bank of the river whence he could at least approach Quebec. With regard to the force with which Montcalm could oppose him there, he knew absolutely nothing, but it did not seem to him that it could be large, for he had not noticed either fortifications, or works of any kind on this side, nor was there any evidence of the presence of troops.

There may still be seen to-day opposite St. Laurent, the little church of Beaumont, preserved just as it was at the time of the siege of Quebec. At five p.m. on June 29th the light infantry, the rangers, one regiment of the line, and a body of Highlanders had been ferried over from the Island of Orleans to the south shore, and had taken possession of the church and village of Beaumont without the slightest resistance. The tide being too low the remainder of the brigade detailed to carry out this operation under Monckton's orders could not cross, and spent the night upon the beach shivering with cold, for the heat of the day had been succeeded by so sharp a north wind that there was frost in many places.

At seven o'clock in the morning, while the light troops were engaged in a skirmish with a party of Canadians, whom they drove back to the shelter of

the woods, Monckton landed with his troops, and mounted the straight path, bordered with brushwood, which led to the church, where his first care was to affix to the door a proclamation drawn up by General Wolfe. It was a very able appeal addressed to the Canadians. After having mentioned the irresistible forces which he had led into the very heart of their country, to which were to be added those advancing by way of Lake Champlain, he told them that England had no quarrel with any one but France; that she was not making war upon the industrious people of Canada, nor upon their religion and defenceless women and children; that the *habitants* might remain upon their lands and re-occupy their houses without fear; that in return for this inestimable benefit he hoped that the people would not mix themselves up in a conflict which was merely one between the two Crowns, failing which they would see their harvests and their houses destroyed and their churches profaned by the enraged soldiery; and that the only avenue whence help could come to them was closed by a formidable fleet, so that when winter came they would be exposed to all the horrors of famine. He concluded by saying that France, powerless to assist Canada, had deserted her cause, and that the troops which she sent out were maintained only by laying upon the colonists all the burden of an unbridled and lawless oppression.

What Wolfe said was only too true, but never-

theless not a Canadian spoke of surrender. They no longer considered their sacrifices in their obstinate attachment to the mother country which had long since lost all compassion for them.

In spite of Wolfe's declaration that he wished to conduct the war in civilized fashion his rangers sometimes got out of hand, exasperated by the atrocities of the Indians and of the *coureurs de bois* in Indian garb. This practice was mitigated, if not checked, by an order from Wolfe forbidding "The inhuman practice of scalping, except when the enemy are Indians, or Canadians dressed like Indians." Vaudreuil in his despatches to Versailles during 1756 had made frequent mention of scalping as a recognized and even necessary custom.

The party of Canadians who remained on the watch in the edge of the woods came down to the church as soon as the English had gone, tore down the proclamation, and sent it by one of their men to the Marquis de Vaudreuil.

About noon the attention of the French officers stationed at the Beauport camp was drawn to a movement upon the heights of Lévis. A long column, in the middle of which the scarlet-clad regulars were readily distinguished, came along the Beaumont road and marched towards the Lévis church, while the little puffs of white smoke along the green hillsides showed that it was being harassed by Canadian sharpshooters. They were a party of sixty woodsmen who, after having dodged the steps

of the column for two hours, had taken up a position at the foot of the wooded rock which overlooks the St. Joseph de Lévis Church. De Vaudreuil, being informed that seven or eight hundred Englishmen had landed, had consulted Montcalm and sent to the little party's assistance under Dufils Charest, three hundred Canadians and sailors, with about forty Abenakis and Ottawa Indians. This small band fought from three to six o'clock in the afternoon, with a valour that called forth the admiration of both the English and the townsmen, who had crowded to the ramparts to see the engagement.

The church and presbytery which served as redoubts were taken and retaken several times, and at the end of the fight Monckton ordered the Highlanders to enter the woods on the hillside while the light infantry made a détour, and he himself in person attacked the church and presbytery.

"Our people," says Captain de Foligné, who had witnessed the fight, "had the upper hand, and obliged the enemy to leave the field to them, when the Indians took about a dozen scalps, having already made one prisoner."

M. Dufils Charest, not wishing to lose the fruits of this victory, called together the Indians, who were always ready to go off after an initial success, and asked them to remain with him and his band. He proposed to send five or six of them to the governor with the prisoner, to ask for a reinforce-

ment of one thousand men, with whom he could force the English to re-embark, and the Indians, having none of their men either killed or wounded, consented. Unfortunately for the French however, the prisoner, when brought to Quebec, declared that the Beauport side was to be attacked during the night, and it was therefore judged unwise to send away any of the garrison, says Montcalm. This gave the English time to learn something about the place and to fortify themselves in such a fashion that they could not be dislodged.

The Marquis de Montcalm, who had in the morning gone to the city to advise the governor to adopt the course already pursued at Pointe Lévis announced on his return that the camp was to be attacked between ten o'clock and midnight. M. Duclos moored his floating battery "Le Diable" broadside on at the mouth of the Beauport River, and word was sent to de Lévis to fall back a little towards the centre. "The Canadians," says one writer, "manned the trenches opposite their camp and extended to the right, our troops took the centre, and the remainder of the Canadians supported them on the left in Beauport ravine, while the mounted troops remained in the yard at La Canardière, to be in readiness in case of need. The Marquis de Montcalm, with de Bougainville, and his aides-de-camp, including M. de Caire, the engineer, went over the entire line. I spent the night at the battery at La Canardière with Le Mercier. The troops in vain

awaited the coming of the English, and at daybreak they were called in." At this moment there was an alarm in the Canadian camp, and firing became general along the line as it was believed that the camp was attacked. This fusilade over, the troops returned to their tents, and all was quiet, while our authority continues: "I got to bed at seven o'clock with a fever which prevented me from tracing out the St. Louis battery as I had promised the Chevalier de Lévis that I would." Montcalm himself took only a very few hours' rest, for he feared an immediate attack, and was not yet satisfied with his preparations. He found that his little army was very much scattered over the two long leagues covered by his line of defence, for only after some hesitation had he given way to the urgent request of de Lévis, and prolonged the entrenchments beyond the Beauport River, and right up to the Montmorency Falls. The right wing, formed of the Quebec and Three Rivers militia, under de St. Ours and de Bonne, extended from the St. Charles to La Canardière; the centre composed of the battalions from La Sarre, Languedoc, Béarn, Guyenne, and Royal-Roussillon, under Brigadier Senezergues, stretched from La Canardière to the Beauport church; and on the left the Montreal militia under Prudhomme and Herbin stretched to the Montmorency River.

After a fresh inspection the general began to fear that an attack on his centre might force it, and cut

off his line of retreat. From the Royal-Roussillon camp he wrote the same evening to de Lévis:—"Since leaving you, my dear Chevalier, I have been racing hither and thither on horseback, and am beginning to become alarmed at our position, I beg you to think it over without an obstinate predilection for your first opinion." He then went on to discuss the chances of an attack upon the centre or one of the wings as follows:—"How do you expect us to guard the great space between the Royal-Roussillon and La Sarre regiments? The Languedoc and Béarn regiments are too far apart; if possible let us bring them closer together, even if they have to camp in the wheat, and place them by half battalions if necessary. I would like to strengthen my line from La Canardière to Beauport, and would hope with two thousand Montrealers to hold the left, which I would not reinforce. I am writing from Poulariez' quarters without, however, mentioning the matter to any one else, so that you may have time to sleep over it as you well suggest."

Montcalm then gave as follows the exact number of the troops at his command:—"Five battalions, two thousand nine hundred; Three Rivers, one thousand one hundred; Montreal, three thousand eight hundred; Quebec (at the outside), three thousand; a total of ten thousand eight hundred men." And he continues: "And with this force we have a winding line of four or five leagues to guard; think over this picture this evening. . . . .

"I am sure that to-morrow when you take up your pen even you will be alarmed at the extent to be guarded. We have indeed little cloth from which to cut our coat. I write to you frankly, but will willingly defer to your advice. Let us, however, try to be of only one mind, my dear Chevalier, for friendship and a common interest should lead us to do so."

Montcalm at this time had no idea that his enemy was quite as fearful of attacking his position as he himself was of having it attacked. Wolfe, however, had more soldiers and seamen to lead against the French general than the latter had at his disposal, including both his regulars and militia. The former had nine thousand regular troops, while the latter had only two thousand nine hundred, odds of three to one. Against seven thousand nine hundred militia the English general had an even greater number of sailors armed with every weapon, while many of the Canadians had only hunting-guns without bayonets. Only five hundred or six hundred Indians in all had mustered at Quebec.

While Monckton was fortifying himself at Lévis, four skiffs containing cannon left the Beauport shore, and came to within half range of the shore as if to land their men. Captains Cannon and Le Sage, who were in command, hid the guns by grouping men around them, and waited until the English troops were drawn up on the shore to receive them when they opened on them with grape

shot, and in less than half an hour killed one hundred men. They would have committed further slaughter had not an English frigate approached, whereupon they retired under the guns of the town without losing a single man.

A small party of Micmac Indians, whom de Boishébert had sent to harass the troops was skirmishing with the light infantry when they fell into an ambuscade and lost nine men, whose scalps were taken by the rangers, who had borrowed their barbarous custom. This was the most repellent feature of all the border wars of the period, and the Canadian woodsmen have been charged with scalping as freely as the rangers. Wolfe soon revolted at the sight of the rangers returning from their expeditions with the bloody scalps hanging from their belts, and forbade the inhuman practice as already stated except when they met Indians or Canadians dressed as Indians. This order, however, did not wholly deter them, and they continued to scalp indiscriminately.

In the morning Wolfe ordered Carleton to establish a fortified camp at the west end of the Island of Orleans, and himself, with a new body of troops, landed *en route* for Pointe Lévis, advancing until opposite the town. Captain Knox, who was present, was no less struck by the appearance of Cape Diamond than was his general. "We had," he says, "a most agreeable view of the city of Quebec. The river here is only a mile wide, and washes the foot

of the promontory which from no other side appears so formidable."

Wolfe saw before him the château of the governers of New France, with which were linked so many of the important events in the history of America. Thence went forth the impulse which sent La Salle to the mouth of the Mississippi, d'Iberville to Hudson Bay, and La Vérendrye to the Rocky Mountains. There Frontenac gave to the envoy of Admiral Phipps his famous answer: "Go, tell your master that I will answer him by the mouths of my cannon."

To his right the English general looked down upon the Beauport camp, where he saw the entire French force engaged on the completion of entrenchments that were infinitely more formidable than the breastwork of fallen trees, from behind which Montcalm, with a handful of men, had at Carillon repulsed Abercromby's army the previous year. From the colours of their uniforms he judged that about one-fifth of the soldiers belonged to the regular army. All the openings of the houses at Beauport were barricaded and loopholed for musketry, forming an uninterrupted line along the road, and the curtain of trees which fringed the Montmorency, and which he could now easily distinguish, seemed to make the passage of this river more impracticable than ever, so that after this examination he hesitated even more than before about attacking Beauport. But how was he to divert atten-

tion from this inactivity? For this he saw no other alternative than the bombardment of the town. It would be as useless a means of attacking the place as it was barbaric, and could serve no other purpose than to enrage the population, but it would at least satisfy his men by giving them something to do, and would at least convey the impression that he was making some progress. He, therefore, at once fixed the location of the batteries, and had fascines cut, gabions made, parapets raised, and the cannon trained. The French, who followed these operations from the ramparts, endeavoured to hinder them, but their cannon, which were of too small a calibre to reach the works, did the enemy no harm.

Montcalm, still anxious about his position, whose centre he found too weak, drafted three hundred Canadians into the regiments of the line, which already included many of them, and transformed the Guyenne battalion into a reserve corps, which was to be in readiness to work either to right or left, as the occasion demanded, between the Beauport brook and the St. Charles River. The army passed the nights in the trenches, and the marquis was astonished at the activity of the Chevalier de Lévis, who, being robust and younger than himself, stood the fatigue and night-watches without seeming to notice them.

"You are fortunate," he wrote, "in being indefatigable. That is always for the best. . . . Before you retire I should be glad to learn what your

news is. What you do, my dear Chevalier, is always well done. If your vigilance alone could save the country all would be well, but more than this is necessary."

The English fleet which on its arrival stretched in two long lines between the Island of Orleans and the south shore came closer each day, and was now anchored at the entrance to the harbour. Captain Knox, who always had a keen sense of the picturesque side of things, was lost in admiration of it, and declared that it presented a magnificent appearance upon the river. The impression it produced upon the Canadians was very different. To them it had the appearance of a dark cloud foreboding a tempest, for from these floating caverns poured forth hordes of strangers and engines of war which would spread death and destruction amongst them. General Wolfe's apparent indecision kept the French generals in a constant state of uncertainty, which, for the moment, was their principal source of embarrassment.

Soon many vessels, surrounded by barges, anchored broadside on near the Falls by daylight, and bombarded the camp of the Chevalier de Lévis, but the floating battery anchored at the shore, reinforced by the gunboats, replied with such vigour that they promptly moved to a distance. At sunset the barges laden with troops went down the river by the Island of Orleans, and it was generally believed that a sham attack was being made on that side in

order to permit a surprise on the right wing of the camp. During the night, however; about three thousand of the brigades of Townshend and Murray crossed the Island of Orleans, and took possession of the left bank of the Montmorency, where they began to erect fortifications. From this position, overlooking the right bank, they could trouble the camp of the Chevalier de Lévis, but Montcalm, contrary to the advice of Vaudreuil, did not deem it wise to send a large detachment to dislodge them. On July 7th he had sent M. de Lapause to inspect the fords, and especially the winter one, and erect demi-bastions at them. These were guarded by the brave Captain de Repentigny with his eleven hundred chosen Canadians.

Four hundred Indians, mostly Ottawas, commanded by M. de Langlade, with a few Canadians, crossed these fords, and, clubs in hand, threw themselves on a detachment of four hundred men who were protecting the men working at the English camp. The howls of the band so terrified the soldiers that they fell back in disorder upon the main body, having lost eighty or one hundred men killed and wounded. Being in turn repulsed by superior numbers the Indians lost about fifteen warriors, and thereupon immediately killed five prisoners who were in their hands. They returned exhausted with thirty-six scalps. This action, which occurred on July 9th, must not be confused with a similar engagement of July 26th, in which Wolfe's re-

connaissance in force upon the Falls of Montmorency narrowly escaped disaster at the hands of Langlade and his Indians.

The Quebec batteries had so little effect upon the works at Pointe Lévis that Montcalm, who was beginning to fear a powder famine, ordered the firing to cease. Thereupon the townspeople, whose alarm was great at the prospect of seeing their city bombarded and reduced to ashes, murmured loudly against the generals who were doing nothing to dislodge the enemy, and several of the principal men held a meeting and decided to send a deputation to the Beauport camp. M. Daine, the lieutenant of police, on behalf of the people, and M. Taché, on behalf of the merchants, were sent, and asked that the citizens be allowed to cross the river and destroy the Lévis batteries—an operation which Montcalm had just recommended.

The expedition was composed of a collection of burghers of every age and condition, without either discipline or knowledge of military affairs. Its ranks even included seminary pupils, who formed a picket of thirty men, and were nick-named "Royal-Syntax" by the wags. In a word it embraced every element whose presence was likely to contribute to a disaster, and to their number were added one hundred volunteers from the La Sarre and Languedoc battalions and a few Indians. The expedition, numbering one thousand five hundred in all, left on the evening of July 12th under M. Dumas, one of the

best colonial officers, to whom fell the dangerous honour of the command, and marched up to Sillery, where a fleet of boats, which was in readiness, conveyed them over to the east side of the Etchemin River. Leaving fifty men to guard the boats Dumas started his men on the march in two columns, the night being of an inky darkness. Halting at the house of one Bourassa, a short distance from the English camp, he sent forward some Indian and Canadian scouts, who found the country deserted. Then the detachment again moved forward, but the guides having lost their bearings a halt was made to discover their whereabouts. Just at this time, as good luck would have it, some eighty residents of Pointe Lévis arrived, and gave M. Dumas the required information. The advance guard was again about to proceed, when it was seen in the darkness by the other column, which was advancing along a fence and took it for the enemy. A panic at once ensued, and all broke the ranks and fled. At this critical moment a volley from the party of students routed both parties, and against the disorder which ensued the efforts of M. Dumas and his officers were unavailing, the whole crowd rushing in headlong flight for the boats. Two more volleys, fired during the descent of the cliff, killed two men and wounded three, and when M. Dumas arrived at the shore two-thirds of the party were already in the boats, and ready to push off. It required all his powers of persuasion to induce them

to disembark and recover some semblance of order, and then he roundly scored them, but thought it unwise to retrace their steps, as the firing might have aroused the English. Moreover day was at hand, and about eight o'clock the expedition returned to the town covered with shame and confusion. This exploit was nick-named "The school-children's feat."

The incident was the signal for a general exodus from the town. Most of the families fled to the country, while the others were huddled along the ramparts to the westward or among the suburbs, out of the range of bombs and bullets. The streets became blocked with vehicles laden with furniture, etc., of which the houses were being emptied, and Palace Gate was soon unable to give passage to all the traffic so that the St. John and St. Louis Gates had to be opened. In the Lower Town, and the more exposed parts of the Upper Town only the garrison and the men occupied in conveying the water supply were left. The Ursulines and the hospital nuns left their convents under the charge of a few sisters, and took refuge in the General Hospital. The powder was withdrawn from the magazines, and stored at Ste. Foy.

A few balls and bombs had already been thrown into the town, and at a signal from the admiral's ship, given at nine p.m., the mortars and cannon from the Pointe Lévis batteries began to fire together. The bombs were all directed at the Upper

Town, especially at those spots where the biggest buildings stood, and where the roofs were most closely clustered together. Considerable damage was done during the first night, over three hundred bombs and fireballs being thrown within twenty-four hours. The murderous hail of fire and metal only ceased when the unfortunate city was no longer anything but a mass of ashes and ruins. The cathedral, a great part of the Upper Town, and all the Lower Town fell a prey to the flames, it being possible to count the houses which escaped undamaged. Several persons were killed, and the citizens, most of whom were ruined by this bombardment, which was as cruel as it was useless, watched with despair the clouds of fire and smoke which rose above the ramparts.

The next day Montcalm wrote in his journal the following:—"M. de Pontleroy, keenly alive to the needs of the unfortunates, opened all the posterns for the women and children, and his great regret, like mine, was our inability to supply so many poor wretches with bread.

Quæquæ ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui!"

The left wing of the French army was in a most disquieting position from the moment the English became solidly entrenched on the opposite side of the Montmorency. The two camps were only separated by the narrow channel of the river, which, after having formed the rapids of the Natural Steps, throws itself over a precipice over two hundred

and fifty feet high, whence, with painful slowness, it pours towards the St. Lawrence, its waters apparently stunned by the immensity of their fall. The two rocks divided by its snow-white sheet, from the foot of which rises a constant cloud of mist displaying in its centre a multi-coloured rainbow, recede from each other till they form a large basin which runs to the edge of the beach, and is fordable for many hours at low tide. The rival armies situated within hailing distance of one another were sheltered by great demi-bastions, whence the opposing sharpshooters exchanged shots across the river, and every day some were killed or wounded. Montcalm felt himself called upon to calm the enthusiasm of his men, and in writing to de Lévis said :— "We must try to make our Indians, soldiers, and Canadians do less firing. While we may kill some of the enemy we have to mourn many of our own men." Several batteries erected at intervals on both shores hurled bombs, balls, and grenades at one another.

Captain Knox who, after his first glimpse of the Falls had promised himself the pleasure of a closer inspection, and of writing a description of them, found himself near them one bright clear day when he could see them in all their beauty. If the brave Scot had had combined with his lively imagination the classical turn of mind of Montcalm or de Bougainville he would have compared it to the snow-white mantle of a Naiad. He could not resist

the temptation to take in the vision of all its beauty, and as he imprudently exposed himself while doing so, the nearby sentinel uttered a warning for him to get under cover if he did not wish to die. He had just at that moment seen a sharpshooter glide along among the brushwood and young *sapins* upon the other bank, and draw a bead upon the unconscious officer. Already the weapon had once missed fire. Knox had hardly got down from his perilous position when a ball which whizzed over his head came near putting an end to his interesting journal.

Night and day the untiring and watchful de Lévis, with a foot as sure as that of any *coureur de bois*, went over the line which stretched from his camp to that of de Repentigny, between which he had opened an avenue of communication through the depth of the forest. As it had already become too dangerous a position to be entrusted to the guardianship of any one body of troops the army was divided into detachments of one thousand four hundred men, who relieved one another every twenty-four hours.

The La Sarre, Béarn, and Guyenne battalions had been moved towards the left in order to be the more readily available should the English attempt to cross the river, while the Languedoc battalion and the Quebec and Three Rivers militia formed the right wing. From time to time a white flag waving over the epaulement stopped the cannon and musketry fire, and an armistice ensued, during

which the bearers of the flags of truce exchanged handshakings, courtesies, or prisoners.

One of the envoys remarked to General Wolfe: —"We don't doubt that you will destroy the town, but we are determined that you shall never set foot within its walls," to which the latter replied :—"I will be master of Quebec if I have to remain here until the end of November."

Another French officer told Knox that de Lévis had urged Montcalm to dislodge Wolfe from his position at the Falls, but Montcalm had answered, "If we drive him from there he will give us more trouble elsewhere; while they remain there they can do no harm. Let them continue to amuse themselves."

The state of forced inactivity in which the French army had been kept since the opening of the campaign, the shortness of provisions, the urgency of getting in the hay, which was already over ripe, and above all the custom of the militiamen to make what they called a *coup*, and return to their firesides, began to occasion desertions, which the commanders endeavoured to arrest by the sternest measures. On the other hand hardly a day passed without the arrival of some English deserters, from whom useful information was frequently obtained.

As time passed Wolfe's hesitancy became more evident, and the French were astonished at seeing him pass his days in indecision. The regulars became as impatient as the militia, and Montcalm was

as much so as any one, all his good sense, and the advice of the other commanders being required to keep him on the defensive.

"Generally speaking," he said, "we are all eager for the end of all this. . . The enemy harasses with cannon and mortars all points which can be reached. . . . Such behaviour on the part of an enemy whom we have been taught to regard as extremely expeditious in his movements makes us suspect that the intention is to wear us out in every way. I at present fear that he simply intends to weary us and make us leave our position. We are this evening to send out a large body of Indians, and I believe that we cannot give too many of all ranks—Indians, militiamen, and regulars—a taste of fighting. It is the only way in which to keep them exercised, and prevent the disorders which usually result from idleness. We will gain in still another way by tiring the enemy and increasing his fear of the Indians. For," he adds to de Lévis, "they are devilishly afraid of the Indians. . . . M. de Lusignan relieves me in the camp this evening, and I go to spend my week in the town."

On the way he noted the measures which Wolfe was taking to organize his sailors into a regular army. "Fifteen hundred sailors," he wrote, "land every day at Pointe Lévis, where they are trained in military movements and shooting exercises. They return on board in the evenings."

The stifling heat of the month of July brought

with it frequent abrupt changes of temperature. Thunder and lightning storms appeared on the horizon overcasting the sun, and blotting out the promontory of Quebec, the Island of Orleans, and both banks of the river. Then began a singular concert between the heavens and the earth. The roars of the cannon of Pointe Lévis, Quebec, and the two banks of the Montmorency replied to the rollings of the thunder, which swept across the basin of the river with flashing lightning cutting through the sombre darkness, and then down came the floods, silencing the guns and driving the men to their floating tents. Gradually the storm died away in the distance, and then the peace of nature replaced the tumult of war, while under summer's clear blue sky the mountains stood out with such distinctness that they seemed but half as distant as before. The basin of Quebec became, in fact, a vast amphitheatre of war, its circling seats the hillsides from which the multitudes anxiously watched the various combats waged, now on water between the gunboats and the English fleet, then upon land between the opposing shores.

Night only served to change the aspect of the spectacle. The fleet, which with the transports had come nearer and nearer, lighted up the roadstead with its countless lanterns, the bombs in the darkness described great arcs of fire, and the flames which continued to devour Quebec made Cape Diamond resemble a volcano in eruption.

The almost deserted town had become the resort of a band of thieves, who gave themselves up to every kind of disorder. Hardly had a bomb smashed in a door or window when the house was pillaged and destroyed, until finally the crime was made a capital offence, while, more for effect than for use, two gallows were erected near the ramparts. Patrols were also organized to guard the various districts. The news from Carillon did not cause much anxiety, for Amherst displayed the same slowness that drove Wolfe to despair at Louisbourg. That from Niagara was, however, more alarming. Pouchot had believed himself to be in little danger, and was imprudent enough to divide his force, sending part of it to Belle Rivière. "As I foresaw," Montcalm wrote to de Lévis, "notwithstanding Pouchot's Canadian reasoning, the enemy beyond a doubt landed three thousand men on the sixth. He has sent messengers to recall his army from Fort Duquesne, but you will see, Jean, whether it comes or not. It would have been more simple to have kept it. I can see that Canada is now attacked at six points—Montmorency Falls, Pointe Lévis, Carillon, the head of the rapids, Niagara and Fort Machault. We will have to offer a nice *ex-voto* if we save any part of the country this campaign."

A few famished families from time to time came down to the British camp for nourishment. Others, surprised in the woods and taken prisoners, were set at liberty with presents and copies of Wolfe's procla-

mation. These invitations to surrender, however, produced no more effect than the first, for if the people groaned under the French yoke, they feared still more the oppression of the English.

On the night of July 18th the sentinels on watch on the ramparts of Quebec saw upon the river the approach of some light shadows, which they took for British vessels. As a matter of fact what they saw was the *Sutherland*, a fifty gun ship, a frigate, and five other sailing vessels passing up the stream. A fresh north-east breeze had covered the sky with clouds, and the night was so dark that the ships could hardly be seen, but all the batteries on the Lower Town and ramparts opened fire. However, before they could do any harm the vessels, favoured by the rising tide and the wind, had passed the town.

The following morning the English stationed at Pointe Lévis could see two bodies swinging on a double gibbet opposite the château terrace. They were those of two sailors of the "floating patrol," condemned for mutiny and lack of watchfulness. The punishment was summary, but the damage had been done. Up to that time the French had hoped to be able to prevent the passage of any vessel which might make the attempt.

The siege then took on a new phase. For the first time Montcalm found himself constrained to divide his forces, since his line of communication for food-stuffs and warlike stores was threatened, and his

army might be taken in the rear. "We shall be placed in too light a position," he said, "and unable to maintain our ground if ever the enemy obtains a footing on the heights governing the city's land approaches."

This last move was a fresh piece of temporizing on the part of Wolfe which called out from Montcalm the remark:—"All this becomes daily more obscure." The English army already in possession of three points from which it was extremely hard to dislodge it—Montmorency, the Island of Orleans, and Pointe Lévis—now occupied a fourth, and Wolfe's actions could only be explained on the ground of his thorough conviction that the French had made up their minds to remain on the defensive. To this they were driven by the colony's desperate situation.

The British vessels anchored at L'Anse des Mères burned a fireship, and attempted to destroy some fire-rafts which had just been built, but were repulsed. Dumas had reached the spot with six hundred cavalry, some cannon, and a body of Indians. A further body of troops joined them the following morning, when news was received to the effect that a number of barges had been taken up by the Lévis road and launched at Chaudière. Colonel Carleton boarded them with six hundred men, and went up the river to a distance of seven leagues above Quebec. His guide was Robert Stobo, a former hostage, who, five years before, had been given up

to de Villiers by Washington at the taking of Fort Necessity. Being taken first to Fort Duquesne and then to Quebec, he had remained there a long time, taking advantage of his too great freedom to study the city and its surroundings. In company with another officer named Stevens, of the rangers, he had the previous year escaped by a piece of daring, and had gone down to Halifax, becoming of much importance by reason of the accurate information in his possession. Carleton landed on the left bank of the river not far from the village of Pointe-aux-Trembles, where it was expected, from the statements of some prisoners, to find some of the army's leading stores and important documents. He entered the village at daybreak, repulsing forty Indians, who killed and wounded some of his men, and was not molested for the remainder of the day. However, he found nothing that he sought. When he re-embarked he took with him a number of prisoners, mostly old men, women, and children, among them many Quebec ladies who had taken refuge there. A party of Dumas' troops arrived only in time to exchange shots with the rear guard, wounding a few men, and then the Indians, more to be feared than even the enemy, returned to the village and pillaged the abandoned houses. Wolfe, who had gone on board the vessels anchored at L'Anse des Mères, greeted the prisoners with perfect courtesy, even inviting the ladies to supper, and rallied them gently on the circumspection of the

French generals, to whom, he said, he had offered many favourable opportunities for attacking him. He was much surprised, he said, that they had not availed themselves of these openings. The next day he hoisted a flag of truce and offered an armistice, on condition that the barges containing his wounded, whom he wished to send to the hospitals at the Island of Orleans, should be allowed to pass. The English officers, says an historian of the period, even carried their gallantry so far as to inscribe their names in their fair prisoners' note-books, and then the ladies were landed at L'Anse des Mères, as surprised as pleased at their enforced jaunt. At the time they little suspected that some years later they would be paying their court at the Château St. Louis to the leader of the expedition, then become Lord Dorchester, governor-general of Canada.

Montcalm passed whole nights on the ramparts of Quebec, watching to see that no more vessels got above the city, and from amongst his best officers he chose guards whom he could implicitly trust, when he could not be present himself. Many frigates came to within cannon shot under a favouring north-east wind, but were always so warmly greeted that they speedily retired. With regard to his left wing Montcalm felt no anxiety, for his *alter ego*, de Lévis, was always on the move, and took so little rest that the marquis was somewhat worried. He even sent word to M. de Senezergues to use all diligence, and not trouble the

chevalier except concerning the most important matters.

De Vaudreuil, notwithstanding his sixty years, was hardly less active than de Lévis. "We were up until daybreak," he wrote, "and so was the Languedoc battalion and the reserve battalion which we have formed to go to the assistance of any part which may be attacked. We are strongly of the opinion that the attack will be made in the direction of Sillery, for there is every indication that the enemy will try to land there. However, M. Dumas writes to me that he passed a peaceful night. I did not sleep at all during the night, and it is evident that I will not be able to do so during the day."

Wolfe at this time was preparing for an attack on the Montmorency River, and was displaying much activity in that direction. He tried several times to bridge it, covering his operations by a heavy artillery fire. After a skirmish the marquis wrote to his friend:—"The English showed little vigour, for there was no one left in the camp but twenty Canadians, who did well." A few hours later he wrote :—" I am convinced that they will not attack the left, and am beginning to believe that they will not attack us anywhere, but will attempt to cut off our food supply and lay the country waste." The same evening Montcalm learned that a detachment was moving towards the fords. " Have posts there," he ordered, "to give this little body a sound drubbing, for it would embarrass us to no inconsiderable degree

should it be bold enough to attack our rear, notwithstanding the risk it would run."

This little force, of which a glimpse was caught at nightfall, was a column of two thousand men led in person by General Wolfe who came to examine the ford, which was held by only one thousand one hundred Canadians, and to attempt to force a passage. At its approach eight or nine hundred Indians, under the intrepid de Langlade, hastened to the scene, and, unperceived, threw themselves down on their stomachs on the right-hand side of the Montmorency within pistol-shot of the British force, which had halted, and was preparing to bivouac for the night. The silence of the forest, broken only by the gurgling of the rapids and the night breeze in the tree tops, led the English to believe that there was no enemy in the neighbourhood. Chevalier Johnstone, who relates this incident, expresses his astonishment at so many Indians lying for so long in such close proximity to the enemy without in any way betraying their presence. It was one of the marvels of Indian strategy. M. de Langlade seeing the ambuscade so well prepared signed to the surrounding chiefs to await him, and furtively glided to the rear, crossed the river, and hastened to the camp of the Chevalier de Lévis for a strong reinforcement. He asserted that if he were backed up he would entirely surround the enemy, very few of whom would ever return to their camp, but, tempting as the opportunity was, de Lévis could

not order a movement which might bring on a general engagement without consulting his commander-in-chief, and the headquarters were too far away to have an answer in time. All that the chevalier could do was to despatch a detachment to the river, writing at the same time to de Repentigny that he confided the supreme command to him, and left the rest to his skill and experience. Repentigny, who was as brave as de Lévis and no less prudent, found himself in a similar difficulty. The Indians in the meantime had been awaiting Langlade's return for five hours, lying on the ground, tomahawks in hand, and only moving their lynx-like eyes. At the first sign of dawn, seeing no assistance approaching, their ardour burst all bonds. A savage whoop from eight hundred Indian throats rent the air, and made the British soldiers spring to arms, but the men of the woods were already upon them with their tomahawks, and they fell back in disorder. Wolfe and his officers averted a panic, but the column had to beat a precipitate retreat. De Repentigny could not send his entire force across the ford, but despatched a strong detachment to the Indians' assistance. Wolfe, being thrown back upon his camp, every regiment of which was now under arms, sent forward the entire force with a cannon to meet the Indians, who returned in triumph to the winter ford, having killed and wounded about one hundred and fifty of the British, with scarcely any loss to themselves. When the firing was heard the whole

French camp stood to arms, and de Lévis sent the Royal-Roussillon battalion to Repentigny's assistance. For some time it was thought in the city that a general engagement was in progress.

This diversion seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for casting loose the fire-rafts, which had this time been confided to the care of a man of experience and coolness, M. de Courval, an officer of the Canadian militia. The flotilla was formed of about seventy vessels—boats, skiffs and barges—filled with inflammable material, such as bombs, hand-grenades, small bombs, and old cannon loaded with grape, and the whole was linked together by chains, extending across the river for a distance of not less than one hundred fathoms. The boats were admirably handled, and were brought within half a musket range of the brigade forming the advance guard of the British ships before being set on fire. The flames rapidly leaped from vessel to vessel, but as the floating fire moved very slowly down the river, and the night was not very dark, the ships were able to slip their cables or raise their anchors before it reached them. The moment the watch discovered the fire-rafts the sailors leaped into their barges, caught them with their grappling irons, and towed them ashore, where they burnt themselves out. The English thus got off with a scare, but it was so bad a one that Wolfe sent word that if another attempt of the kind were made the French prisoners would be its first victims, for they would

be placed upon two transports and abandoned in them once their own compatriots had set them on fire. A month had now passed since the British general first appeared before Quebec, and yet he seemed no further advanced than on the day he arrived. The town, it is true, had been reduced to ashes, but it was none the less beyond his grasp. Moreover, his prospects of effecting a junction with the tardy Amherst, who was being held in check by the prudent and methodical de Bourlamaque, were decidedly faint, and his hopes of wearying the Canadians and promoting disaffection amongst them had fallen to the ground, so that he no longer saw any chance of coping with them other than by employing against them the same extreme measures which he had used against Quebec.

Thus the unfortunate Canadians in the neighbourhood of the town found themselves in a frightful dilemma. If they remained faithful to France their houses would be burnt, their fields laid waste, the little they had would be destroyed, and they themselves would be trafficked in as if they were merely furs, while if they made peace with the British the Indians would be at once let loose upon them. Already the *habitants* of the Beauport shore were in dread of the invading scourge, for on this very day Montcalm wrote to de Lévis:—"I am afraid that the people of L'Ange-Gardien and Beauport may make peace with the British, to avoid which we need a strong detachment of Indians and loyal

Canadians to bring them to their senses. And in case the Indians and Canadians are not sufficient we will, if necessary, send about a hundred grenadiers and volunteers with officers to back them up."

Wolfe was quite as sensible as any of his officers to the misfortunes of which he was a witness and of which he was the principal author, but he thought that therein lay his best means of disarming the population, weakening the enemy, and perhaps even obliging him to leave his trenches. This was his principal object, for he felt sure of victory in case he could bring on a general engagement, since he had three times as many regulars as the enemy, and hardly took into any consideration the Canadian militia, whom he thoroughly despised.

Since he had succeeded in getting above Quebec he had carefully examined the entire length of the cliff as far up as Cap Rouge. Everywhere it seemed inaccessible, being almost perpendicular, and bathed at its foot by the waters of the river. Then, as now, a fringe of spruce, pines, beeches, oaks, balsams, etc., crowned its summit, and the rare spots where the cliff was depressed, or cut through to allow some torrent to pour over its brink, were occupied by bodies of the enemy. One of these openings, a little less than a mile below Sillery, was situated in the cove with which his name is now inseparably linked, and upon it in particular his glasses dwelt long and carefully, but it, like the others, seemed to be too well guarded to offer any hope of a suc-

cessful attack. What Montcalm most feared, as we have seen, was that Wolfe would strongly establish himself on some accessible point on the north shore under the cover of his vessels, and it is hard to understand why he did not do so, since, in that case, he could have cut off the French from their supplies, and forced them to meet him in the open. A victory would, in a few days, have given him possession of Quebec without another blow, for hunger would have forced it to capitulate, and its capture would lead to the fall of the entire colony. Whatever the explanation may be, he returned to the Falls more firmly convinced than ever of the difficulty of the undertaking. The Beauport shore still seemed to him to be the most vulnerable point, and, after a long examination, he came to the conclusion that he might entice Montcalm out of his trenches by attacking the redoubts which he had built on the beach.

Coming from Montmorency towards Quebec the cliff's incline is gradual, and it divides into many slopes of easy access. Near the Beauport River a ravine is formed, and the slope from Maizerets becomes a mere incline running down to the level of the tide. Along the beach is a great estuary about one mile wide. On the beach, about a quarter of a mile from the Falls, was Johnstone's redoubt, which had been noted by Wolfe, and a more important one, a little to the east, guarded the ford. The trenches along the top of the cliff were supplied

with redans whose fire crossed. Behind this ran several lines of defences, erected to protect the troops from the English batteries on the left side of the Falls, which overlooked the right side and enfiladed the trenches. The entire artillery of this wing consisted of twenty pieces, covering the Montmorency River on the one side and the St. Lawrence on the other.

Wolfe's plan was to divide the French forces by threatening the camp at three points at once. One feint would be made on the right and another on the extreme left, the first at La Canardière and the second at the winter ford, while the real attack was to be made upon de Lévis' camp. The main part of the regular army was to be in two divisions, the right, under Townshend, descending the cliff at L'Ange-Gardien, and crossing the ford below the Falls, while the left under Monckton would land in barges below the cataract. There they were to join forces, attack the two redoubts, and assault the trenches. Every boat in the fleet was to be used in landing the soldiers and sailors, the latter being each armed with a musket, cartridge box, pistol and cutlass.

The English general commenced to prepare for the assault about July 28th, and endeavoured to distract the enemy's attention from it by bombarding the city night and day with increased violence. Each day, too, he advanced to the fords strong bodies of men, who often met in hand-to-hand

fights with Repentigny's Canadians and Indians. One of these attacks seemed so strong that there was a general alarm, and the whole French camp stood to arms. Wolfe repeatedly visited the fords in person, but everywhere he found the French alert and vigilant, and by this time he knew the redoubtable enemy who guarded the left, and appreciated his skill. More than that he even knew him by sight, for on July 19th, while both were visiting their outposts at the same hour, the Chevalier de Lévis suddenly came face to face with him, only the width of the narrow rapids of the Montmorency separating them, and thus the two were able to take each other's measure.

On the morning fixed for the attack Anstruther's regiment, the light infantry and the rangers, were ordered to advance towards the fords, concealing their march for the most part through the trees, and stringing out their line so as to appear more numerous. When they arrived at the fords they were to retire from the enemy's sight by going deeper into the woods, and then to return by a forced march to act as Townshend's rear-guard. On the morning of July 31st a strong south-west wind sprang up on the St. Lawrence and facilitated the movements of the British ships, many of which were beginning to set their sails. It was, in short, just such a morning as Wolfe desired for the purpose he had in view. In the camp of de Lévis the soldiers were already pouring out of their tents,

and many of the officers stood about the house used as headquarters. The chevalier himself was afoot, and was giving orders for the despatching of reinforcements to Repentigny, who had just sent word that large bodies of troops had appeared near the winter ford. The Béarn battalion and one of the Canadian brigades were on guard in the trenches to the left, while three hundred labourers were profiting by the silence of the British guns, which had not thrown a shell all night, to continue work on the fortifications. While M. de Malartic was visiting the works he noticed a dozen British officers closely examining the position, and about eleven o'clock two transports of twenty guns each took up their positions opposite Johnstone's redoubt, anchoring at about musket range. Not much later, a sixty-four gun vessel of the line, commanded by Admiral Saunders, anchored broadside on to the eastern redoubt. She was the famous *Centurion*, a vessel then as well known in the navy as the *Victory* was to become in after years, when she bore Nelson at Trafalgar. These three vessels, whose fire crossed, opened a brisk cannonade on the redoubts, batteries and trenches, which were also taken on the flank by the forty big guns mounted on the left side of the Montmorency. As we have already seen, the French had only twenty small calibre cannon to oppose to these one hundred and forty-four pieces, and the entire French left wing, which had begun to move as soon as the

vessels were seen to approach, came down the slope and manned the trenches.

A flotilla of barges bearing two entire regiments, the grenadiers of five other regiments and a detachment of the Royal Americans, under Brigadier Monckton, soon left Pointe Lévis and moved towards the Island of Orleans, where another flotilla, bearing the marines from the fleet, joined it, and these were reinforced by a third from the island camp. These three or four hundred boats lay motionless in mid-stream in three lines, awaiting further orders, thus keeping the French uncertain as to the point to be attacked; and during this pause Wolfe carefully watched the effect of his artillery fire. He hoped that the hail of balls and bombs which he poured upon the trenches to the left would stagger the regulars, and drive out the Canadians; but the latter rivalled their companions in steadiness. Montcalm watched all the proceedings from headquarters, with Vaudreuil holding himself in readiness to rush with the battalions which he had with him to the spot where the enemy landed. De Lévis, in the meantime, had entered the trenches, and was posting the men and encouraging them by his presence. "Notwithstanding," says Malartic, "all that we could say to him regarding his safety, which was so essential to us, and exposed as he was to a hail of bombs and balls, he gave his orders with admirable coolness and self-possession."

The barges finally gave way, and moved towards

the river St. Charles as if to land there, but then changed their course and executed several movements, threatening in succession the centre, the right and the left. The blazing sun and stifling heat and the clouds rising on the horizon already gave promise of one of those violent electrical storms that so clear the air, and in the meantime the tide, which was falling rapidly, left the two transports resting on the bottom, and promised soon to leave the ford below the Falls passable. At half-past one Captain Duprat, commanding the volunteers at the winter ford, came to warn de Lévis that a column of apparently two thousand men was advancing to attack Repentigny, whereupon he sent five hundred Canadians, well accustomed to fighting in the woods, with the Indians, to Repentigny's assistance. At the same time he ordered Duprat to follow the enemy's column with his volunteers, and to give him timely advice of its movements. He then instructed the Royal-Roussillon battalion to take up its position on the right of the Canadians, who were between the two redoubts with the Béarn battalion upon the extreme left escarpment. Just then Montcalm came up with the Guyenne battalion, and was everywhere received with cries of "*Vive notre général!*" (Long live our general.)

He at once joined de Lévis, who told him of the appearance of the English column at the Falls, and of the orders which he had given as to holding it in check. He also asked for some reinforcements, which

he placed in his rear on the Beauport road, so that he could send them either to Repentigny's assistance or to the trenches.

"We agreed," wrote de Lévis, "to act as occasion required, and that if the left was attacked he would send the centre to support it, while I was to do the same if the right was assailed. After we had arrived at this understanding the Marquis de Montcalm left me, saying that he was going to the Marquis de Vaudreuil to inform him of the situation."

A short time afterwards, upon receiving word from Duprat to the effect that the column was retiring, de Lévis sent his aide-de-camp, Johnstone, to recall the reinforcements sent to the assistance of Repentigny. The barges, which up to this time had moved up and down the estuary, threatening alternately the centre and right, at this moment again took to the Island of Orleans channel and anchored behind the two grounded transports.

It was then five p.m.; the tide was running down, and the lower ford was passable. Heavy clouds laden with lightning and thunder blotted out the sun, and great drops of rain began to fall. The army, which had been drawn up in order of battle on the cliff at L'Ange-Gardien had just come down, and formed up in column on the shore, preparatory to crossing the ford. In the meantime the fire from the British batteries and vessels, which was ably directed, never slackened, but it had little effect

upon either the works or the troops of the defending force. The Indians, who, with the Canadian detachment, had just returned, were deployed as sharpshooters between Johnstone's redoubt and the trenches, and the chevalier sent word to Montcalm of the British army's movement, and brought down his reserves from the Beauport road. At six o'clock the barges approached, having had some trouble in getting past a chain of rocks at the water level.

As the troops disembarked Monckton drew them up under cover of the transports, the grenadiers being in front, followed by the Royal Americans. At the same time Townshend's force began to cross the ford, and the cannonade became fiercer than ever. Lévis, being warned that Johnstone's redoubt had run out of cannon balls, commanded de la Perrière to evacuate it, after having lightly spiked the guns. Monckton's troops advanced "in fine form," says Lévis. The grenadiers, eager to distinguish themselves, took the lead and charged the redoubt, and when they reached it, did not even stop there, soon finding themselves on a spongy land which checked their advance to some extent. Then the Canadians, whose number included the best shots among the *coureurs de bois* opened a murderous fire which mowed down the leading ranks. The grenadiers hesitated a moment, then again hurled themselves forward, and began to climb the hill, which was much steeper than Wolfe

supposed. The leaders were barely half-way up when they were swept down by a storm of bullets, and fell upon those in the succeeding ranks, throwing them back in their fall. While this desperate struggle was in progress Townshend, whose men had just crossed the ford, attacked, with his army corps, the other redoubt, which was commanded by the brave Captain Mazerac. At this moment the clouds, which had enveloped the basin in almost total obscurity, burst above the combatants with a crash of thunder which drowned even the cannon's roar. The ascent of the hill became more and more difficult as the rain, which fell in torrents, soaked the ground and made it muddy and slippery. The decimated storming party recoiled in disorder, trampling under foot the bodies of their fallen comrades in arms, and reformed behind the redoubt for a fresh attack. Wolfe, however, who had watched the fight from a distance, appreciated its fruitlessness, and ordered the retreat to be sounded. The cannon and musketry fire had in the meantime slackened, to some extent, on both sides, for the powder had been dampened by the rain.

Wild shouts and hurrahs rang out along the ramparts as the French saw their assailants return to the beach, carrying with them their dead, and Montcalm, who, at this moment, reached the left wing, was received with acclamations of "*Vive notre général!*"

The Indians at once started out to take prisoners

and scalps, and then there was enacted an incident which led to some correspondence between the generals of the two armies. Captain Ochterlony, who was fatally wounded, in attempting to escape from the clutches of the redskins, completely exhausted his fast ebbing strength, and one of the wretches was already brandishing his scalping knife over him when he was noticed by a private of the Guyenne battalion. The latter at once seized the Indian in his arms and at the imminent risk of his own life held him until some French officers, who came to his assistance, bore off the wounded Britisher to the general hospital.

The rain all this time fell so thickly that it was impossible to see for any distance, but the storm was of short duration, and when the sky cleared the French could see the last of Monckton's forces leaving the shore in the direction of Pointe Lévis, while Townshend's army was mounting the cliff at L'Ange-Gardien. The heat of the battle raged round Johnstone's redoubt, where the English suffered their greatest loss. Townshend's division, which only came into the action slowly, advanced with still greater lack of haste, and hesitated about attacking the redoubt. Admiral Saunders, fearing lest the French should gain possession of the two transports ordered them to be abandoned and burnt.

The official report of the British shows a loss of four hundred and forty-three men killed and wounded, among the number being Colonel Burton, of the

48th, eight captains, twenty-one lieutenants, and three ensigns. The Chevalier de Lévis placed the figures much higher, and it is well known that the fear of public opinion in England led the generals to conceal their losses, and exaggerate those of their enemies. The French had only seventy men killed and wounded.

De Lévis at once wrote to the minister of war as follows:—"I cannot too highly praise the troops and the Canadians, whose courage cannot be shaken, and who have all through displayed the greatest of good-will."

Montcalm, on reaching his headquarters, wrote the following note to his friend:—"At nightfall every one will be under arms and at his post. I notice a movement in the squadron opposite, but the demonstration they made in full daylight leads me to believe that it will be a false attack. You have good judgment. If you are not too much occupied I wish, my dear chevalier, that you would come and support us."

An hour later de Lévis had reassured his general, who replied to him:—"I doubt the probability of an attack this evening, my dear chevalier. . . . You are doing for the best, and nothing can be better. I want to allow you some sleep, for you must require it, but will go to see you about eleven o'clock." Lévis had been in the saddle for ten consecutive hours.

Vaudreuil rivalled Montcalm in his attentions to

the chevalier, to whom he wrote :—" This happy event is a result of your conjectures, which have always appealed to me. Accept, I pray you, my congratulations upon your foresight, and, believe me, I offer them most cordially. I shall be much pleased to see you and to hear from you a detailed account of the engagement. It is indeed an auspicious event for us, and I am beginning to entertain great hopes concerning the campaign. . . I did not fail to notice the mettle and intrepidity of the movements you commanded, and am aware that you personally superintended everything and were everywhere almost at once. Every one was anxious owing to the danger to which you exposed yourself. It was my own only source of uneasiness, owing to my regard for you, and I beg of you in the future to avoid, as far as possible, such evident dangers. Be careful of yourself, I pray you, for we need you."

It seemed almost as though Vaudreuil had a presentiment of the event which was so soon to place Lévis at the head of the army. By what master-stroke of cleverness and prudence had the chevalier succeeded in attracting to himself equal esteem and friendship on the part of the two enemies? He had become the man of the moment, the man of counsel, the point of contact and centre of union for them both. What tact he had been called upon to exercise so as to offend neither the one nor the other, and especially to avoid wounding the extreme susceptibilities of Montcalm ! This was all

the more difficult since Vaudreuil was constantly in touch with Lévis, whom he continually consulted, preferring his advice to that of Montcalm, finally coming to be upon terms of the greatest intimacy with him. Montcalm revenged himself for these delicate attentions by showering even greater ones upon his friend.

Captain Ochterlony was surrounded by the nuns of the general hospital with such delicate attentions that he was moved to tears. He wrote informing General Wolfe of the facts, and the latter was not slow to show his gratitude, informing the nuns that if he gained possession of their monastery they could rely upon his protection. In his message to Vaudreuil was an enclosure of twenty pounds sterling, which he requested him to hand to the soldier of Guyenne, who had protected the captain. Vaudreuil returned the money, replying with politeness and pride that the soldier had only done his duty and obeyed orders.

The victory at Montmorency raised the *morale* of the army, and reanimated the warlike spirit of the populace, notwithstanding the ruins confronting it. Wolfe, as a matter of fact, revenged himself for his defeat by pouring projectiles upon what remained of Quebec, and ordering the burning of the property in the country parts. It is calculated that from July 13th until August 5th not less than nine thousand bombs and ten thousand cannon balls were rained upon the city. This destruction had no

other purpose than to satisfy public opinion in England, which would demand from him a severe account of the enormous expense of the expedition if he returned to London without having accomplished anything. As it was, if he did not capture Quebec he could at least say that he had left behind him nothing but a heap of ruins.

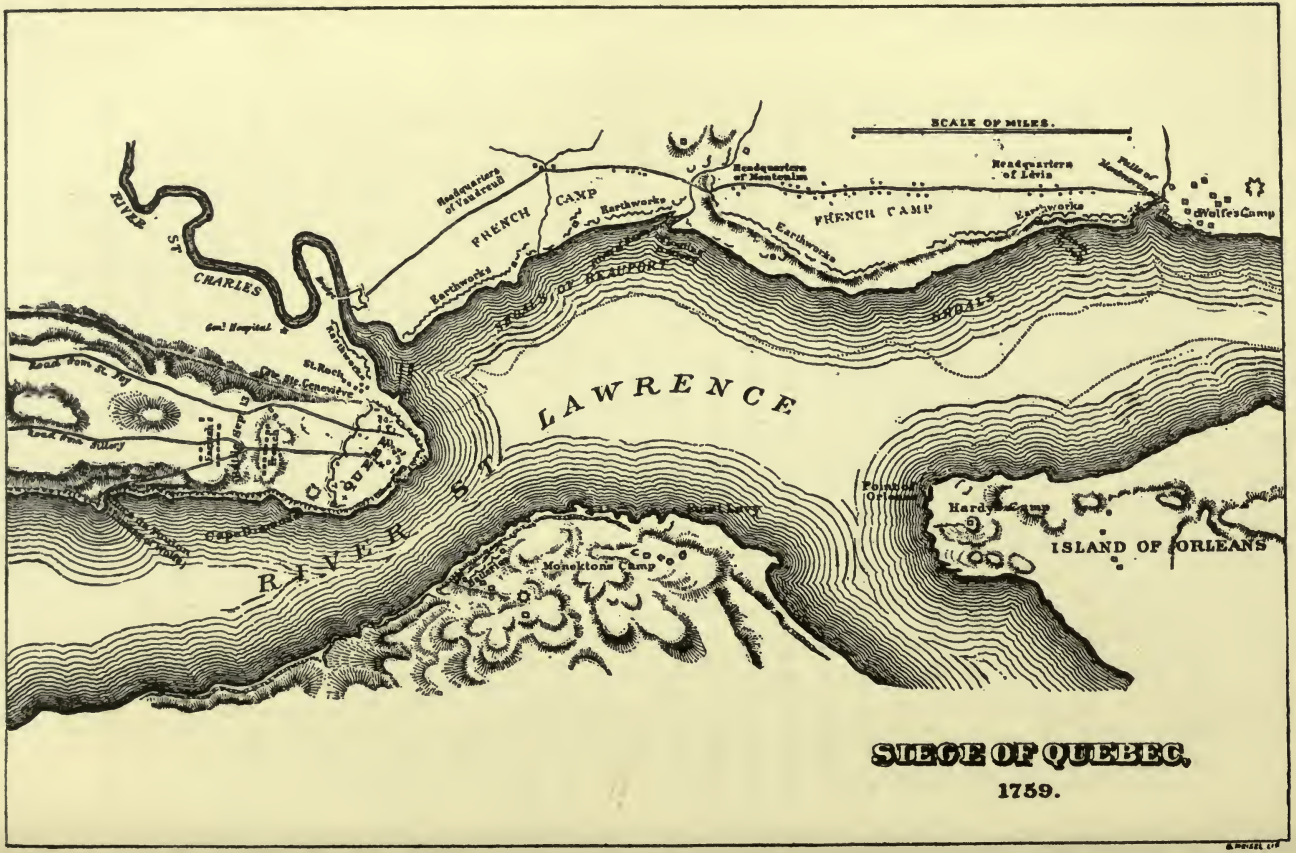
At this moment events of the greatest importance were occurring upon the frontiers, and when word of them reached the French camp on the evening of August 9th confidence gave way to consternation, and every one feared an early invasion of the colony.

Bourlamaque had evacuated Carillon and Fort St. Frédéric, blowing them up, and had retreated towards Ile-aux-Noix, the last feeble rampart on the Lake Champlain frontier. The three thousand men under him would soon be driven backward if Amherst's twelve thousand men were vigorously handled. The news from Niagara was still more disconcerting. The little army gathered by Des Ligneris and Aubry to go to Pouchot's assistance had fallen into an ambush, and was either dispersed or annihilated. Niagara had capitulated ; its garrison was imprisoned, and the Chevalier de La Corne wrote saying that if Johnson's victorious army were directed against him he could no longer hold the head of the rapids. The success of one of the English armies upon either frontier would decide the campaign.

A COUNCIL OF WAR

At nine o'clock in the evening the French generals met in council of war in the seigniorial manor of de Salaberry, which had been transformed, as we have seen, into headquarters. Montcalm and Vaudreuil, on this occasion of one mind, agreed that there was only one man who could face the situation, viz., the Chevalier de Lévis. He left the same evening in a post-chaise with M. de Lapause, and eight hundred men, drawn from the army, were to follow him in less than twenty-four hours. Full power was granted him to do whatever he deemed necessary in the way of organizing a defensive campaign, and he was to visit both frontiers, take command of the one in the greatest danger, and dispute every foot of the enemy's advance.

Lévis carried away with him the good fortune, or rather the wisdom, of the army. The two irreconcilable enemies, left alone in the presence of one another, lacked the counter balance necessary to keep them cool and their judgment sound in the hours of the greatest danger, and thus the closing days of the siege were marked by a series of disasters and blunders which brought about the final catastrophe.



SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

1759.

From Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe."

CHAPTER VII

BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—DEATH OF WOLFE

WOLFE had already burned more than a league and a half of country to the south of Quebec, opposite Pointe-aux-Trembles. The motive which governed him in proceeding to extremities, whose cruelty caused him much inward self-reproach, arose from his dread of public opinion in England, where an account was already being asked of the blood that had been uselessly shed and the enormous cost of the expedition. He, therefore, resolved to be at least able to say that he had left nothing but ruins behind him. From this time on his hordes of rangers, supported by the Highlanders and light infantry, swarmed over both sides of the St. Lawrence, torch in hand. Their course could easily be followed by the clouds of smoke which filled the air by day, and the sinister light at night which proceeded from the lurid glow of burning houses, stables and barns. The inhabitants withdrew to the upper borders of the parishes on mountains and hills overlooking the woods, and viewed in despair the progress of these devastations. Cries and lamentations broke out in one group after another as they saw the flames burst from the roofs of their dwellings. Montcalm was struck with pity

for the militia of the most exposed parishes. He organized nine different parties to follow and destroy the incendiaries, many of whom never returned from their cruel mission. The rangers, notwithstanding the injunctions of Wolfe, continued their practice of scalping those who fell into their hands. All the parishes of the Island of Orleans, those on the south shore opposite to it, those of the Côte de Beaupré, from Montmorency Falls to Cap Tourmente, all the settlements about the coast of Baie St. Paul, and the opposite ones on the south shore, for a distance of ten leagues, stretching from Rivière Ouelle to L'Islet, were reduced to ashes. Despite the orders of the English general to spare the churches, several of them were destroyed.

"The English," remarked Montcalm in a passage we are loath to credit, "faithful imitators of the ferocity of our Indians, took the scalps of several of the inhabitants of the south shore. Would any one believe that a civilized nation could become so rabid as to mutilate dead bodies in cold blood? Such barbarity would have been abolished amongst the Indians if it had been possible to correct them. They were well paid for prisoners, but got very little for scalps. Every precaution was taken, but without avail; but at all events we had not to reproach ourselves with having followed their example."

Montcalm's policy of acting strictly on the defensive prevented him from opposing these ravages otherwise than by small parties, who were able to

retaliate but ineffectually. He gave increased attention to the north side of the river above Quebec, where the ruin of the country increased the imminent danger of the cutting of his line of communication with his dépôts of supplies, which, in a few days, would have placed him at the mercy of his adversary. He ordered Colonel de Bougainville with a thousand men and Rochebeaucour's cavalry to range along the river, to watch closely all the movements of the enemy, and energetically to repulse them whenever they came within reach. The task was exceedingly difficult and fatiguing, for the English threatened several points at the same time, keeping their troops continually on the march and countermarch.

A few days earlier Montcalm had written in his journal:—"A violent north-east wind with a thick fog kept the army and the garrison very alert. To be beaten is an ordinary misfortune to the feeblest; but the height of misfortune is to be surprised."

When he remarked to Bourlamaque: "I do not know which of us three will be the soonest defeated," it might have been said that he had a vague presentiment of his own fate.

The situation was discouraging. The bombardment of the town, which had continued without ceasing, had increased the number of ruins. In one day alone a hundred and sixty-seven houses had been burned in the Lower Town, and several cellars were ruined by bombs and covered over

with débris, which buried a large quantity of valuable goods and merchandise. This was the richest quarter of the town. Several wealthy citizens lost all they had in the ruins. All round the town, and for twenty-five leagues below it, the country presented the same scene of desolation. The distress in the army had become so extreme that disorder and desertions were the order of the day. Notwithstanding threats, and even punishments, many of the Canadians returned to their homes to harvest their crops and secure other provisions to guard against starvation during the coming winter. Several of them, whose houses had been destroyed, were also obliged to construct shelter for their families and for whatever cattle they had been able to save. It is said that over two thousand Canadians thus abandoned the camp.

Every time that the wind turned from the northeast several English vessels attempted the passage by Quebec, and very often they succeeded, despite the cannonading from the town. By the end of August Admiral Holmes found himself in command of a dozen vessels, some of which were anchored at various points between Sillery and St. Augustin, while the others floated up and down with the tide, for the purpose of tiring the French troops detailed to watch their movements. The proximity of this fleet had forced the French vessels to ascend to Grondines. British barges thronged the river to such an extent that it was with the

greatest danger that the boats with provisions, all of which had to be brought by water from Montreal and Three Rivers, were able to continue on their way. The overland route had become so difficult and so slow for want of horses, vehicles, and men to drive them, that the army was almost deprived of food. The soldiers were reduced to three-quarters of a pound of bread and the people to one quarter, as in the worst times of famine.

Since the attack at Montmorency the halls of the general hospital had not sufficed to contain all the wounded who had been taken there. Every available apartment had been fitted up for their reception, even the chapel, the barns, stables, sheds and other outbuildings. As the situation of the monastery, in the midst of the St. Charles valley, sheltered it from the bombardment of the town, a good number of families had sought refuge there at the commencement of the siege, as well as the Ursulines and the hospital sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu. The three communities, thus united, rivalled each other in zeal and charity, spending both day and night in attendance upon the sick. Their delicate care of the wounded English soldiers came to the ears of their generals, who testified their gratitude.

Mgr. de Pontbriand, who had withdrawn to the presbytery of Charlesbourg, where he was gradually yielding to the disease which was soon to carry him off, visited the hospital, nevertheless, almost every day, to console the sick.

Six miles away, in the mansard of a house at L'Ange-Gardien, near the English camp, Wolfe was the victim of a fever which was sapping his remaining strength. Captain Knox, when he crossed over from Pointe Lévis one morning to receive the general's orders for his brigade, learned that he had been unable to come downstairs to dinner.

From the commencement of the siege Wolfe had been the soul of his army. He was able to hold it in his hand, because it had such thorough confidence in his military talents. He had astonished it by an activity which seemed incompatible with his frail frame. Passing unceasingly from one shore to the other he seemed to be everywhere at once. At the appearance in a camp of his tall and slender frame his soldiers, animated by his influence, set to work or rushed to combat with the ardour that devotion inspired. When it was deprived of his presence the army felt itself paralysed. His own uneasiness communicated itself to his entire command, and the rumour spread from one camp to the other that the campaign was nearing its end, and that the fleet would soon set sail for England.

Wolfe, anxious that his sickness should not retard operations, handed the command over to the three brigadier-generals, Monckton, Townshend and Murray, together with a memoir containing three plans of attack. By the first he proposed to ascend the Montmorency River at night with a part of his army, and to cross it nine miles from its mouth, in

the forest, and then to fall upon the rear of the camp at Beauport, while the remainder of the troops attacked it in front. By the second he would ford the shallows below the Falls at night with the Montmorency army corps, and march them along the entrenchments until a suitable locality for ascending the heights was found. Monckton, with the troops from Pointe Lévis, was to hold himself in readiness to disembark as soon as the light infantry should have climbed the hill. The third plan resolved itself into a renewal of the attack of the thirty-first by the right of the Beauport camp.

The three brigadiers did not agree to any of these plans because they thought that if they did succeed in dislodging Montcalm he would retire behind the entrenchments at the St. Charles River, and the campaign would be over before they could drive him from them. It is singular that the only plan Wolfe does not mention in this memoir was the one the French general feared the most. This was that of cutting the line of communication from his base of supplies by throwing an army corps on the north shore which would force him to give battle. This was the plan which the three brigadiers proposed as a last resort.

Wolfe accepted this plan more out of respect for the good judgment of his three brigadiers than from any conviction of its success. The low state of his spirits, as well as his physical condition, seemed to have deprived him of his usual perspicacity.

But from the moment the project was adopted he exerted the same energetic will power as if he had been certain of success, though without his natural enthusiasm. His greatest trouble was the fear that he might not be strong enough to lead his army in person. "I know that you cannot cure me," he said to his physician, "but if you can fix me up so that I will not suffer any pain for two or three days, and that I can do my duty; that is all I ask."

The last day of August he felt well enough to go out. Knox says in his journal: "His Excellency, General Wolfe, is convalescent to the inconceivable joy of the whole army." The letter which the general wrote to his mother that same day, the last one she received from him, shows how utterly despondent he had become:—

"Dear madame,—My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils, worse than defeats and disappointments, have fallen upon me. . . My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible entrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we

labour under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country."

In the presence of his intimate friends Wolfe disclosed the bitterness of his thoughts, and at times in his worst attacks of melancholy he would exclaim that if he did not succeed he would never return to England to be exposed, as other unfortunate generals had been, to the censures and reproaches of an ignorant populace.

The general envied his adversary whom fortune seemed to favour. The latter, nevertheless, believed himself to be in as great difficulties at that very time, and he also disclosed to his close acquaintances his anxiety and his troubles. The evening of September 2nd, seated by his camp, in the house which he occupied at Montmorency Falls, he wrote to Bourlamaque: "The night is dark, and it is raining; our troops are afoot and dressed in their tents; those to the right and in the town are particularly watchful. I am booted, and my horse is saddled, which is, in truth, my ordinary manner at night—a series of interruptions, alarms, visits and counsels from the Indians. . . . I wish you were here. . . . For I cannot be everywhere, though I multiply myself as well as I can, and I have not been undressed since June 23rd."

The cloud of anxiety which hung over the Beauport camp cleared up for some time. The news from Montreal was more reassuring. Lévis said that Johnson's army did not threaten the rapids; that

Amherst remained in St. Frédéric, and that moreover Bourlamaque was in a position to hold Ile-aux-Noix to the end of the campaign. Bourlamaque himself had written saying so to Vaudreuil. The movements of the English army around Quebec seemed to indicate an early raising of the siege. For several days past Wolfe had been taking down his batteries from the heights of Montmorency. Soon it was evident that he would break up the camp at the Falls, and on September 3rd he had completely evacuated it, after having set fire to the entrenchments.

"This evening," wrote Montcalm to Lévis, the same day, "the right will be reinforced by two thousand men; I will visit it to-morrow, and Poulariez will be commander-in-chief from the Falls to the Beauport church. We have nineteen vessels above Quebec, and Bougainville is acting as a coastguard. I am establishing myself in de Salaberry's house, so as to have a wide range of observation, and to be within easy range of all points." The tone of satisfaction which characterizes this letter serves to show the feeling of relief which was springing up in the breasts of the people and of the army at the Falls. The news quickly spread on all sides, and the colony re-echoed with shouts of joy, for it was generally believed that the British movements were but the signal for the raising of the siege. The generals, however, did not share in this delusion. "However flattering this idea may be," Vaudreuil wrote to

Lévis, "I do not really entertain it, and out of prudence I am preparing for the maintenance of the army up till October 15th." It was easy to see that the enemy's tactics were only to divert their attention. Wolfe profited by every favourable wind to bring up more vessels above Quebec. He reassembled his three army corps at Pointe Lévis, so that they would be ready to descend upon some other point and to strike a decisive blow if possible. Where was this point to be ? This it was impossible to guess, for even Wolfe himself did not know. He had resolved to make an attack above Quebec, and he waited for circumstances to decide the precise point.

Montcalm made a new disposal of his camp ; four hundred militiamen from Montreal guarded the left, and one hundred and eighty the winter fords. Repentigny's reserves occupied the position of the Guyenne regiment which then camped on the right, being reinforced the evening before by six hundred men from Montreal ; and the Royal-Roussillon regiment drew up near Repentigny's position, on the plateau by the Beauport church. A chain of posts joined Montmorency Falls with the town, which was somewhat reinforced. Already Malartic and several of the officers, foreseeing the catastrophe of the thirteenth, said that the precautions taken to guard the Beauport line were excessive, "and that there was not enough trouble taken with the others." Vaudreuil gave the same advice, particu-

larly about the Foulon (Wolfe's Cove) which was only guarded by about a hundred men ; but Montcalm persisted in believing that the cliff was inaccessible. To the representations which the governor had previously made to him on the subject, he had replied: "I assure you that a hundred posted men would stop the army and give us time to wait for daylight and to march there from the right." After fresh remonstrances he insisted: "It is not to be supposed that the enemies have wings so that they can in the same night cross the river, disembark, climb the obstructed acclivity, and scale the walls, for which last operation they would have to carry ladders."

During September 3rd Bougainville spent an hour at de Salaberry's house telling the commander of the uneasiness caused him by the manœuvres of Admiral Holmes, whose fleet had approached the town. It was probably the last time that Bougainville saw the general, whom he loved as a father and admired as a hero. The next day the battalion of Guyenne was ordered to advance to the Heights of Abraham, to be ready to help at the first signal, whether from Bougainville, the camp, or the town. The English cannon taken from Montmorency Falls to Pointe Lévis, having augmented the batteries, the bombardment was redoubled in intensity.

"The town," remarks Foligné, "could not be in a more pitiable state unless it were razed." On the evening of the fourth the enemy, profiting by a

good wind and a dark night, succeeded in getting a convoy of vessels loaded with baggage and munition past Quebec.

During the afternoon of the fifth Murray left the Lévis camp with four battalions to join Admiral Holmes's fleet above Sillery, and the next day Monckton and Townshend followed him with three others. Rumigny, who commanded a detachment of the La Sarre regiment at Sillery, had seen the troops passing along the cliffs at Lévis, and turned the fire of his batteries upon them whilst they were fording the Etchemin River to embark in the neighbouring bay.

Upon receiving news of this march the general assembly had been sounded at the Beauport camp and the companies of grenadiers and Repentigny's reserve, with nearly all the Indians, of whom there were still a good number, though many had returned to their homes, were ordered to advance.

Repentigny's reserve was stationed at the foot of a hill which led to the St. John Gate, and the grenadier companies at the fork of the Samos and Sillery roads. Vaudreuil wrote to Bougainville: "I need not tell you, sir, that the safety of the colony is in your hands; that certainly the enemy's plan is to sever our communication by disembarking on the north shore; and that vigilance alone can ward him off." He then detailed to him his orders, and added: "By this arrangement there should be from L'Anse des Mères and Cap Rouge the follow-

ing force: One hundred and fifty men between L'Anse des Mères and the Foulon; thirty men at Samos; fifty men at St. Michel; fifty men at Sillery; two hundred men at Cap Rouge."

Then he gave him a table of the other forces at his disposal, "as much for the purpose of garrisoning the other posts as for rising in a body, not including Indians," the whole forming a force of two thousand one hundred men. He added: "I think, sir, that with that and a little good fortune, you will do good work.

"I do not need to instruct you . . . to establish the regiment of Guyenne in the central point . . . . In a word, you have *carte blanche* as to the means you employ." Finally, having always felt uneasy about the post at the Foulon he told him to add to it fifty men from Repentigny's company, the most experienced of the Canadian troops. The next day Montbeillard sent with the two field-guns a little note which betrayed the same anxiety as Malartic had already expressed:

"I wish that all your country was bristling with arms and entrenched as this is, for it would spare you much going and coming. However, you are conducting a fine campaign, and I hope that it may finish as it has commenced, and that we may see your trouble and work crowned with the glory they deserve."

The English army had just re-embarked upon its vessels, and an order from General Wolfe, who

had rejoined it during the night of the sixth, had warned all hands to be ready for an early landing. All were worn out with the length of the siege and impatient to be on the move.

The frigate, *The Sea Horse*, had received on board the 43rd Regiment in which John Knox served. "Captain Smith and his officers entertained us in a most princely manner," said he, "and very obligingly made it their principal care to render our crowded situation as agreeable as possible."

On the morning of the seventh, after a night of storm and wind, the sun rose in a mild and clear atmosphere. Admiral Holmes's squadron raised anchor before Sillery, and re-ascended the stream by tacking about in a light breeze, aided by the rising tide. Each time that the vessels took a tack towards the north side the French settlers and Indians, concealed on the edge of the shore, sent a number of bullets among the red-coats and the motley uniforms which swarmed on the decks. The squadron cast anchor opposite the Cap Rouge River, whose two banks, opening out in the form of a funnel, presented, at this time, a spectacle as animated as it was picturesque. Bougainville had established his headquarters there, and had made entrenchments at the edge of the bay, where several of his floating batteries were moored. "The enemy," says Knox, "number about one thousand six hundred men, besides their cavalry, who are clothed in blue, and mounted on neat light horses of different colours.

They seem very alert, parading and counter-marching between the woods on the heights in their rear and their breastworks, in order to make their numbers show to great advantage."

The French battalions advanced to the mouth of the river, and drew up in line of battle; the cavalry dismounted and formed to the right of the infantry, then the whole detachment descended the hill, and lined the entrenchments, with loud cries, which Knox covers with ridicule, remarking, "How different, how nobly awful, and expressive of true valour is the custom of the British troops!"

The English chronicler did not reflect that the French had Indians in their ranks, and that the best means of bringing them into the combat was to imitate their war cries.

The floating batteries cannonaded some of the vessels, whose barges filled with troops passed up and down the river as if to attempt a descent; but after divers movements they retired without approaching the shore. It was only a feint, destined to keep Bougainville's principal corps at Cap Rouge.

"Whilst a descent was premeditated elsewhere, perhaps lower down," says Knox, "on his side Admiral Saunders affected to menace the right of the Beauport camp by taking soundings and placing buoys in front of La Canardière."

Wolfe, accompanied by some officers on board the *Hunter*, went as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles to reconnoitre, and returned as perplexed as ever.

The continual rains of the next two days caused operations to be suspended, and fear was entertained for the health of the troops crowded on board the vessels. Sixteen hundred men were disembarked at St. Nicholas under Monckton, who placed them in the church and some houses which had escaped the fire.

This bad weather exposed the French army more than ever to lack of provisions. "You are very lucky," said Bigot to Bougainville, "that your neighbours do not make you turn out; how would the infantry get along? Our camp is full of water, the bridges on the roads are carried away, and carts cannot be used. We must hope for fine weather, without which we would be very much embarrassed." Montcalm took advantage of this delay to dictate to his secretary the plans of a camp for the following winter.

"The campaign here," he said, when forwarding this plan to Lévis, "is far from finished, although the enemy has left the Falls. On the contrary, the fire from the batteries upon the town has been increased. A small squadron of twenty ships and fifty or sixty barges has been opposite Sillery and Cap Rouge for three days. Bougainville is watching them, his line being much drawn out. At ten o'clock last night one hundred barges drawn up in line of battle in mid-stream made a false attack. I must say that I wish you were here, and that the Marquis de Vaudreuil would send you an order

to this effect conditional on there being nothing to fear and all being well." At the end of the same letter he added: "I would you were here to unravel the intricacies of the situation, for I fear an attack at any point." Next morning, he added: "There is work to be done here in which Lapause can serve you in advance in case the colony is saved, which it is not as yet. Do not write anything to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, but to me alone. In truth if there is nothing to fear on your part, I own, my dear chevalier, that I wish you were here, where all is not yet said."

The very day upon which the French general was writing these anxious lines his antagonist expressed more gloomy thoughts in a letter to Lord Holdernesse, written on board the *Sutherland* anchored opposite Cap Rouge. The appearance of the sky this stormy day was in harmony with his dismal thoughts. The north-east wind which blew between the two cliffs whistled mournfully through the rigging and whitened the waves around the admiral's vessel. The rain which beat against the porthole windows allowed only a feeble light to enter the cabin in which Wolfe sat. His face was extremely pale, for he had scarcely recovered from a recent attack of illness. After having given the secretary of state a *résumé* of the operations of the siege, of the obstacles which he had encountered, and of the preparations for a final effort which he feared was useless, he concluded with this discouraging fare-

well: "The Marquis of Montcalm has a numerous body of armed men (I cannot call it an army), and the strongest country perhaps in the world. Our fleet blocks up the river above and below the town, but can give no manner of aid in an attack upon the Canadian army. We are now here with about thirty-six hundred men, waiting to attack them when and wherever they can best be got at. I have so far recovered as to be able to attend to my duty, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it."

It is a curious thing that Wolfe in the letter just quoted should have stated that the fleet could give *no manner of aid in an attack upon the Canadian army.* His situation appeared to him sufficiently desperate, for he could detail at the most five thousand men for his final operations, and with all his contempt for the Canadian militia he recognized Montcalm's ability to draw every advantage from a position of unique strength.

The last news received from Amherst left no hope of assistance from that side, and Vaudreuil took the wise precaution to keep the St. Lawrence closed above the Richelieu Rapids. Notwithstanding the most pressing entreaties he had refused to risk the vessels which he had taken up the river, in an engagement with Admiral Holmes. Their presence prevented Wolfe from executing his design

of sending a detachment to attack Bourlamaque's army in the rear, and to open the way from Canada to the forces of Amherst. "All this," he said, "might have been easily done with ten floating batteries, carrying each a gun, and twenty flat-bottomed boats, if there had been no ships in the river."

On the morning of the tenth the wind changed to the south-west, and the sun rose radiant behind the hills of Pointe Lévis. Wolfe, who had already searched all the bays and rocks of the north shore, from Quebec to Pointe-aux-Trembles, took with him Brigadier Townshend, Engineer Mackellar and some officers, and descended to a half league above Quebec, opposite the Foulon, better known as Wolfe's Cove. This place was pointed out to him, it is said, by Major Stobo.

Wolfe carefully examined with the aid of a telescope a cutting through which the St. Denis brook flowed over the edge of the cliff, and which is to-day hidden by a forest of full-grown trees. On each side, especially towards the east, the escarpment gives way and forms a declivity by which the public road passes. He counted the tents, whose white cones stood out among the trees on the edge of the cliff. There were only a dozen, and there seemed to be very little movement round them. Wolfe concluded that the post was not very well guarded, and that a night surprise would be possible. But the enterprise seemed so daring that

he did not venture to propose it directly to the council of war. He took indirect means. At least so affirmed two annalists of the siege, Chevalier Johnstone and the author of the *Journal tenu à l'armée*, both of whom served in the French camp. It is strange that the English chroniclers do not mention this fact, not even Knox, whose work is so complete.

"The manœuvres of the enemy above Quebec, which we had watched for some days," says the journal, "and the knowledge which we had of the character of Mr. Wolfe, a daring, impetuous and intrepid warrior, prepared us for a last attack. It had, in fact, been definitely resolved upon in the English army. They had held a council of war, as we afterwards learned from different English officers, after breaking up camp at the Falls, where all the general officers were unanimously in favour of raising the siege. The officers of the fleet drew attention to the fact that the season was so far advanced that each day rendered navigation in the river more perilous, and the land officers, disgusted by the length of a campaign as fruitless as it was trying, thought it useless to stay any longer before entrenchments which seemed to them unassailable. Moreover, one and another added that their army, always a prey to sickness, was gradually decreasing. Then General Wolfe seeing that he could not gain anything by running counter to the general opinion, cleverly adopted other means. He declared to the

members of the council that far from differing from their opinions he quite recognized the uselessness of prolonging the siege, that also, in the proposition he was about to make, he wished to lay aside his prerogatives as general, and to act upon their opinion. . . 'Finally, gentlemen,' he told them, 'the glory of our arms seems to me to demand that we do not retire without making a last attempt. I ask you urgently not to refuse. I wish that, in this circumstance . . . our first step will be towards the gates of the city.'

" 'I am going to try, with this end in view, to get a detachment, of one hundred and fifty men only, through the woods at Sillery. Let all the army be prepared to follow. If this first detachment meets with resistance from the enemy I give my word of honour that regarding our reputation as free from all reproach, I will not hesitate to re-embark.' The zeal which animated so brave a general was taken up by all the officers who heard him, and all occupied themselves in preparing for the execution of so noble a project."

Wolfe, who knew how greatly his presence raised the courage of his troops, paid a visit to each vessel. He gave on this occasion an evidence of his solicitude for his men which made a profound impression. Having learned that two officers of the 43rd Regiment were indisposed he expressed his sympathy with them, and even offered them his canoe to take them to Pointe Lévis. But while assuring him of

their gratitude for his kindness and condescension, they said that no consideration could make them leave their post till they had seen the end of this undertaking.

Some one remarked that one of these officers was very ill and had a feeble constitution. Wolfe interrupted him, exclaiming: "Don't speak to me of constitution; this officer has good spirits, and with good spirits a man can do anything."

For several days previously Admiral Holmes's squadron had raised anchors before Sillery at each tide, the ships being allowed to drift as far as St. Augustin, and often beyond that point, coming down again with the ebb. This continuous game of hide and seek wore out Bougainville's troops who were forced to march day and night to remain opposite the vessels, and prevent a landing.

Finally, all being ready, the night of September 12th was fixed for the attack. From this moment a series of unparalleled circumstances contributed to Wolfe's marvellous success. Fortune, which had so far appeared so hostile to the English general, seemed now to grant him all her favour. That invisible power which pagans call fate, and which Christians know as Providence, decreed the triumph of his cause.

Two deserters from the Royal-Roussillon regiment who had escaped from Bougainville's camp during the night of Wednesday, the twelfth, gave assurances that the post at the Foulon was poorly

guarded, and the captain of the *Hunter* learned that a convoy of provisions was to be sent down to Beauport. The difficulties of land transportation had forced the commissariat to resort to this perilous expedient. A trial had been made before, and had proved successful. The boatmen chose dark nights, and floated noiselessly down with their cargo close by the north shore, in the shadow of the cliffs. This information gave Wolfe his opportunity, and he resolved to profit by it. He would precede the convoy, and try to deceive the sentinels by passing himself off as French.

During the morning of that day the detachments from St. Nicholas had been again re-embarked, and Colonel Burton had orders to gather all the available troops from Pointe Lévis and the Island of Orleans at nightfall, and to follow the cliff up to opposite Wolfe's Cove, where he would wait ready to cross at the first signal.

That same day Wolfe issued his last proclamation from the *Sutherland:* "The enemy's force is now divided, great scarcity of provisions now in their camp, and universal discontent among the Canadians; the second officer in command is gone to Montreal or St. Johns, which gives reason to think that General Amherst is advancing into the colony; a vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada. Our troops below are in readiness to join us, all the light artillery and tools are embarked at the Point

of Lévis, and the troops will land where the French seem least to expect it. The first body that gets on shore is to march directly to the enemy, and drive them from any little post they may occupy; the officers must be careful that the succeeding bodies do not, by any mistake, fire upon those who go on before them. The battalions must form on the upper ground, with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself. When the artillery and troops are landed, a corps will be left to secure the landing-place, while the rest march on and endeavour to bring the French and Canadians to battle. The officers and men will remember what their country expects from them, and what a determined body of soldiers, inured to war, is capable of doing, against five weak French battalions mingled with a disorderly peasantry."

Fortunately this proclamation was not made known to the English army till after the departure of a deserter from the Royal Americans who had stolen away that same day. On the eve of the thunderbolt which was about to fall upon him Montcalm wrote two notes, one to Bourlamaque and the other, probably the last he ever penned with his own hand, to Lévis. Both clearly show that he was in a most despondent frame of mind, although in the second he says: "Should the English remain here even until November 7th we will hold out."

At sunset the marquis went down to the Beauport shore, accompanied by Marcel, and after having

examined a battery which he had just enlarged, he walked along the entrenchment with his companion for some time, closely observing Admiral Saunders' fleet, the large vessels of which had spread their sails and were approaching the beach at La Canardière, whilst a large number of barges full of marines were assembling towards the point of the Island of Orleans. It was the commencement of a false attack, arranged between Wolfe and the admiral, to keep the main body of the French troops below Quebec. The whole fleet was soon in motion and the vessels exchanged signals with the Island of Orleans, Pointe Lévis, and amongst themselves; the bombardment of the town was renewed with redoubled fury, and joined its distant roar to the closer cannonade of the vessels which were sweeping the Beauport flats as if preparing for a landing. This display of force, coinciding with the close of day, recalled the scenes of July 31st, and completely deceived Montcalm as to the enemy's real intentions. As twilight faded into a night remarkable for its darkness, the camp fires glimmered along the Beauport slope, from Montmorency to the town. The general, still chatting to his secretary, was returning to the de Salaberry manor, when M. de Poulariez came to tell him that a number of barges were approaching the flat occupied by his regiment. Montcalm at once ordered the troops to man the trenches. At the same time he despatched Captain Marcel, with one of his orderlies, to Vaudreuil asking him to come

and give him the benefit of his advice as soon as circumstances would warrant his doing so. In the meantime he continued to pay alternate visits to the manor and the Beauport ravine with M. de Poulariez and Chevalier Johnstone. His conversation, which was always animated, acquired a decidedly emotional tone as the night advanced, for he felt a presentiment of approaching danger which, however, he could not account for. At one o'clock in the morning he sent Poulariez to his regiment, and continued his walk with Johnstone.

His chief source of anxiety was the boats loaded with provisions, which according to Bougainville, should come down that night:—

"I tremble," he remarked several times to the chevalier, "lest they be taken and their loss undo us completely; for we have only provisions enough for a few days."

At the very same hour Wolfe, too, had presentiments which pointed to an early death. A codicil had been added on July 29th to the will which he had made in June. As a token of his esteem for and attachment to his colleagues in command, he left his silver to Admiral Saunders, his accoutrements to Monckton, and his papers and books to Carleton. All his orders being given, and having nothing to do but wait for the tide, he summoned to his cabin on board the *Sutherland* one of the companions of his youth in whom he had great confidence, John Jervis, commander of the sloop of

war *Porcupine*, who later became admiral with the title of Lord St. Vincent. He spent an hour with him, and told him of his presentiments. When saying adieu he took from his waistcoat the medallion containing the portrait of Miss Lowther, and giving it to his friend, begged him to give it to his fiancée when he returned to England, if his present fears were realized.

The twenty-two vessels under Admiral Holmes lifted anchor at Cap Rouge only at nightfall. The tide, which was near the turn, took them but a short distance beyond St. Augustin, and they came down with the ebb as they had done on previous days, so that no new movement would awaken the suspicion of the guard. Meanwhile all was activity on board the vessels. The troops knew that they were to make an attack that night, but only a few officers knew where the landing was to be made.

The soldiers were cleaning their arms, and the crews were preparing to man the boats. Two days before Colonel Howe, commander of the light infantry, a brother of the hero who fell the previous year at Carillon, had called for volunteers from his finest battalion, and had chosen twenty-four men to whom was given the honour of leading the way.

The night mists which overhung the river intensified the darkness, and made it impossible to see at any distance, but in the shadowy forms which glided on the water, the French sentinels on the

crest of Cap Rouge recognized the fleet, and signalled the fact that it had passed. Bougainville, however, was convinced that it would again come up with the rising tide, as before, and so did not think it necessary to follow. There can be no doubt that Bougainville, who modestly admitted himself to be an apprentice in the art of war, was duped on this occasion by Wolfe's masterly strategy. The morning of the battle found him at Pointe-aux-Trembles, nearly twenty miles from the scene of action. For this he has been excused. He had, however, neglected to follow the advice of the governor, who, after having pointed out to him that the Foulon post was not well enough guarded, told him to add to it fifty men from Repentigny's company. "Bougainville," says Johnstone, "had much spirit, good sense, and many fine qualities . . . . but with all his bravery he was very ignorant of military science, which he had never studied." Thanks to influence at court and the favour of Mme. de Pompadour he had passed from aide-de-camp to the rank of colonel, to the great discontent of several older and more deserving officers. On the evening of the twelfth he sent word that the English army had gone back to the camp at Pointe Lévis, although all appearances were against their having done so, and instead of following the fleet without ever losing sight of it, as he had been ordered to do, he remained inactive at Cap Rouge, with his whole detachment. Why did he not move

towards the Heights of Abraham, as the English did so? Why did he not send back the grenadiers and volunteers who were the soul of their regiments? Why, after having informed Vaudreuil and Montcalm, as well as the posts of Rumigny, of Douglas, and of Vergor, that he would that night send boats with provisions, did he not advise them of his change of plans, so that they might not expect them? All this Johnstone concludes is inexplicable.

But what is unpardonable on Bougainville's part is that, contrary to the admonitions of the governor, which were repeated in the letter in which Vaudreuil gave him *carte blanche* as to the means he was to employ, he changed the commander of the Foulon, or at least allowed him to leave three or four days after, placing the post in the hands of Vergor, who had been censured a few years before for having given up the fort of Beauséjour almost without resistance. The army, like the generals, relied implicitly upon him. Only the previous evening Montbeillard writing to him from Beauport, said: "We bivouac here every night, but are foolish to do so, for you are keeping a lookout for us." During all the previous summer he had an opportunity of seeing the untiring watchfulness of Lévis, who when stationed on the Montmorency River, in a position similar to his own, had never made a mistake. Lévis, however, was no longer in Quebec.

Towards midnight one lantern was hoisted in

the main top-mast shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the signal agreed upon. The first division immediately took their places in the boats, and got in line, followed closely by the rest of the army, the light infantry forming the advance guard. At two o'clock, on a signal from the general, whose boat was at the head of the line, all the boats were put in motion. The soldiers had been ordered to keep absolute silence, the crews to make as little noise as possible, and only to use their oars to steer with, for the ebbing tide and the south-westerly breeze which had sprung up, rapidly sent them shoreward. Admiral Holmes's vessels were to start three-quarters of an hour later, with the rest of the troops. There was no moon, and the light of the stars, veiled by the September mist, was hardly perceptible. The deathly silence was broken only by the lapping of the water against the sides of the boats, and by the noise of the wind in the trees on the cliffs to the left.

For more than an hour the long file of boats glided in silence following the contour of the shore. No sound was heard on the heights, and everything seemed to show that they were undiscovered. Wolfe, seated in the stern of his boat, conversed in a low tone from time to time with the officers about him. One of them, John Robinson, who later became professor of natural science at the Edinburgh University, tells of the profound impression which the general's conversation made upon him.

The melancholy thoughts which had taken possession of him returning, he sought to find expression for them in poetry, and began to recite Gray's beautiful "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had only recently been published.[1] Had he some presentiment of the fate which awaited him when, in a voice full of emotion, he repeated the lines, never more true than in his own case,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, finishing the quotation, "I would rather have been the author of that elegy than take Quebec." "*Qui vive!*" cried a sentinel, invisible in the shade, to one of the boats of the light infantry, which just then skirted the Samos shore within pistol shot.

"*La France!*" replied a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, who was a good French scholar. The sentinel, thinking that it was the convoy of provisions mentioned by Bougainville, allowed the boats to pass without demanding the password, or assuring himself of the truth. A few minutes afterwards a rustling of branches was heard, indicating that some one was coming down the hill at the Foulon, followed by a fresh "*Qui vive!*"

"*La France!*" repeated the captain, and he added in French, "Do not make a noise; it is the provisions; we may be overheard." The sloop of war, *Hunter*, was anchored near by. "Pass," said the

[1] A famous controversy has centred about this incident. It is now held that the facts occurred as stated, only upon a different occasion. [Editor.]

sentinel, who did not come down any further. The force of the current carried the boats of the light infantry a little below the bay.

The twenty-four volunteers, conducted by Captain Delaune, jumped out on the sand, and advanced to the foot of the cliff, which is very steep at this point, and is now covered with trees and brushwood as it was then. With their guns strapped on their backs they started to climb the cliff, helping themselves by taking hold of branches and shrubs. They arrived at the summit without being once fired upon, and advanced to the open clearing, closely followed by a stronger detachment. Day was beginning to dawn and the white tents could be seen against the dark background. They rushed upon the sentinels, who, upon perceiving them, fired a few shots, and fell back towards the tents. Vergor was in bed, sound asleep, and was awakened by the shots and cries of alarm. He rushed to the defence with the soldiers from the tents near by. There were only about thirty in all, for Vergor had sent the remainder, mostly *habitants* of Lorette, to gather in their crops, on condition, it seems, that they would attend to his crops on the land which he owned in that parish. A picket of the light infantry which had disembarked a little higher up was marching to the aid of the volunteers. Vergor, caught between two fires, made but a feeble resistance, and received a ball in his heel. One man only of his detachment was captured. The others suc-

ceeded in escaping into the neighbouring woods, aided by the darkness.

Wolfe, remaining upon the beach, waited for a signal before sending up more troops. For some time nothing disturbed the silence of the night except the rustling of the wind and the murmur of the St. Denis brook, which, swollen by the last rain, dashed down the mountainside. Suddenly shots were heard, accompanied by the call to arms, and then more shooting and confused clamour. Finally, the hurrahs of the English announced that the post was taken, and Wolfe gave the order to advance, without showing the joy he felt.

All the first division, consisting of about sixteen hundred men, jumped out of their boats, preceded by the sappers, who, in a few instants, cleared the road of the fallen trees which obstructed the way. One part of the division was thus engaged, while the rest were climbing to the right and left catching hold of the bushes and rocks to help themselves.

Wolfe, to whom the excitement of the moment gave new strength, climbed the hill with a light step, and quickly arranged the troops in line of battle as they reached the top. The left wing extended towards Sillery, and the right in the direction of Quebec, the whole line facing the St. Louis road. The fusilade at the Foulon had given the alarm to the battery at Samos, and it opened a lively fire upon the boats, damaging some and killing and wounding a few officers and men. Colonel

Howe was detailed with the light infantry to capture this post, and that at Sillery whose battery opened a hot fire upon the squadron which had just approached the shore, and anchored in the Foulon. The two garrisons, assailed by superior forces, and seeing that they were about to be surrounded, retreated towards Cap Rouge. A part of Anstruther's regiment went to take possession of the houses along the Sillery road.

During these occurrences a constant stream of troops was disembarking, immediately to climb the hill and form up on the plateau above.

The troops were so quickly brought ashore that before six o'clock in the morning Colonel Burton's men from the other side of the river had been brought over to Wolfe's Cove. In the meantime daylight broke, the rising sun of September 13th, hidden by the clouds from whose grey heights occasional light showers fell, presaging a rainy day. No enemy had yet appeared on the undulating tree-dotted plain, which extended before the army. It almost seemed as if the English troops had been merely assembled upon it for a drill parade, for only the bombardment which had been redoubled when news of the successful landing came, recalled war's realities.

When we reflect that the price of this enormous advantage had been only a difficult climb, and three insignificant skirmishes, we are almost dumbfounded. All the causes which should have contributed to the

failure of so daring an undertaking, had rather conspired to its success.

Firstly, the Guyenne regiment, which had been posted on the Plains of Abraham, was withdrawn against all common sense.

Secondly, two deserters of the Royal-Roussillon, revealed to Wolfe the fact that the Foulon was negligently guarded, and that the Plains of Abraham were unprotected.

Thirdly, Bougainville, contrary to Vaudreuil's advice, had not reinforced the post at the Foulon with Repentigny's fifty chosen men.

Fourthly, two French prisoners had revealed the fact that a convoy of provisions was expected to come down the river.

Fifthly, Bougainville warned the different posts that the convoy was coming, and, though it did not go down, he neglected to countermand his order to allow it to pass.

Sixthly, the deserter from the Royal Americans had left before the proclamation had been made by Wolfe, and so could not give any news of the intended attack.

Seventhly, Bougainville who had always followed Admiral Holmes's fleet, step by step, and kept it in sight, saw it come down from Cap Rouge, and did not follow it.

Eighthly, the commander of the Foulon had been replaced three or four days before by Captain Vergor, the poorest soldier in the colony.

Ninthly, this officer had allowed almost all his men to go away on the night of the twelfth.

Tenthly, he kept no lookout whatever and was sound asleep when the English landed.

If even one of these chances had not occurred the attack would probably have been prevented or at least delayed in its execution, and possibly turned into an overwhelming disaster. If, for instance, the Guyenne regiment had been kept on the Plains of Abraham, according to the dictates of the merest prudence, it would have arrived in time to surprise the English regiment while they were disordered and climbing the cliff, and would have met them with so disastrous a fire that a frightful slaughter would have been the inevitable result, while the batteries at Samos and Sillery, enfilading them at the same time, would have completed their ruin. Wolfe would have lost his reputation as a commander before Quebec, and would to-day be placed in the same category with Phipps or Sir Hovenden Walker. England, discouraged by the failure of this expedition, which had cost an enormous amount, would probably have given up its idea of conquering the place, and New France would still have belonged to its former masters, a prey to the abuses which followed Louis XV until they fell before the Revolution.

While the three brigadiers saw that everything was in order Wolfe advanced a short distance towards Quebec to choose a suitable battle-ground,

and decided upon a fairly level piece of ground which has since become immortal as the Plains of Abraham. It had been so named because one of the earliest Canadian settlers, Abraham Martin, a former pilot, nicknamed Maître Abraham, had acquired the plot, and cleared it. The plateau is about three-quarters of a mile wide, and is bounded on the right by a steep cliff, at the foot of which flows the St. Lawrence, and on the left by the Côte Ste. Geneviève, below which the river St. Charles winds slowly through the valley that bears its name. The two cliffs, meeting over a mile to the eastward, form Cape Diamond crowned by the citadel of Quebec. Two parallel roads cross the Plains of Abraham. One, the St. Louis road, leads from St. Louis Gate to Sillery; the other, the Ste. Foy road, emerges from the St. John Gate and leads to the parish of Ste. Foy. In front of the plateau lies a slight ravine. The ground, sloping gently downwards and then rising, ascends again to form the Buttes-à-Neveu which extend to the city walls. Here and there amongst the fields of wheat and the pasture-lands which formed part of the Plains were groups of trees and shrubbery. From the top of Ste. Geneviève hill the eye ranges over the parishes of Lorette, Charlesbourg, and Beauport, the basin of the St. Charles, the Island of Orleans, and the parishes of L'Ange-Gardien, Château Richer, Ste. Anne, and St. Joachim, being bounded on the horizon by Cap Tourmente. The scene recalls in

its extent and picturesqueness the road from Naples at Castellamare. All that is wanted is a pall of smoke to crown Ste. Anne's Mountain over twenty miles distant, and we have a picture of Vesuvius.

Canadian and Indian sharpshooters presently appeared at the borders of the woods, and killed and wounded a few men. The army had turned, facing the city, and the general divided it into three columns and advanced towards the Plains.

It was at this moment that Montcalm was informed of the descent at the Foulon. Vaudreuil was still unaware of it.

The general's secretary was no longer with the governor ; he had followed Major Dumas to the battery at La Canardière, who, warned by the patrols at the water's edge that the barges seen by Poulariez were ascending towards the town, had ordered the Quebec militia to leave the entrenchments and proceed along the beach. At the first gleam of daylight all danger seemed to have disappeared, and the men were entering their tents when the firing at Samos was heard.

Montcalm had just left Johnstone, after having taken a cup of tea with him to refresh himself as he had not slept all night, and had given orders to have his horses saddled. He arrived at La Canardière, and entering the seminary with his secretary, stated with some emotion that his worst fears were being realized, and that the convoy of provisions was being attacked and perhaps taken. A few mo-

ments later a Canadian entered completely out of breath. He said that he was the only survivor from Vergor's post, which had been surprised and seized by the English, who were now masters of the heights. "We knew so well," says Montcalm's secretary, "the difficulty of reaching this point, even if it were not guarded, that we did not entertain a word of the tale, believing that the man's head had been turned by fear. I went home to take some rest, begging M. Dumas to send to headquarters for news, and to let me know if there was anything to be done. All the time we could hear firing in the distance, and the town was signalling, but, as fate would have it, we did not send for further information."

The Chevalier Bernetz had sent a courier to the camp, who met Major-General Montreuil on the road. Montreuil had just received tidings of what had occurred from a fugitive, and immediately advanced the Guyenne regiment, and hastened to advise Montcalm, who at once gave orders to send forward a force consisting of one battalion and six hundred of the Montreal men. He followed on their heels, leaving the camp under command of M. de Senezergues. When, between seven and eight in the morning, the white lines of the Guyenne regiment commenced to cross the Buttes-à-Neveu, Wolfe halted his army, and ranged it in order of battle, two ranks deep, a short distance from the ravine. It covered the space between the summit of the

cliff and the Ste. Foy road, and faced the town which was less than a mile distant, but was hidden from sight by the rising ground. Monckton commanded the right with the Louisbourg grenadiers and Otway's, Bragg's, and Kennedy's regiments; Murray had the centre with Lascelles' regiment, and Townshend held the left with Amherst's regiment and the Royal Americans. This wing did not reach the Côte Ste. Geneviève. Wolfe had taken up a strong position in the house of a man named Borgia and some other buildings near the Ste. Foy road, along which the two last-named regiments were placed, facing in two different directions, in order to prevent any attempt of the French right to flank the British left. The light infantry, recalled from Sillery, were drawn up in three columns a few paces to the rear. Colonel Burton commanded the reserve formed by Webb's regiment, sub-divided into eight distinct bodies separated by long intervals. The effective force of the army was five thousand two hundred and twenty-nine men of all ranks. The third battalion of the Royal Americans was left to maintain communication with the landing-place. Lastly Anstruther's detachment, stationed, as we have seen, in the houses at Sillery, was to keep Bougainville's corps in check.

Vaudreuil was only informed of the landing at a quarter to six by a contradictory note from the Chevalier de Bernetz, who said that the enemy had descended upon the Foulon, but that he thought

they had re-embarked. He did not know the whole truth till after Montcalm's departure. At a quarter to seven he sent a special orderly to Bougainville with this message: "It seems to be absolutely certain that the enemy has disembarked at the Foulon; we have put most of the troops in motion, and can hear light firing. . . . I am waiting for news from you, and to know if the enemy has attempted anything on your side." He added the following postscript, "The enemy seems to have a large force. I have no doubt that you are watching all their movements, and will follow them; and depend on your doing so."

The couriers followed one another with more and more alarming news. Montcalm could scarcely believe his eyes when, on arriving at the river St. Charles, he distinctly saw the rows of red-coats on the brink of the Côte Ste. Geneviève.

"The situation is serious," he said to Johnstone, who accompanied him. "Return as quickly as possible to Beauport, and order Poulariez to send at once the rest of the left to the Heights of Abraham." Then he spurred his horse, and with set face and never speaking a word, he crossed the bridge and the St. Charles valley at full speed proceeding towards Côte d'Abraham.

The entire army was soon in motion, with the exception of the guards for the batteries and the bridge. In the city the excitement and alarm were beyond description. The citizens were suddenly

awakened by the cry: "The English are at the gates." All who did not carry arms, old men, women and children ran to the north of the town, gaining the ramparts and the cape, and watching with mute anxiety the troops moving from the Beauport road to the town. They marched at full speed, the regiments of the line easily distinguished by their white uniforms, flags flying, and drums beating, and the militia clothed in every conceivable fashion, but mostly in *habitant* costume. After crossing the bridge they were divided into three columns, the first marching up Palace Hill, the second up the Côte-à-Coton, and the third up the Côte d'Abraham. While these last two were advancing to the westward of the city walls the first, entering by Palace Gate, passed out by the St. Louis and St. John Gates. The women and children recoiled at sight of the ferocious-looking Indians with their war-paint, their scalps, and their feather head-dress. Families peered into the ranks of the militia searching for a brother, a husband, or a father, to embrace them before the battle which the constant fusilade showed to be imminent. Every one believed that the long-expected crisis had arrived, and all that a people holds dear, their religion, their country, their homes, nay, even their very existence, was at stake.

Montcalm was stupefied on perceiving before him, not a detachment, as he had expected, but the whole of Wolfe's army. He hastened from right to left, counting the regiments, and noted the High-

landers in the centre, their multi-coloured uniforms standing out in bold relief against the red of the English lines and the nasal tones of their bagpipes mingling with the shrill notes of the fifes and trumpets. From the grey sky light showers fell from time to time. Colonel Fontbonne, commander of the Guyenne regiment, had posted his men with much intelligence and bravery. After having extended them to deceive the enemy he profited by the unevenness of the ground to throw out skirmishers in front, who exchanged a well-directed fire with the British marksmen.

Three or four hundred Canadian sharpshooters were also thrown out, those on the left being stationed in a field of corn which was in ear, and behind groups of pine trees, cedars, and hawthorns, and those on the right in a small wood crossed by the Ste. Foy road. These inconvenienced the English troops to such an extent that their commander kept them lying prone on the ground for some time to avoid the bullets. Montcalm arranged his men in order in three lines as they arrived. The militia formed the two wings, and the regiments of the line were in the centre, in the same order as they occupied at Beauport camp, viz., the Royal-Roussillon nearest to the river, then those of Guyenne, Béarn, Languedoc and La Sarre. Major Dumas commanded the strongest party of the Canadians which was placed on the right. Some pieces of artillery, summoned from the city, were also

speedily brought to reply to the fire of grape-shot which had been opened by two of the English cannon. Montcalm ordered his secretary, who had arrived with ammunition, to place two guns on the Ste. Foy road, and to concentrate their fire on Borgia's house, which three hundred men of the light infantry had taken possession of in advance of their lines. Some Canadians, however, shortly dashed upon it in spite of the heavy fire, and set it ablaze, thus driving out its occupants, who retired to their respective regiments. An orderly from Vaudreuil, who was advancing with the rest of the troops, at this moment handed Montcalm a note entreating him not to precipitate the attack. "The success," said this note, "which the English have already gained in forcing our posts, should be the ultimate source of their defeat; but it is to our interest not to be over hasty. The English should be attacked simultaneously by our army and the fifteen hundred men whom we could easily obtain from the city, as well as by de Bougainville's corps. In this way they will be completely surrounded, and will have no other resource than to retreat towards their left, where their defeat would again be inevitable."

All military men acknowledge that this would have been the best course to follow, but Montcalm neglected the advice with scorn. "Nothing was more calculated," says the *Journal kept at the army commanded by Montcalm*, "to make up the mind of a general who was always ready to be jealous of the

part that even the private soldier had in his successes. His ambition was to hear no one mentioned but himself, and this in no inconsiderable degree contributed to his thwarting enterprises in which he could not advance his own glory."

It was quite evident that Montcalm's first care on seeing, when he arrived at the Plains, that he had all Wolfe's army to contend with, should have been to communicate with de Bougainville. It was not yet seven o'clock in the morning. In less than an hour and a half a horseman could have crossed the St. Charles valley, re-ascended the Lorette road to the Ste. Foy church, and given de Bougainville the order to hasten on as quickly as possible. His army would have been ready to march by nine o'clock, and would thus have arrived by about eleven.

In the meanwhile Montcalm would have had time to summon the garrison of Quebec, and to draw it up in line with the fifteen hundred men whom the governor would have brought. He would thus have attacked the front of the English army with more than six thousand men, whilst the *élite* of his army, composed of more than two thousand soldiers, would have fallen upon the British in the rear. What the result would have been is not hard to guess. But the man who, according to Montcalm's expression, "so well knew how to take in a situation," was not there. "I remained a moment with Montcalm," says the general's secretary, "and he remarked to me: 'We cannot avoid the issue. The enemy is en-

trenching and already has two cannon. If we give him time to make his position good we can never attack him with the few troops we have.' He added excitedly, 'Is it possible that Bougainville does not hear that?' and left without giving me time to answer him anything more than that our forces were certainly small."

Montcalm then held a council of war with the commanders of the different corps; but they, knowing that he had resolved to attack, did not dare to oppose him, or made very timid objections, as did Montreuil. Lévis, alone, had he been present, would have been able to calm the general's excitement by his coolness, and by the influence which he had over him, and might have stopped him from rushing into action.

The regular and colonial troops, which Montcalm had at hand at the time, did not amount to more than three thousand and five or six hundred men, most of them militia. The *élite* of the army, the grenadiers and volunteers, were, as we have just seen, at Cap Rouge with Bougainville. In addition to this, a month before, eight hundred of the best soldiers from the five regiments now about to give battle, had been sent away with the Chevalier de Lévis.

The only part of the army engaged up to this time were the Canadians on the right, who, led by Dumas, had dislodged the light infantry from Borgia's house. Favoured by the small wood, which

served them as a shelter, they ran out and attacked the infantry each time they saw it advance, and had already repulsed it three times. "The Canadians, fighting in this manner," says the *Journal kept in the army commanded by Montcalm*, "certainly surpass all the troops of the universe, owing to their skill as marksmen."

The repeated successes of these brave militiamen, and the ardour shown by the rest of the troops inspired Montcalm with too much confidence. He forgot that the Canadians would lose their superiority in the open field, and that most of them were poorly armed, only having their hunting guns. Some of them had not even bayonets, but had replaced them by knives which they had fixed, as best they could, to the ends of their guns. The army, which was inferior to the enemy in numbers, and worn out after a forced march of from one to two leagues—those who had last arrived being still out of breath—also lost all chance of meeting the British on even terms, as regards position, when it descended into an uneven hollow obstructed with trees, where its ranks were sure to be broken even before they reached the height which the enemy occupied. The fear of giving the British time to entrench themselves and receive reinforcements, finally prevailed over all other considerations.

Montcalm rode in front of his line of battle and amongst the ranks, animating the men by his words of encouragement, with that chivalrous and martial

air which they so much admired. A young militiaman of eighteen, Joseph Trahan, who was present at the action, and who lived to be an old man, often spoke of the singular impression which the general made upon him on this occasion. "I recall very plainly," he said, "Montcalm's conduct before the combat. He mounted a brown or black horse in front of our lines, holding up his sword as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a uniform with large sleeves, one of which falling back revealed the white line of his cuff."

It was ten o'clock. The clouds had dispersed, and the sun shed over the field its blaze of light, and made the bayonets, the sabres, the red uniforms of the English, and the Highlanders' tartans glitter and flame with colour in front of the French. Wolfe, who seemed to be everywhere, and was easily recognized by his height, marched at the head of his regiments, which he had advanced to the edge of the ravine. No one knew better than he the danger of his position. A few shots heard from the Sillery side led him to think that Bougainville was advancing, and would soon be on his rear. If the French general retarded the attack to combine his movement with that of the colonel, he felt that his position would be a desperate one indeed. But the same good fortune which had so favoured the success of the daring deed which he had just accomplished, inspired him with faith in his ultimate triumph. He passed in front of his regi-

ments, pointing out the enemy with his sword, and haranguing his soldiers, telling them that for them it was either victory or death, for retreat was impossible.

Montcalm sounded the charge. His army moved forward with flags flying and uttering their war cry in the old time fashion. The force moved rapidly onward, being joined on the way by the groups of sharpshooters, who had not had time to re-enter the ranks. This caused a slight delay. His command had not reached the foot of the ravine when its lines, broken by the irregularity of the ground, conveyed to the English the idea that the attack was being made in irregular columns.

The regiments tried to reform as they ascended the slope, and then halted within about half-musket range of the foe. During the momentary silence which followed little was heard save the cries of command repeated along the front of the army, and then followed a volley by all three ranks at once, instead of a part of the fire being reserved so as to keep up the fusilade. This first volley, being hastily made in the distance, had little effect. The Canadians, most of whom were stationed in the second line, lay on the ground to reload, according to their custom, and thereby caused some confusion. The English, who had been ordered by their commander to load their guns with two bullets, approached the enemy before firing, and from the height on which they stood poured in a well-directed fire, which

decimated the front rank, and threw it into confusion. The English centre, especially, whose simultaneous discharge sounded "like the report of a cannon," made a frightful void in the army's lines. A cloud of smoke enveloped the two armies while both continued to advance, and the fight was short, but keen. The two brave commanders of the La Sarre and Guyenne regiments, Senezergues and Fontbonne, were now mortally wounded, as was also the second in command on the right, M. St. Ours. Lieutenant-Colonel Privat, of the Languedoc regiment, was dangerously wounded, and Adjutant Malartic had two horses killed under him.

On the English side Colonel Carleton was wounded in the head, and Brigadier Monckton received a bullet wound in the body. While Montcalm ran from one point to another trying to strengthen his disordered forces, Wolfe directed the attack in person on the right of his army. A ball struck him on the wrist, and he bandaged it with his handkerchief. He was leading the grenadiers, and gave them the order to charge, when a second bullet inflicted a severe wound. Nevertheless, still faithful to the maxim which he so often quoted, to the effect that "while a man is able to do his duty, and to stand and hold his arms, it is infamous to retire," he continued to advance, his bright new uniform a target for the Canadian sharpshooters, hidden in the thickets, from which dense clouds of smoke arose. Not long afterwards a third ball struck him in the chest.

He staggered, and, seeing that he was losing consciousness, he said to an officer of artillery who was near him:—"Support me; my brave soldiers must not see me fall." Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, Grenadier Henderson and another soldier ran forward and bore him to the rear, where, at his request, they laid him on the grass in a hollow of the ground. One of the officers volunteered to go in search of a surgeon. "It is useless," sighed the general, "I'm done for."

He was apparently unconscious when one of those supporting him cried: "They run! They run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe quickly asked, as if just awakened from a heavy slumber.

"The enemy," replied the officer, "they give way everywhere."

Wolfe replied: "One of you run quickly to Colonel Burton, and tell him to descend in all haste with his regiment towards the St. Charles River, seize the bridge, and cut off the retreat." He then turned on his side, murmuring "God be praised, I die happy," and expired.

The last volleys of the two armies were fired with the muzzles of their muskets almost touching. Wolfe had imparted his impetuosity to his troops. The bayonet charge ordered by him at the time he fell, caused the French centre to give way, and the whole French army to turn to the rear, but "the overthrow was not total except amongst the regular troops. The Canadians accustomed to retire

like the ancient Parthians, and to turn again to face the enemy with even more confidence than before, rallied in some places," principally in the little wood to the right, where they held part of the English regiments in check.

The mass of the fugitives, listening neither to the general nor to their officers, threw themselves into the valley to regain the hornwork, the rest fleeing towards the city. Montcalm, carried away by this torrent, was trying to rally some companies in front of the St. Louis Gate, when he received two wounds in succession, one in the groin, the other in the thigh. The artillery officer who acted as his secretary during the siege was near him trying to save one of the cannon. He says, "I saw M. Montcalm arrive on horseback supported by three soldiers. I entered the city with him, where the Chevalier de Bernetz gave me some orders which I ran to carry out on the ramparts." . . . The crowd which had rushed out to see the issue of the combat, was returning and crowded St. Louis Street when some women seeing him pass, pale and covered with blood, cried out, "O My God! My God! the marquis is killed!"

"It is nothing! it is nothing!" replied the dying general turning towards them, "do not distress yourselves for me, my good friends."

Vaudreuil had almost reached the heights when his army was overthrown, and he tried in vain to rally the regiments. His voice was lost amid the tumult

of the flight. A part of the Canadians, more amenable to his orders, retraced their steps, and hurried to aid the brave militiamen who were defending the ground, step by step, with the courage of despair, in the woods on the Ste. Foy road, and again in some underbrush near the St. John Gate.

The Indians, like the birds of prey they were, fled headlong as soon as the fighting began, and awaited an opportunity of spreading over the battlefield to scalp, mutilate and plunder the dead and wounded.

Townshend, upon whom the command had devolved, did not profit by the victory as he might have done, for it would have been easy for him to have seized the gates and entered the town during the general confusion. Murray was detained on the left by the stubbornness of the Canadians. As soon as the French ranks broke, the Highlanders, whom he commanded, sprang forward, claymore in hand, uttering their fear-inspiring war cry. All fled before them until they reached the edge of the wood, but there they were stopped by a well-directed fire of musketry. After useless efforts to dislodge the Canadians, the Highlanders were forced to beat a retreat to reform on the St. Louis road. They then received orders to descend westward to the edge of the Ste. Geneviève hill in order to take the woods in the rear, and at the same time drive from the edge of the cliff the bands of Canadian sharpshooters who were defending the descent. "They

killed and wounded a large number of our men," said Lieutenant Fraser, " and forced us to retreat a little to reform our ranks." They were then brought for the third time to the attack, now reinforced on the right and on the left by the Anstruther regiment and the second battalion of the Royal Americans, respectively. A fresh struggle followed, and was sustained " by the Canadians with incredible stubbornness and ardour," to quote Chevalier Johnstone, who was a witness of this heroic conflict. " When repulsed they disputed the ground inch by inch from the top to the bottom of the height." In the middle of the valley arose the military bakery, surrounded by several houses. The Canadians made a final stand there, and for a considerable time held the three opposing regiments in check. " It was at this time, and while in the bushes," reports Fraser, " that our regiment suffered most." Chevalier Johnstone, who has described this brilliant action, says that these unfortunate heroes were almost all killed on the spot, but that they saved a large number of fugitives, and gave the French army time to take shelter in the hornwork.

CHAPTER VIII

AFTER THE BATTLE—DEATH OF MONTCALM

TAKING into consideration the slenderness of the two armies the battle of the Plains of Abraham was merely a bloody skirmish, for the rival forces did not together number ten thousand men. From the standpoint of its results it must, however, be always looked upon as one of the great events of the eighteenth century, since from it went forth the impetus that resulted in the American revolution, and the birth of the great republic which is to-day tending to shift westward the centre of civilization. The British lost only six hundred and fifty-five men, killed, wounded and missing, the regiments which suffered the most severely being the Highlanders, the Royal Americans and Anstruther's, the three which had met the Canadians. The French loss was hardly more than that of the opposing army. It totalled between seven hundred and eight hundred men, says the *Journal kept in the army*, and only six hundred men and forty-nine officers according to Vaudreuil. Never, however, was a rout more complete; and it was all the more irresistible because the French had no reserves. It would have been extremely easy to have summoned five or six

hundred men from the town, where they were useless, as the battle was fought outside the walls, but the attack had been so sudden that no one had even had time to think of the possibility of a reverse. The army was, in short, seized by an incredible panic.

"It was a sorry spectacle for those who were watching from the windows of the general hospital," wrote Foligné. "I would never have thought that the loss of a general could have caused a rout which, I venture to say, is unparalleled."

The detachment of Canadian militia, summoned in the morning from the Montmorency Falls to defend the hornwork, and which was composed of the best of the *coureurs de bois*, raged like lions in their cages on seeing the army cut to pieces, but were unable to render any assistance.

Chevalier Johnstone, who was mounted, acting as aide-de-camp, had been carried by the rush of the fugitives to the brink of the Geneviève hill; but had stopped at the foot of a ravine to encourage some soldiers at least partly to retrieve the day. On regaining the height he was greatly surprised to find himself in the midst of the English, who had advanced while he was in the ravine encouraging the gunners. As he was mounted on a fine black horse the enemy took him for one of the commanders, and greeted him with a volley. Four balls pierced his clothes. Another lodged in the pommel of his saddle, and his horse was struck four times

but did not fall. He thereupon started at full speed towards the neighbouring hill, indicated in the distance by the windmill on its summit.

He crossed the fields of St. Roch in the direction of the bakery and entered the hornwork, where his horse, covered with blood which flowed from his wounds, fell under him.

"It is impossible to imagine," says he, "the confusion that I found in the hornwork. The dread and consternation was general. The troops were so demoralized that they thought the enemy had only to present themselves at the bridge to become masters of the place." The hornwork was a solidly constructed work on the left shore of the river St. Charles, which is seventy paces wide at this place, and only fordable at low tide a musket shot lower down. The side facing the river and the heights was composed of high and strong palisades, placed perpendicularly, and with gunholes pierced in them for large cannon. The part overlooking the Beauport road consisted of earthworks joined by two wings to the palisades.

The tumult and fright increased in the place as the troops continued to crowd in. The last regiments were still on the other shore, and the Royal-Roussillon regiment had scarcely left the streets of the Palais when a general cry arose in the enclosure: "The bridge of boats must be cut." Montgay and La Mothe, two old officers, cried to the Marquis de Vaudreuil that the hornwork would be

taken in an instant with the sword, that all the army would be cut to pieces without quarter; and that the only thing that could save them was an immediate and general capitulation, giving up Canada to the English.

If we are to believe Johnstone, the only eye-witness who leaves us a circumstantial account of the incident, he was the only person who kept his presence of mind. He has endeavoured, it is true, falsely to usurp to himself the credit for having been the first to indicate to Lévis the existence of the fords in the Montmorency River at the beginning of the siege, and also pretended that it was he, who, upon this last occasion, prevented the cutting of the bridge of boats, and the immediate signing of the capitulation by Vaudreuil.

"Thanks," says he, "to that regard which the army accorded me on account of the esteem and confidence which M. de Montcalm had always shown me publicly, I called to M. Hugon, who commanded, for a pass in the hornwork, and begged of him to accompany me to the bridge. We ran there, and without asking who had given the order to cut it, we chased away the soldiers with their uplifted axes ready to execute that extravagant and wicked operation.

"M. de Vaudreuil was closeted in a house in the inside of the hornwork with the intendant and some other persons. I suspected they were busy drafting the articles for a general capitulation, and

I entered the house, where I had only time to see the intendant with a pen in his hand writing upon a sheet of paper, when M. de Vaudreuil told me I had no business there. Having answered him that what he said was true, I retired immediately, in wrath."

Johnstone was still feeling hurt over the rebuff which he had just received when he saw M. Dalquier, commander of the Béarn regiment, an old scarred officer as loyal as he was brave, approaching him. Johnstone began to abuse Vaudreuil before him, and conjured Dalquier not to consent to the shameful capitulation which the governor was about to propose, and which would at one stroke of the pen lose forever to France a colony which had cost her so much in blood and money. Johnstone having lost his horse started along the Beauport road on foot, to join Poulariez, who had remained in the ravine. He had scarcely gone three or four hundred yards when he saw him coming as fast as his horse could gallop, so he stopped him and repeated to him what he had said to Dalquier. Poulariez replied that rather than consent to a capitulation he would spill his last drop of blood. He then told Johnstone to go and take possession of his house, and to make himself at home and take some rest at once. Then spurring his horse he started at full speed for the hornwork. "I continued sorrowfully jogging on to Beauport," continues the chevalier, "heavy at heart over the loss of my dear

friend, M. de Montcalm, broken in spirit and lost in reflection concerning the changes which Providence had brought about within the space of three or four hours."

Seldom, in fact, had a reverse of fortune been more sudden and complete. The evening before everything promised a speedy deliverance in view of the advanced season, the discouragement of the besieging army after more than two months of Amherst's inaction on Lake Champlain, and the reassuring news from the rapids. And now all was lost. The English were victorious, and masters of the heights, Montcalm was dying within the walls of Quebec, the French army was defeated, crushed, disorganized, and deprived of its chief, and not one of the superior officers was capable of replacing him.

"Ah, sir," wrote Bougainville to Bourlamaque, "what a cruel day. It has deprived us of all hope. My heart is broken, and yours will not be less so. We shall be thankful if the stormy season which is approaching saves the country from total ruin."

Bougainville tries, in this letter, to excuse his own conduct and to throw upon others the blame for what he calls "the loss of the best position in the world and almost of our honour." It is nevertheless upon himself more than any other that the responsibility for this disaster rests. It was he who, charged to keep watch day and night, was the first to be surprised. He says himself that he was notified of the British landing at eight o'clock in the morn-

ing. Joannès says that he was notified by the fugitives, which would make it still earlier. Be that as it may, he knew by eight o'clock through Vaudreuil's letter of the descent of the English at the Foulon. He started out at once, but instead of flying to help Montcalm he stopped at Sillery, where he took it into his head to take by assault a stone house where the English were strongly entrenched. He uselessly sacrificed Duprat's brave volunteers there, many of them being killed, as well as Brignotel, a lieutenant of the La Sarre regiment. He was repulsed and continued to lose precious time. It was at this very moment that Montcalm, ready to give battle, exclaimed: "Is it possible that Bougainville does not hear that?" Bougainville distinctly heard the fusilade and the cannon of the two armies, since he was only half a league from the Plains of Abraham; but the blindness with which he seemed to be stricken still followed him, and he appears to have been glued to the ground. It was only towards twelve o'clock that he regained his senses upon hearing of the loss of the battle.

Vaudreuil at once marched the various corps composing the army to their old positions at the Beauport camp. In the council of war held at headquarters the superior officers were far from showing the firmness which Johnstone gives us to understand. They were all unanimous in declaring that there was no course to follow other than to

retreat to Jacques Cartier. The governor and the intendant displayed some energy. They thought of combining the remainder of the army with Bougainville's corps, and renewing the attack with a simultaneous sortie by the garrison.

Vaudreuil sent a courier to Montcalm to ask his advice. The dying general replied that they had to choose between three things : the renewal of the attack, a retreat to Jacques Cartier, or capitulation ; but he did not want to decide between them.

" If I had attacked," says Vaudreuil, " against the opinion of all the principal officers I would probably have lost both the battle and the colony, because they were so ill-disposed for battle."

The retreat to Jacques Cartier was then decided on, but was kept secret till the moment of departure. At half-past four in the afternoon Vaudreuil wrote to Lévis : " We have had a very unfortunate affair. At daybreak the enemy surprised M. Vergor, who commanded at the Foulon. They quickly gained the heights. . . . The Marquis de Montcalm commanded with the first detachment. I took the rear guard, and hurried on the militiamen whom I overtook. I also warned M. Bougainville, who immediately started from Cap Rouge with his five companies of grenadiers, two field-guns, the cavalry, and all his best men. Although the enemy had surprised us their position was very critical. It was only necessary for us to wait for the arrival of Bougainville, so that while

we attacked the enemy with all our forces he would take them in the rear, but luck was against us, the attack being made with too much precipitation. The enemy, who were on a height, repulsed us, and in spite of our resistance forced us to make a retreat. . . We lost a great many in killed and wounded. Time does not permit me to give you any details upon this point, for I am not well informed myself as yet. What we do know, which is most distressing, is that the Marquis de Montcalm has received several wounds all equally dangerous. We entertain grave fears for him. No one desires more than I do that his injuries will not prove fatal. We are thus reduced to the following circumstances. (1.) We are not in a position to take our revenge this evening. Our army is too discouraged, and we could not rally it. If we wait till to-morrow the enemy will be entrenched in an unassailable position. (2.) I neither can nor will consent to the capitulation of the entire colony. (3.) Our retreat becomes therefore obligatory, and all the more so since we are forced to it by our want of foodstuffs. In view of all these considerations I leave this evening with the débris of the army to take up a position at Jacques Cartier, where I beg you, sir, to join me as soon as you receive my letter. You will see that it is very urgent that you make all possible haste. I will await you with impatience."

This letter of Vaudreuil's is much calmer than we would be led to expect upon reading what his

enemies say about his alleged agitated and troubled state. The tone of moderation with which he speaks of Montcalm, only a few hours after the defeat, when he believed that he had a perfect right to blame him for not having followed his advice, is also noteworthy.

Vaudreuil said to Montcalm himself in the last letter which he wrote to him at six o'clock in the evening: "I cannot tell you how pained I am to hear of your wounds; I hope that you will soon recover, and assure you that no one is more anxious for you than myself as I have been so attached to you. I would have liked very much to have engaged the enemy again to-day, but the commanders of the different corps have all represented the impossibility of doing so, on account of the advantageous position of the English and the weakening and discouragement of our army, so there is nothing to do but to retreat. The opinion of these gentlemen being supported by your own I give way to it, though sadly enough, on account of my wish to remain in the colony at all costs. It is only by taking this course though, that I can use to the best advantage the remaining fragments of the army. I enclose, sir, the letter which I wrote to M. Ramezay, with my instructions to him, containing the articles of capitulation which he should ask of the enemy. You will see that they are the same which I arranged with you. Be kind enough to have him hold the document after you have read it. Take

care of yourself, I beg you, and think only of your recovery."

Montcalm replied by Captain Marcel: "The Marquis de Montcalm entrusts to me the honour of writing to tell you that he approves of everything. I read him your letter, and the terms of capitulation, which I have given to M. Ramezay according to your instructions, together with the letter which you wrote to him." Marcel added in a postscript: "The Marquis de Montcalm is not much better, though his pulse is now a little stronger than at ten o'clock in the evening."

Vaudreuil's lack of energy never showed as much as after the defeat of September 13th. Beyond a doubt he had his reasons not to renew the battle against the advice of the principal officers; but the course of wisdom would have been to force an engagement immediately. The essential object was to save Quebec. He should not have decamped without provisions, the more so as he was safe for the time being beyond the St. Charles.

The English, worn out for want of sleep and with fatigue, were entrenching themselves, and could not think of coming to attack him. Such temerity would have endangered the fruits of their victory and their hopes of taking Quebec. The French army had still more need of rest. One night's sleep would have given them new life and a chance to rally from their consternation. The townsfolk would not have awakened to find themselves abandoned,

and there would have been time to transport the ten days' provisions from the Beauport camp to the town. In short the retreat to Jacques Cartier was in no way necessary. The army had only to join Bougainville who was falling back upon Lorette, and to put up its tents at Ste. Foy, where, sheltered by the large woods, it could soon have entrenched itself in such a manner as to fear no attack. It would have been nearer its base of supplies, whose transport was in no way more difficult than it had been previous to the battle, and Vaudreuil, with all his forces united, would have been able to maintain constant communication with Quebec, which the British were in no condition to invest. The advanced stage of the season would have prohibited a long siege, and their operations would have been continually arrested and delayed by night attacks in conjunction with sorties by the garrison. It is probable that Montcalm's opinion and those of his chiefs-of-staff which offered no alternative other than a retirement upon Jacques Cartier finally outweighed all other considerations.

The fatal September 13th was succeeded by a dark cold night, and over the camps of both the vanquished and the victors silence reigned supreme, broken only by the rumblings of the batteries at Pointe Lévis, which, from time to time, hurled projectiles towards the city, streaking the lowering sky with a gleam of fire. At nine o'clock the army got under way in a single column amidst the same

profound silence. Its tents remained standing, and the men carried with them only their ammunition and four days' provisions. The Quebec dignitaries, with six hundred men from Montreal, formed the advance guard, followed by the La Sarre brigade, composed of five battalions. The artillery and part of the equipment, escorted by the bridge guard, brought up the rear. A cavalry officer and one hundred and thirty men remained in the camp, and spiked the cannon, blew up the powder magazine, cut the bridges, and fired the floating battery. The column followed the Charlesbourg road, reaching that place at three o'clock, and at six o'clock it halted at Lorette village. Many of the famished and discouraged militiamen here took advantage of the darkness to regain their firesides, so as to be able to look after the needs of their families and gather in their harvests, "caring little," says a contemporary writer, "to what master they now belonged."

Johnstone, whose sentiments are well known, exaggerates the disorder of this night march. "It was not a retreat," he says, "but a horrid, abominable flight, a thousand times worse than that in the morning upon the Heights of Abraham, with such disorder and confusion that, had the English known it, three hundred men sent after us would have been sufficient to destroy and cut all our army to pieces." Except the Royal-Roussillon regiment, which Poulariez, always a rigid and severe disciplinarian, kept well in order, there were not to be seen thirty

soldiers together of any other regiment. They were all mixed, scattered, dispersed, and running as hard as they could, as if the English army was at their heels.

The army halted about noon at St. Augustin, and at five o'clock in the afternoon reached Pointe-aux-Trembles, in which village it was lodged for the night. Jacques Cartier was only reached about noon on the fifteenth, after a delay caused by repairs which were being made to the bridge over the river. Finally, worn out by fatigue, and even more by the depressing defeat, the men were able, after a march of over forty miles, to take some rest, and dry their rain-soaked clothing in the barns and houses of the neighbourhood.

A letter from Montcalm, written by his aide-de-camp, Marcel, at ten p.m., had been handed to Vaudreuil before he left the Beauport camp, and its bearer did not conceal the fact that the general was dying. When his secretary had left him on the St. Louis road, to obey the orders of the Chevalier de Bernetz, Montcalm had been carried into the residence of Dr. Arnoux, king's surgeon, who was with Bourlamaque at Ile-aux-Noix. His brother, a surgeon like himself, was summoned in his place. After carefully examining the wounds, and especially the more dangerous ones, he merely looked at his illustrious patient, and shook his head.

"Is the wound a mortal one?" asked Montcalm.

"Yes," replied Arnoux, concealing nothing.

"I am content," replied Montcalm, "how much longer have I to live?"

"Not twenty-four hours," was the reply.

"So much the better," returned the dying man. "I shall not live to see the English masters of Quebec."

His faithful aide-de-camp, Marcel, took his place by his bedside, and never left it.

It was to Marcel that Montcalm confided his last instructions, asking him to write to Candiac, and to convey his tender farewell to his mother, wife and family on his return to France. To the Chevalier de Lévis, his best friend, he bequeathed all his papers.

We have seen in what manner he replied to the letters of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. When, however, de Ramezay, the commandant of the garrison, came to ask his advice concerning the defence of Quebec, he dismissed him with the remark:—"I have no longer either advice or orders to give you. The time left to me is short, and I have much more important matters to attend to."

Still, with the darkness of the tomb upon him he saw that there was one last public duty to perform. It was that of imploring the victors' clemency for the unfortunate colonists whose defence had cost him so dear, and so he wrote to Brigadier Townshend, Wolfe's successor:—"The well-known humanity of the British sets me at ease concerning the lot of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Please entertain towards them the sentiments they

inspired in me, and let them not perceive the change of masters. I was their father; be you their protector."

A moment later the venerable bishop of Quebec entered, his own face reflecting the pain depicted upon that of the dying general, whom he prepared for death, administering the last sacraments, which the latter received with all the ardour of his fervent faith. Mgr. de Pontbriand was determined to remain with him until he had yielded his last breath.

"I die content," the general repeated, "because I leave the affairs of my master, the king, in good hands. I have always had a high opinion of the talents of M. de Lévis." He breathed his last on September 14th, at daybreak, aged forty-seven years and six months.

As soon as Marcel had closed his eyes he wrote to Lévis as follows:—"It is with the deepest grief that I acquaint you with the loss we have sustained in the death of General Montcalm at five o'clock this morning. I did not leave him for a moment until his death, which I believe was the best thing I could do after receiving his permission. It was a mark of attachment and gratitude which I owed him after all the kindnesses and good services he showered upon me. I can never forget them."

The confusion in Quebec was such that it was impossible to find a workman to make a coffin for the deceased general. "Seeing this difficulty," says the annalist of the Ursulines, "our foreman, an old

Frenchman of Dauphiné, known amongst us as Bonhomme Michel, hastily got together some planks, and, shedding copious tears, made a rough box little in keeping with the precious corpse it was to hold." The body of the brave soldier was laid within it, and at about nine p.m. the funeral procession started for the Ursulines' chapel, through the streets encumbered with débris and ruined walls. Behind the coffin marched in mournful silence the commander of the garrison with his officers, and many citizens, their number being added to as they advanced, by the townsfolk, women and children. No tolling bells or salvos of artillery announced the general's funeral, for the only guns that spoke hurled projectiles on the town. The crowd filled the church, wherein all was absolutely dark save for the wax tapers arranged round the trestles which bore the bier. To the right close to the convent chapel's railing a bombshell had torn up the flooring, and made an excavation in the soil. This cavity it was which, enlarged and deepened, formed a suitable soldier's grave.

The curé of Quebec, Abbé Resche, assisted by two of the cathedral canons, intoned the *Libera*, those present, and the choir of eight nuns, who remained to guard the convent, responding. Then the coffin was lowered into the ditch, "whereupon," says the convent's chronicler, "the sobs and tears broke out afresh, for it seemed as though New France were descending into the grave with her

general's remains." Her enemies thought so too, but they were mistaken, for the sword of France had merely passed into another hand. The conquered were to rise afresh from this disaster to a greater victory, and work out for themselves new destinies.

In the camp of the victors equal mourning reigned. The flags of the fleet fluttered at half mast, and a sentinel watched with reversed arms before the door of the cabin containing Wolfe's inanimate form. Among the wounded of both sides carried on board the fleet lay, wounded unto death, one of the French army's leading officers, the wise and valiant Senezergues.

Let us return to the incidents of the eventful thirteenth of September. Townshend, as soon as he had driven the French to the St. Charles River, recalled his victorious troops and formed them up on the Plains of Abraham to face a new foe which might at any moment fall upon their rear. As a matter of fact Rochebeaucour's cavalry, and the leading files of Bougainville's columns were already showing upon the horizon, but they withdrew without engaging, and disappeared behind the fringe of trees. As soon as the British commander was satisfied that all his enemies were in full retreat he set his men at work entrenching. Before night fell the plain was freed from shrubbery and clumps of trees, artillery had been brought up, redoubts laid out, houses fortified and cannon established in the windmill at the head of the Côte Ste. Geneviève.

Many of the wounded had been taken to the general hospital. "We were surrounded," says Mother St. Ignace, an eye-witness, "by the dead and dying, who were brought in by hundreds, and many of whom were closely connected with us, but we had to lay aside our grief, and seek for space in which to put them.

"The enemy were masters of the country and at our very door, and there seemed to be grave reasons indeed why we should fear. . . Night was falling and redoubled our uneasiness."

About midnight loud blows on the monastery door were heard. Two young nuns, who were carrying broth, were passing by the door and opened it, but fell back in affright when they found themselves face to face with a squad of British soldiers. The officer in command seemed to be of high rank. "He entered without any escort," continues the hospital historian, "and asked for the three mothers superior whom he knew to be together here. They appeared with calmness and dignity, though not without betraying some fear concerning this late visit. 'Compose yourself, ladies, and be kind enough to reassure all the sisters. You will not be in any way disturbed,' said Brigadier Townshend with the utmost courtesy, for it was indeed he. 'Only, in order to better protect you I will have your house surrounded by a guard.'

"Our mothers could only bow acquiescence and

accept the situation, and in a short time two hundred men were drawn up below our windows."

Before daybreak on the fourteenth the news that the army had abandoned the Beauport camp flew through Quebec. At first no one would believe it when the beautiful autumn sun showed the tents still standing in line along the Beauport shore as before. As soon, however, as the news was confirmed beyond peradventure, a panic seized the entire population even to the officers of the garrison. Unfortunately for them the commandant was not equal to the occasion. "He did not even know how to maintain order," says Captain Pouchot. "Despondency was universal," wrote Ramezay, "and discouragement excessive. Complaints and murmurings against the army which had abandoned us became the general cry, and in such critical circumstances I could not prevent the merchants and militia officers from meeting at the residence of M. Daine, the lieutenant-general of police, and mayor of the city. There they decided upon capitulating, and presented me with a petition to that effect signed by M. Daine and all the leading citizens." The chief sources of the popular alarm were the irritation of the British by the massacre at Fort William Henry, their continual threats of vengeance, the ravaging of the country towards the end of the siege, and, finally, the cruelty of the rangers. It was to protect the town from such vengeance that, at the opening of the siege Montcalm

and Vaudreuil had together drawn up the articles of capitulation handed to Ramezay on the evening of the thirteenth. A number of families from the suburbs, who had sought shelter within the walls upon the approach of the British had brought the population up to six thousand souls, of whom two thousand seven hundred were women and children, one thousand sick or invalids at the general hospital, fifteen hundred militiamen and sailors, and six hundred men of the regular army. For all these mouths, which had already suffered much from hunger for some time past, there were only eight days' provisions at half-rations. On the evening of the thirteenth, owing to a lack of vehicles, the intendant had only been able to send into the city fifty barrels of flour from the camp. When Ramezay sent for the rest it was found to have been plundered by the Indians and the famished people of the neighbourhood.

Ramezay, on the evening of September 15th, called a council which was attended by fourteen officers from the different corps, and communicated to those present the instructions of the Marquis de Vaudreuil not to wait until the town was taken by assault, but to capitulate as soon as the provisions gave out. The council seemed as faint-hearted and downcast as the commanders of the battalions assembled by Vaudreuil on the previous evening, and declared for capitulation. One of the number alone, the heroic Jacquot de Fiedmont,

commander of the town artillery, was in favour of reducing the rations and resisting to the last. He had already distinguished himself at Beauséjour by opposing the capitulation proposed by Vergor, and had often been remarked by Montcalm.

If, when the council of war was held, Ramezay was excusable for capitulating, he was not so the following day (the 16th), for, before night he had received two messages from Vaudreuil. One was written, and the other verbal, and both assured him that he would speedily have assistance, both in provisions and in troops. An orderly officer, the Chevaalier de St. Rome, had at the same time arrived at Cap Rouge, where he handed to Bougainville a letter from the governor, instructing him to give escort to Quebec for sixty barrels of flour which that officer had with him. "The cavalry," said Vaudreuil, "seems to me the force best suited for this purpose, for the main object now is to save the town from want, and keep the enemy outside it." In a postscript the governor emphasized the matter, adding: "Give M. de St. Rome every possible assistance in the execution of his mission."

Bougainville at the same time wrote a note to Ramezay telling him where he could find some flour concealed by private individuals. The commandant, however, being resolved to capitulate showed no one the letters from Vaudreuil and Bougainville, the latter of whom had promptly carried out his orders. Notwithstanding a perfect torrent of rain,

which lasted for two days, Captain de Belcour entered Quebec on the morning of the seventeenth. At one o'clock on the afternoon of that day Rochebeaucour wrote from Charlesbourg to Bougainville: "I have just sent M. de Belcour, whom you know to be very intelligent, to the city, to tell de Ramezay that I will bring him one hundred quintals of biscuits without fail. Belcour and I are well acquainted with the ground and the position of the enemy, who certainly cannot prevent our entering the city at low tide."

As he left Quebec the daring Belcour entered the hornwork, whence he cannonaded any detachments of the British who came within range. Amidst all the dismay, there occurred at Jacques Cartier an event which at once reanimated the entire army. This was the arrival of Lévis, who came from Montreal to take command. He had made the journey at headlong speed, only to find the disaster even worse than he had anticipated. The moment that he took hold of the army, however, he proved himself to be the man for the occasion. Immediately upon his arrival he hastened to headquarters, where Vaudreuil was with his leading officers, and exclaimed:—"The loss of a battle does not necessitate the abandonment of thirty miles of territory." He then severely censured the retreat to Jacques Cartier, and ordered a return to Quebec. The joy over his return was unbounded. Confidence was restored to the weakest, and Vaudreuil again be-

came possessed of such energy as he was capable of. The reed had found its sturdy oak. "The immense number of fugitives I had first met at Three Rivers," writes Lévis, "prepared me to some extent for the disorder in which I found the army. I know of no similar case. At the Beauport camp everything had been abandoned, tents, cooking utensils, and all the army baggage. The condition of absolute want in which I found the army did not discourage me. Learning from M. de Vaudreuil that Quebec had not yet been taken, and that he had left there a fairly large garrison, I resolved to repair the error which had been made, and induced M. de Vaudreuil to march his army back to the relief of the town. I showed him that this was the only means to prevent the wholesale return of the Canadians and Indians to their homes, and to revive the courage of the army; that in marching forward we would collect a number of stragglers; that the residents of the neighbourhood of Quebec would rejoin the army; that from our knowledge of the country we would be able to advance close to the enemy; that if their army was found to be badly posted we might be able to attack them, or at least, by approaching the place, we would prolong the siege by the assistance we would supply in men and provisions; that we could also evacuate and burn it when it no longer remained possible to maintain it, so that it would offer no shelter to the enemy from the inclemency of the winter season."

Lévis very quickly re-established discipline, while his activity was infectious. At four o'clock the following morning, September 18th, the army started on its march, and Bougainville had been notified. Since the morning of the thirteenth he had endeavoured to make amends, by his excellent conduct, for recent events with which he had so much cause to reproach himself. While the army was retreating he had proposed to Vaudreuil to maintain his position at Cap Rouge, and to occupy Lorette, in order to preserve uninterrupted communication with the town. Vaudreuil had approved the suggestion. On the morning of the seventeenth, the unfavourable weather having broken up the roads and delayed the convoy of M. de St. Rome, Bougainville sent his cavalry in advance of it with sacks of provisions across their saddles. Vaudreuil, when informed of it, wrote him the same day: "I learn with pleasure from your letter that the cavalry is at Charlesbourg. I strongly approve your plan of visiting the camp with seven or eight hundred men to protect the passage of the biscuits, which are at Charlesbourg, to Quebec by the cavalry. To show yourself thus in the camp and to make the enemy believe that we still occupy it, will be very effective. I have no doubt that you have taken the precaution to have good guides. However, you are able to go by way of Bourg Royal. Doubtless you will not fail to profit by the return of your cavalry to have them carry back with them as much as possible from the stores or the camp."

Ramezay was informed of these movements and of the assistance of all kinds which awaited him; but instead of profiting by it to raise the spirits of the garrison, he only sought pretexts to capitulate the more quickly. Many of the soldiers, taking advantage of this disposition, refused to fight, and laid down their arms. Others deserted to the enemy or to the country, and some of the officers set the example of insubordination. Violent altercations occurred, and upon one occasion the town major, Joannès, was so exasperated that he struck a couple of these officers with the flat of his sword.

Far from sharing the ideas of Ramezay the brave Fiedmont redoubled the fire of his artillery. While the cannon of the Lower Town fired at random on Pointe Lévis, the new batteries that he had erected alongside the heights thundered at the camp and outworks of the English. The latter had advanced their approaches towards St. Louis Gate, near which they had commenced a redoubt, of which the construction was retarded by Fiedmont, who made continual breaches in it. At ten o'clock in the morning Ramezay ordered Joannès to raise the white flag on the ramparts, and to go and propose the capitulation, but Joannès indignantly revolted against the order. "I protested before everybody," he said, "against the advice I had given at the council of war, because of the changed conditions of affairs, and I proposed to go myself and make more careful search

for flour. Nothing more was then said about capitulation until about four o'clock."

Then, however, Admiral Saunders, profiting by the north-east wind which had blown for two days, with storms of rain, advanced six of his large vessels in front of the Lower Town. The English guard from the trenches was ordered at this time to cut down the trees and bushes in front of the St. John Gate, which might serve as shelter for sharpshooters. Those in the town expected a simultaneous attack from both land and water, and the general alarm was sounded. Fiedmont and Joannès proposed to Ramezay to evacuate the Lower Town, and to reinforce the Upper Town by the troops moved up from it. But this officer, who as Joannès says, had never seen fighting except in the woods, and knew nothing of defence, refused to follow his advice. He raised the flag on both the land and water side of the town. "I tore it down," continued Joannès, "not believing that the commandant had changed his mind, but at that instant I received a written order to go and capitulate, and the memoir of conditions was handed to me in consequence." Joannès then thought of nothing more than to drag out the negotiations, and to throw difficulties in the way, in order to give time for the promised assistance to reach the town. "By these means," he said, "I gained until eleven o'clock at night, which was the hour prescribed by the English general to receive our final answer. I then returned to the

town and reported to M. de Ramezay the difficulties which I had created." La Rochebeaucour was riding at this moment with his cavalry, through the rain, the wind and the darkness, along the battures of Beauport, to attempt the ford of the river St. Charles. In half an hour he was going to enter the town. Eleven o'clock struck. Ramezay, very far from listening to the appeals of Joannès, hastened to give him a second order in writing, to conclude the capitulation, and sent him back to the English camp. He had scarcely left by the St. Louis Gate when Rochebeaucour entered by that of the Palace, with his bags of biscuits streaming with water. Ramezay, quite disconcerted, muttered to him that he was too late, that Joannès had gone to the British general to conclude the capitulation. "After having represented to him," said La Rochebeaucour, "that he would certainly receive succour, he left me to understand that if the English objected to anything he had asked, he would break off the negotiations, on condition that he would be sent, the following day, from four to five hundred men, which could then be done on account of the means of communication. 'I will undertake, if you wish it,' he said, 'to pass them into the town with provisions.'"

Ramezay rid himself of the importunate presence of Rochebeaucour by quieting him with promises which he did not intend to keep. Joannès prolonged the negotiations until the morning of the following

day. Lévis was then marching with all his army. He dismounted at Pointe-aux-Trembles, to write to Bougainville: "You cannot doubt my regrets for the loss of M. de Montcalm. It is one of the greatest that could befall us. I mourn him both as my general and as my friend. It leaves me a very difficult task, and the most able amongst us will be seriously embarrassed. We must do for the best. . . . The position in which we may find the enemy will decide the course for us to take."

Lévis wrote to Bourlamaque in the same sense, telling him that he was marching to the relief of Quebec. He begged him to conceal the disaster as much as possible, Ile-aux-Noix, so well defended by Bourlamaque, caused him no anxiety. He counted on him to second and to advise him. Finally he asked him to keep him well informed of whatever was going on.

The return of fine weather rendered the marching of the army more easy, and the presence of Lévis, who took care to show himself from one regiment to another with a calm and confident air on his martial face, had restored good humour and animation amongst the troops. There was no apprehension as to the fate of Quebec, for the commandant dare not act without new orders, since the governor had revoked his first instructions, and ordered him to hold out to the last extremity. The army marched all the day of the eighteenth. Next day at sunset it entered St. Augustin, and prepared to pass

the night there, when it received the crushing and incredible news that Ramezay had signed the capitulation. Captain Daubressy, of the Quebec garrison, who had been sent by him, handed the articles to Vaudreuil. A cry of indignation arose from the army. "It is unheard of," wrote General de Lévis, "that a place should be given up without being either attacked or invested." Bougainville, who marched with the advance guard, had passed Charlesbourg on the night of the eighteenth, and was not more than three-quarters of a league from Quebec, ready to throw himself with six hundred men of the flower of the army into Quebec, when he learned the fatal news. "Such," he said, bitterly, "is the end of what has been up to this moment the finest campaign of the world."

Townshend was very easy about the terms of capitulation, for his position was very critical, and he was anxious to have Quebec at any price. He was astonished himself at the good fortune which opened the gates to him before he had fired a single cannon. The garrison obtained the honours of war: they were to march out of the town with arms and baggage, drums beating, torches lighted, with two pieces of French cannon and twelve rounds for each piece; the land forces and marines were to be transported to France; the citizens were not to be molested for having borne arms in defence of the town, and were to remain in possession of their goods, effects and privileges, with the free exercise

of the Roman Catholic religion. The inhabitants of the country who laid down their arms were to have the same privileges.

On the nineteenth, before sunset, the gates of the city were opened. General Townshend with his staff, followed by three companies of grenadiers and one of artillery, drawing a field-gun upon which floated the British flag, crossed the Upper Town and stopped in front of the Château St. Louis. The commandant of the place, who awaited him, handed over the keys. The white uniforms of France lined up for the last time in front of the gates and filed off in silence to give place to the English sentinels. A body of marines, detached from the fleet under the command of Captain Palliser, took possession of the Lower Town. Salvos of artillery saluted the flag of England, raised at the same time on the summit of Mountain Hill and on the citadel, from which it was never more to descend.

It still remained to the victors to guard this conquest during a winter spent in the midst of the ruins, deprived of all communication, and compelled to hold out against an active and audacious enemy. The proud Townshend, impatient to return to England and enjoy a triumph which others had merited more than he, confided the difficult task to Brigadier James Murray. The nine regiments of the line, with the artillery and a company of rangers, forming a total force of seven

thousand three hundred and thirteen men, remained under his orders. The other companies of rangers with the Louisbourg grenadiers and the marines, prepared to re-embark on the fleet. Major Elliott, with a corps of five hundred men, went to dislodge the French from the hornwork, and left there a strong garrison. While waiting for a certain number of houses to be repaired to serve as barracks, the troops camped in front of the walls of the town.

On September 21st, Murray issued a proclamation announcing that the inhabitants of the environs of Quebec were at liberty to resume peaceable possession of their properties and to go freely about their business. "But," says Foligné, "what properties does he desire our *habitants* to occupy after the ravages he has had committed,—their houses burned, their cattle taken away, their goods pillaged? From this day our poor women may be seen emerging from the depth of the forest, dragging their little children after them, eaten by flies, without clothes, and crying with hunger. What grief must be endured by these poor mothers who neither know whether they now have husbands, or if they have, where they are to find them, or what assistance they will be able to furnish their poor children at the commencement of the winter season, during which they always have difficulty to provide for them, even when comfortably settled at home! Not even the sieges of Jerusalem and of Samaria afforded more harrowing scenes." It was only, however, the

families who lived in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, and who had consequently no means of seeking an asylum elsewhere, who made peace with the English. With the exception of these unfortunates, who had simply to choose between death and submission, the mass of the Canadians were obstinately determined to continue the fight, and to remain attached to that France which no longer thought anything about them. Not even from the history of the earliest times is there to be found an instance of more touching fidelity or persevering courage.

The frosts of autumn had made their appearance. All the soldiers and sailors were set at work to destroy the redoubts erected on the plains, to remove the ruins from the streets, to repair the dwellings, to complete the fortifications, to cut and bring in firewood, and finally to disembark and store the provisions and ammunition. By the commencement of October the army was able to be fairly well accommodated with lodgings, either within the walls or in the palace of the intendant, which had escaped the siege with only slight damage. The nuns of the Ursuline Convent and of the Hôtel-Dieu returned to their respective convents, which were now partly occupied by troops. The strictest discipline was maintained at all the posts. Day and night, in the rain and cold as well as in fine weather, sentries patrolled the surroundings to guard against all surprise. The command of the place might have been confided to a more able tactician, but not to

anybody better adapted to gain the esteem and the confidence of the Canadians.

In one of the last days of October the cannon on the ramparts answered to the salute of the fleet which was sailing for England. On board the *Royal William* were the embalmed remains of General Wolfe.

A few days earlier Captain Marcel, on the point of leaving for France with the prisoners of war, had visited the chapel of the Ursulines to bid a last farewell to the remains of his general, who was never more to see the beautiful sky of Provence, nor yet his olive plantations, his oil mill and his much-loved friends of Candiac.

In England the news of Wolfe's success came with most dramatic effect. The despairing letter which he had written to Pitt a few days before his death had been published and had caused universal disappointment. "If the general was doubtful of the result," said the public, "surely we have cause to despair." Three days later came altogether the news of the defeat of Montcalm, of the death of Wolfe, and of the fall of Quebec. "The incidents of a drama," said Horace Walpole, "could not have been more artfully conducted to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation. Despondency, triumph, and tears were mingled together, for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory." The young hero was lauded to the skies. The whole face of the country was brilliantly illuminated. Only one locality,

Blackheath, remained dark and still; for there a recently-widowed mother mourned the death of the best of sons. Her fellow-citizens, respecting her grief, abstained from all public rejoicing. Lady Montague, writing to the Countess of Bute, said: "General Wolfe is to be lamented, but not pitied. I am of your opinion that compassion is only due to his mother and intended bride." The great minister, who had discovered the genius of Wolfe, made his panegyric in the House of Commons, and the gratitude of the English people raised him a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The France of Louis XV hastened to forget the memory of Montcalm, which lay upon it as a burden of remorse. The France of America will always cherish it. It has forgotten his faults to remember only his virtues and his heroism. The name of Montcalm is inscribed on our monuments and public places. History and poetry have joined hands to celebrate the national heritage of his glory. The mausoleum raised over his tomb a century after his death is not less honoured than that of Wolfe at Westminster.

CHAPTER IX

THE VICTORY AT STE. FOY—SURRENDER OF CANADA TO ENGLAND—CONCLUSION

THE hard winter of 1759-60 passed without further incident than the increase of public misery and a few skirmishes. April brought with it the grateful sun of spring time, the alternation of warm rains, and biting frosts, and finally the disappearance from sight of the snow, with the crash of the breaking ice, and the unbridling of the waters. This was the opportunity for which Lévis and Vaudreuil had been waiting, for they had decided to strike a blow at Quebec. "The melting of the ice," wrote Malartic, "does not correspond to the eagerness of our troops to start." Lévis had everything in readiness, so that each battalion, with its quota of Canadians, should be ready to march the moment the signal was given. Each *habitant* was to have on hand eight days' provisions for himself and the soldiers he boarded. The general's first act when he called the army together was to acknowledge his gratefulness towards the Canadians, who had been like fathers to the soldiers all winter, giving them lodging, warmth, and clothing, and who were just dividing with them their last morsel of bread. "We should," said Lévis, "in this daring undertaking, show our gratitude to the colony which has main-

tained us since our arrival. The Canadians have received the soldiers as if they were their own children, and we cannot too highly praise their friendship and devotion."

These proceedings had gained for Lévis the hearts of the entire population, and here, and nowhere else, is to be sought the explanation of the prodigy of the campaign—the brilliant victory of April 28th. He believed that he could rely sufficiently upon the devotion of the soldiers and militiamen to hide from them none of the sufferings they would have to undergo. "I beg you," he wrote to the officers, "to warn them to expect a hard campaign. I cannot foresee any certainty of a good supply of any food but bread, and when we arrive before the walls of Quebec we shall only have such horse meat or beef as we can happen upon."

It is only necessary to read the replies of Lévis to the demands of the army to realize the unbelievable scarcity of stores that stared him in the face. The militiamen with no uniforms but their *habitant* clothing, were armed only with their hunting guns, without bayonets, replacing the latter by knives, their handles so shaped as to fit the ends of the firearms. The supply of projectiles was no more satisfactory, for after collecting all that could be had in the various posts only three hundred and twelve cannon balls and two hundred thousand pounds of powder were available. Such were the means with which Lévis undertook to defeat Murray's victorious

army and retake Quebec. Ever since the end of the last campaign he had had the workmen of Montreal at work making tools, gun carriages, and even kitchen utensils, which the army sadly lacked. Some indispensable articles which could not be otherwise obtained were stolen from Quebec, from under the very noses of the English. Lévis was the soul of all this organization, and found reason for self-satisfaction in the entire and active coöperation of Vaudreuil. The governor had even succeeded in maintaining spies within Quebec, and these kept him informed concerning all that went on in the town and the state of the garrison. Thus he knew that scurvy had made great havoc, especially among the soldiers, and six or seven hundred bodies had been buried in snow banks, until such time as the ground would thaw sufficiently to allow them to be interred. Some seemingly improbable accounts even said that over half the garrison was on the sick list, and there were not over two thousand serviceable men left. The truth was that Murray could still lead into the field four thousand eight hundred men, who, more fortunate than the *habitants* in the country parts, had had an abundance of food, even if it was not over fresh. Among the sick, too, were many who were only slightly affected.

At Sorel the valiant Captain Vauquelin, who was in charge of the two frigates, *Atalante* and *Pomone*, completed the loading of the stores, and was ready to sail at a moment's notice.

Each time that the general left the governor's château in which the council sat, he lingered upon the terrace overlooking the river to examine the effect of the water upon the ice, the departure of which he would have liked to hasten. The enormous white cuirass, up-borne by the giant river's swollen breast, opened to form great crevices which were soon transformed into troubled lakes in which innumerable icebergs dashed against one another like crumbling walls. Finally, on April 15th, the river before Montreal was open to navigation. The same day two transports, a vessel transformed into a storeship, the *Marie*, and a schooner, which were to be conveyed by the frigates, were launched, loaded with the equipment and part of the ammunition. A small cavalry corps, which left in two divisions, the fourteenth and fifteenth, was already *en route* for Jacques Cartier. It was composed of only two hundred men, mounted upon the best horses that could be gathered together round Montreal. On the seventeenth all the battalion leaders had in their hands the general's marching orders, directing them to embark on the morning of Sunday, April 20th, with their troops, upon the vessels lying at the shore opposite their respective cantonments.

The little fleet grew as it approached Lake St. Peter. At Lachenaie it effected a junction with the fleet bearing the La Sarre battalion, and at Verchères it was joined by the barges conveying the Guyenne corps. Berry's two battalions, which

were camped lower down formed the advance guard. A number of birch-bark canoes, bearing two hundred and seventy-eight Indians, glided about among the heavier vessels with their usual swiftness. The two frigates, the transports and a few other small vessels followed at a slight distance. The total strength of the army, including the Indians and the cavalry, who had gone down by land, was six thousand nine hundred and ten men, divided into five brigades and eleven battalions, half regulars and half militiamen, most of the latter being incorporated into the regiments.

Lévis hoped to recruit some of the *habitants* round Quebec after having invested the place, but, as he observed, they could only serve as pioneers, having been disarmed by the English. He was authorized by Vaudreuil to force them to enlist "under penalty of death," if they were not moved to do so by considerations of patriotism and religion. The general stole a moment in which to write to Bougainville, who had just replaced Lusignan at Ile-aux-Noix. "The army started to-day," he said. "M. de Bourlamaque is leaving at the present instant, and I start to-morrow. Prayers have been offered up for us. God grant that they may find acceptance. The bishop has issued a splendid *mandement*." Mgr. de Pontbriand and his clergy, had, as a matter of fact, urged his people forward to the expedition as to a crusade, and the pulpits re-echoed with prayers and exhortations. The bishop of Quebec,

who had only two months more to live, arose from his bed to make a supreme appeal to his flock, and it was hearkened to. The river, which was at high water mark, rapidly carried down the vessels loaded to the water's edge with their cargoes of men armed and accoutred in every conceivable fashion. Soldiers half clad in peasant dress, jostled against grenadiers with regulation uniform and broad waist belts; and the gold-laced officers, elegant even with their faded plumes, transformed grey *habitant* homespun into caps of imitation fur.

The great level plains around Montreal not yet quite free from their mantle of snow, still bore their drear wintry appearance, and great fields of ice, which broke loose from both shores, covered the river with white islets, some of them grounded and others borne along by the current. As the vessels passed their respective parishes the militiamen signalled, and sometimes spoke a few words to their families, who ran to the water's edge to distinguish their loved ones and bid them farewell.

A strong north-east wind, accompanied by rain, which raged all day during the twenty-third, arrested the army's progress. The Chevalier de Lévis issued orders that Pointe-aux-Trembles was only to be reached the following day, and this was done at sunset, when the men had much difficulty in dragging their boats ashore, owing to the floating ice. The frigates, the transports, and the canoes in which de Lévis travelled arrived a few hours before them.

Here the general landed three field-guns, which were to follow by land, and encamped his men about the church. The hard, rough journey neared its close. For fifty leagues the army had been exposed to the damp cold, characteristic of the season, which was found more piercing than ever on the river. Shivering night and day in their boats the men had only cold water wherewith to slake their thirst, and a meagre ration of salt meat to satisfy their hunger, but they bore without a murmur the privations which private and officer shared alike.

The early morning sun of April 25th found the army assembled upon the church grounds. The enemy was known to be near; in fact, it was supposed that he was at Cap Rouge, where he could oppose the crossing of the river. Already threats of burning the houses of all the people of St. Augustin had been made. The troops were served with provisions for one day, and Canadian and Indian scouts led the way. On Saturday, the twenty-sixth, at 8 a.m., notwithstanding the north-east wind, all the vessels were again despatched on the way to St. Augustin, where they moored before noon. The season here was more backward than at Montreal; the ice-bridge at Quebec had only left three days before, and great walls of ice still fringed the shores. For this reason it was necessary to drag the vessels high up on the beach, so that they should not be carried off with the débris of ice at flood tide. The men could be carried no nearer to Quebec by water,

because of the precipitous character of the cliffs lower down the stream, and the facility with which they might have been occupied by the enemy to prevent a landing. Two men were left in charge of each boat. The approach to Quebec was, therefore, necessarily by land, and by a route eighteen miles long over almost impassable roads. The same obstacles which had the year before prevented Wolfe's designs at Cap Rouge now faced the French, and for this reason Lévis, certain that the mouth of the river was guarded, decided to attempt a crossing two miles further up. The army was then provided with three days' provisions, and a supply of cartridges, and, while this was being done, an advance guard, consisting of the grenadiers, the Indians, and a detachment of artillery, under Bourlamaque, was ordered to repair the bridges which had been destroyed by the English. The task could not have been entrusted to better hands. By two o'clock in the afternoon two bridges for foot passengers had been constructed, and Lévis at once pushed forward with his army. The north-east wind had, since the morning, developed into a tempest, followed by an ice-cold rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, but the soldiers, wet to the skin, faced both wind and storm, ankle deep in a thick mud which was mixed with snow. The officers, who were also on foot, like mere privates, set a worthy example of courage and good humour.

Lévis, who had just learned that the British had abandoned their positions at Lorette, and fallen back upon Ste. Foy, ordered Bourlamaque to cross the river and seize these positions as well as the houses commanding the road and crossing. "We succeeded," says Lévis, "in sending over before nightfall a brigade which occupied the grenadiers' positions, and M. de Bourlamaque was ordered to advance as far as he possibly could without, however, compromising himself, until he heard that the army was under way." He consequently crossed the Suete marsh, in which the enemy might have advantageously opposed him, and took up his position in some houses less than a mile from the heights of Ste. Foy, upon which the enemy was stationed. The Chevalier de Lévis advanced the brigades as they crossed to support him, and went over himself for the night, instructing de Lapause to inform him as soon as the entire army had crossed the marsh.

"It was a frightful night," writes Lévis, "terribly cold and stormy, and the army, which only finished crossing at a very late hour in the night, suffered enormously. The bridges were broken, and the men had to wade through the water. In the darkness the workmen could hardly repair them, and had it not been for the lightning we should have had to stop." In another place he says, "the troops were in a pitiable condition." The tempest in question was one of the worst the country had known

for many years, and the houses creaked until it almost seemed as though they would be blown down. Then the wind went down, and gave place to even more intense cold and a rain mingled with snow.

General Murray was better informed of the movements of the French army than Lévis imagined. The rumours of an attack on Quebec had gained strength as the winter advanced, and gave place to certainty on the approach of spring. About the middle of April three French deserters from the regulars, and later on a sergeant of grenadiers assured him that the entire strength of the colony was to be below the walls of Quebec in a short time. On the twenty-first, at 10 a.m., the general posted a proclamation ordering all civilians to leave the city within three days. "It is impossible," says Knox, "to help sympathizing with these unfortunates in their distress. The men prudently restrained their sentiments on this occasion, but the women were not so discreet; they charged us with a breach of the capitulation; said that they had often heard *que les Anglais sont des gens sans foi!* (that the British are a faithless people) and that we had now convinced them of the propriety of that character."

General Murray was unaware of the presence of the French army at Cap Rouge, when a fortuitous circumstance warned him of the imminent danger. On Sunday, the twenty-seventh, at 2 a.m., a sentinel on the sloop of war *Race Horse*, then moored in Cul-de-

Sac Cove, thought he could hear through the fog which overhung the St. Lawrence wails resembling the cries of a man in distress, apparently drowning. At this time the rising tide was driving up a number of floating pieces of ice, which could be heard grinding against one another in the darkness. Hearing the cries repeated the sentinel no longer had any doubt that some human being was in distress and in need of succour, and he informed the commandant of the fact. Captain Macartney sent his boat and some sailors to enquire into the matter, and, following in the direction of the cries, they presently found a man, almost frozen, upon a floe. He was taken on board the vessel, and after some trouble consciousness and speech were restored. The revelations which he thereupon made were so important that it was thought wise to inform the general at once, although it was 3 a.m. The dying man was borne in a ship's hammock to headquarters, where Murray, who had been immediately awakened, listened to his story. He was a sergeant of artillery in the army which Lévis was leading against Quebec. The floating battery upon which he had been stationed with six men had been overturned during the tempest by a berg upon which he had managed to scramble while his companions were drowned. Night had surprised him before he could summon assistance, and the ebb tide had carried him to the Island of Orleans, while the flood brought him back along the wharves of the Lower Town. He

had time to tell before dying that Lévis had with him some twelve thousand or fifteen thousand men.

Murray at once called the garrison to arms, and left at daybreak with the grenadiers, five regiments, and ten pieces of artillery to reconnoitre the enemy's position, dispute his advance, and, if necessary, retire his own advance posts. He stationed his troops in the row of houses which lined the road on both sides of Ste. Foy church, and opened a cannon fire upon the French outpost which could be seen in the edge of the forest. Lévis, who, at the moment, was with Bourlamaque conducting a reconnaissance on the Lorette road, recognized the advantageous nature of Murray's position. The village of Ste. Foy is situated upon a slight hill, which rises as it approaches Quebec, where it is called the Côte Ste. Geneviève, and to the westward it descends by a more gentle slope to the Cap Rouge River. Opposite Ste. Foy this hill becomes an inclined plane, below which is a swamp called the Suete. This marsh was covered by a thick layer of rain-soaked snow, and such was the road which the army had to follow. Lévis knew that Murray had fortified himself with his cannon in the church and the neighbouring houses which flanked his position. To dislodge him he would have to bring up artillery by impassable roads, and then traverse marshy woods, and form up under an artillery and musketry fire. The army was moreover worn out by thirty hours' fatigue, apart from the frightful weather; and an icy rain

still fell. The French general consequently decided to wait until nightfall before advancing, and to attempt to turn the enemy's position by the right. He had just halted his columns, which were pouring out of Lorette village when he saw the Ste. Foy church in flames, and the roof fall in. The British were retiring and blowing up their store of ammunition. The order to advance was at once given, and at 6 a.m. Lévis was master of Ste. Foy village. "This march," says Malartic, "was hard and painful. All the officers made it on foot, and, like the privates, suffered from rain and snow, besides the inconvenience of marching in snow up to their knees."

The cavalry and grenadiers pursued the British to within a mile and a half of the town, where they had a fortified post in a house and another in a windmill, belonging to one Dumont, which was situated on the north side of the Ste. Foy road, on a slight eminence overlooking the Côte Ste. Geneviève. On the site of this mill stands to-day a column surmounted by a statue of Bellona, erected to commemorate the heroic fight which was waged there the following morning. The army fortified itself in the houses and barns along the Ste. Foy road, and in the neighbourhood of Sillery.

While the British soldiers, after their return to the city, comforted themselves with the good rum distributed to them, and enjoyed the heat of fires

built of the wood taken from the houses of St. Roch their general was considering, in a council of war, the course to pursue on the morrow. If he remained strictly upon the defensive he could either shut himself up within the walls of Quebec or fortify himself behind the Buttes-à-Neveu. The fortifications were still poor, but stronger than when the British conquered the place, for they had made important additions to them. He finally decided to entrench himself without the walls, notwithstanding the difficulties presented by the ground which the frost was only beginning to leave. In the council he did not even suggest taking the offensive, although in his heart he was inclined to do so. He was impetuous, like most of the officers of the time, brave even to rashness, and extremely ambitious, and the extraordinary glory bestowed upon General Wolfe caused dreams of similar fame to enter Murray's mind.

During the preceding autumn Bernier, the commissary of war, who had many dealings with him, admirably gauged his character. "The man is young," he said to Bougainville, "fiery, proud of his strength, decided in his ideas, and, having reached a position which he had no reason for previously expecting, is eager to distinguish himself. Of a naturally good character, he is nevertheless to be feared when opposed, and being easily inflamed is then ready to do almost anything. You know that too great an opinion of one's strength often leaves one little

opportunity for reflection and consideration, and frequently gives reason for subsequent regret." This estimate explains Murray's conduct. With an army composed altogether of regular troops, and the splendid train of artillery at his command he considered himself certain of defeating the remains of a beaten army led by Lévis, while he held the collection of militia which swelled its ranks in utter contempt.

The night had been calm and clear, and at daylight Lévis mounted his horse and proceeded to inspect the Plains of Abraham in order to choose a favourable location on which to receive the enemy if he appeared. Murray's tactics on the preceding evening led him to believe that the British would remain strictly upon the defensive, and he had told the transports to land at the Foulon the provisions which he intended to distribute at once to the army. When he emerged from the woods of Sillery surrounded by his staff and an escort, the sun's rays fell upon a plain which seemed a veritable desert. Traces of snow and pools of frozen water here and there marked the undulations of the ground. The budless, frost-covered branches sparkled like crystals in the early sunlight. The blades of grass beginning to shoot on the eastern slope of the cliff heralded the return of spring. Over two miles below, Cape Diamond raised its crest towards the east. Here and there a few British detachments were visible upon the horizon. One of them was abandon-

ing a redoubt overlooking the Foulon, and this Lévis caused some of his dismounted attendants to occupy, himself proceeding further so as more closely to observe the enemy's movements.

Murray had come out of the town with his entire army, preceded by twenty-two pieces of artillery, two of which were howitzers. Besides his arms each man bore either a pick or a spade as if the general intended only to entrench himself outside the walls. Was this done for the purpose of concealing his real intention, and conveying the idea that he had only decided to attack at the moment when the action began? It is hard to believe otherwise when we consider the precipitation of his assault. When the Buttes-à-Neveu were reached he drew up his regiments in order of battle, with a frontage of two deep, and marched towards the heights upon which Wolfe had, the previous autumn, awaited Montcalm's army. It was at this moment that Lévis saw the enemy come out of the ravine covering the entire plain from the crest of the cliff to the Ste. Foy road. As the British advanced they extended their lines so as to cover as much space as possible on the table-land. The moment Lévis saw that he had to deal with the entire British army he withdrew his men from the redoubt, and gave Major-General Montreuil orders to push his troops to the front. At the same time he ordered Bourlamaque to post five companies of grenadiers in Dumont's house and mill, which the British had evacuated during the night,

and to station the other five on a slight eminence commanding the right. His two wings being thus strengthened he posted de Lapause at the entrance to the Ste. Foy road, along which the army was advancing, to point out to each commanding officer the place his battalions were to occupy. The two brigades on the right, the Royal-Roussillon and Guyenne were already in position, and Berry was debouching from the road when the British soldiers, whom Murray had ordered to throw down their tools, appeared on the elevation below which the French troops were defiling. In front of Dumont's mill the brave d'Aiguebelle, with his grenadiers, opposed Dalling's light infantry, while the grenadiers on the right held back the volunteers and Hazen's rangers.

Murray, with his staff, advanced a few paces in front of his lines. He saw before him a scene which might easily inflame even a less fiery soul than his. The ground which he occupied was as favourable as that whence Wolfe, in the previous September had overwhelmed Montcalm's army. Moreover, he had behind him formidable artillery and an army with victory still fresh in its mind. On his left he was master of the redoubt which the French had just abandoned. On his right the light infantry was within a few paces of Dumont's mill. Behind the mill wound, like a natural defence, the ravine through which ran a stream, swollen by the melting snow, and falling like a cascade by the Côte

Ste. Geneviève. On the edge of the Sillery forest were the Berry and marine brigades, advancing in all haste to take up their post in the centre, while the Béarn battalion came out of the Ste. Foy road. Only Lévis' right was drawn up in battle formation.

It did not seem as though there could be a more favourable moment for crushing the units of the French army in detail, and Murray at once ordered the attack. At a distance of one hundred paces the artillery opened a fire of grape, which took terrible effect, especially upon the two last brigades, which were on the march. Lévis saw the danger, and at once resolved upon the dangerous expedient of retiring his army to the edge of the woods. He personally directed the movement, which, he says, "was carried out with the greatest bravery and activity under a heavy artillery and musketry fire." Murray was deceived. He took the retreat for the commencement of a flight, and ordered his troops to charge, at the same time inclining to the right so as to seize Dumont's mill and house, which commanded the Ste. Foy road. Several guns already swept this road, across which the La Sarre brigade began to deploy, forming the French left. A furious struggle was being waged about the mill between the grenadiers and the light infantry, behind whom the whole English right was advancing, including Webb's and Amherst's regiments, and part of the Royal Americans under Colonel Burton. The grena-

diers, crushed by superior numbers, abandoned the mill, and fell back upon La Sarre. At this moment Lévis passed along the front of his line holding his hat on the end of his sword. It was the prearranged signal for a general attack. The La Sarre brigade, which old Colonel Dalquier, its commander, had caused to retire in order to take up its position in line with the others, came back with the grenadiers and retook the mill, as well as two hillocks overlooking the road. During this attack the light infantry was so demoralized that it retired to the rear guard and never returned to the attack. On the right the five companies of grenadiers, supported by the Canadian sharpshooters, cleared the redoubt of the rangers and volunteers, and advanced on a second redoubt surmounting a knoll a few paces further on. The two brigades on the right, with three guns, stubbornly opposed the redoubtable Highlanders and the Bragg and Lascelles regiments which formed the British left.

The French general gave his two wings his principal attention, for the centre, composed of the marine and Berry brigades, with the main body of the Canadians, seemed unshakable. Each battalion was preceded and flanked by a host of Canadian sharpshooters under Repentigny, and these thinned the British ranks with frightful rapidity. Always admirable shots, they availed themselves of all the shelter the ground afforded, and brought down a man every time they fired, with as much precision

as though they were on their hunting-grounds. They would lie down to avoid a discharge of grape, or a volley of musketry, and then fire again. For over two hours the main body of the enemy, the flower of the British army, endeavoured to crush these poorly-armed militiamen from its own more advantageous position, but each time had to fall back and reform under the protection of its artillery.

Bourlamaque imparted to the left, which he commanded, the spirit of his own unconquerable tenacity. While the fight was at its hottest, he, for a moment, crossed over to the right to receive his general's orders. As he was returning his horse was shot under him, and a ball cut away a part of his leg. He was conveyed to the residence of M. de la Gongendière, which was close at hand.

Just at this time a party of Highlanders, sent to replace the light infantry, and d'Aiguebelle's grenadiers were having a hand-to-hand fight. "They were worthy opponents," says Chevalier Johnstone. "The grenadiers, bayonets in hand, drove the Highlanders out through the windows, and the latter, re-entering by the door with their dirks, forced the former in turn to take the same means of egress. The building was taken and retaken several times, and the fight would have lasted while there was a Highlander and a grenadier left, if the two generals had not recalled their men, and as if by common consent, left the place, for the time being, neutral ground. The grenadiers were reduced to not more

than fourteen men to the company, while the Highlanders were proportionately decimated. Lévis hastened to reassure the La Sarre brigade by his presence, and then crossed his lines, going from right to left between the two armies, and ordering each of his brigades to charge as he passed it." The grenadiers he instructed to take the last redoubt. The charge was irresistible, and the rangers and volunteers retiring in confusion exposed the left flank of Bragg's regiment, which began to waver.

The La Sarre brigade after having crossed the brook advanced, without firing, upon the English left. It was a bare thirty paces from it when the men sank to their knees in a deep drift of snow, which checked their advance. Moreover, the ground across which they were charging sloped gradually towards the Côte Ste. Geneviève, exposing them to a murderous fire of grape from the British guns. The brigade was suffering so severely, and was in such grave danger that Lévis sent Lapause, and afterwards another officer, to order it to make a half turn to the right and establish itself in some houses situated a little to the rear. Although the order was conveyed by so intelligent a man as Lapause it was misunderstood, and the day was thereby almost lost. Malartic, not daring to disobey, said nothing, but advanced fifteen paces in front of the brigade in order to show that it must advance. A minute later Dalquier, bleeding from a wound in his side, joined him, and said, "Major, I will take it upon myself

to disregard the general's orders. Let us take advantage of the soldiers' zeal. We will not fire but fall upon them with the bayonet, and so shall conquer." Then turning to the men he said, "Men, when we are within twenty paces of the enemy is not the time to retire. We will give them the bayonet, for that is our best course." The centre seeing the left advance did the same, and the grenadiers once more seized the mill and the hillocks from which they were not again dislodged. Lévis arrived at this moment, and said to Dalquier, "You have done the king the greatest possible service in not making a half-right turn. Hold your position for five minutes, and I will guarantee a victory." The general then disappeared behind the clumps of trees scattered about the plain and regained the right. The moment for the decisive blow was at hand. Lévis intended to execute a flank movement with the Royal-Roussillon and Queen's brigades, and force the British towards the Côte Ste. Geneviève, thus cutting off their retreat to Quebec. A badly-executed order, however, brought the Queen's brigade behind the left wing. Lévis thereupon undertook the carrying out of the movement with the Royal-Roussillon brigade alone, and gave orders to this effect to Poulariez, who, taking advantage of a dip in the ground, made his way along the edge of the cliff. A panic spread amongst the British when they saw the French bayonets glittering upon the ridge between them and the

river. Murray, in desperation, threw his reserve upon both wings at once, but it was too late. "The enemy," says Johnstone, "fled so precipitately, and in such confusion that the officers could not rally a single man."

"If the Queen's brigade," said Lévis, "had been at its post, we would have enveloped the enemy's left, and evidently could have cut off their retreat, which would have been decisive. They retired so precipitately though, and were so near to the town that our worn-out troops could not overtake them. However, they abandoned all their artillery, ammunition, tools, dead and wounded."

The Canadians proved themselves to be as firm as the regular troops in the open. While the latter formed up on the edge of the forest they formed an impenetrable cordon round them, and the British so feared their accurate aim that they did not dare to approach the woods. "The Canadians of the four brigades," says Malartic, "who occupied the intervals or preceded the brigades, kept up a sustained and effective fire, doing much harm to the British."

Captain de Laas, of the Queen's brigade, who commanded a detachment of Canadians on the extreme right, did not receive orders to turn the British left wing with the Royal-Roussillon brigade. He, however, joined in the movement with an intelligence equalled only by his bravery, and Lévis mentions his charge as one of the most brilliant of the entire day.

"The enemy," says the chevalier, "numbered about four thousand men, and we about five thousand, of whom two thousand four hundred were militiamen. Of this total, however, about one thousand four hundred men, such as the cavalry and the Queen's brigade, were never in action. We had been obliged to leave some detachments behind, and the Indians retired, and would fight no longer."

About the end of the action Malartic was wounded by a piece of grape, which spent its force upon his breast. "The blow," he says, "knocked me down and shook me up considerably. I came to in the arms of a sergeant and a private, who wished to raise me, but I begged them to let me die in peace. As they lifted me, notwithstanding my protests, I felt something cold slide down my chest, and then, opening my vest, which had been pierced, I found my left breast swollen until it was as large as my fist and very black." Malartic was taken to the general hospital, with the wounded of both armies.

The English placed their loss in the engagement at over one thousand men killed, wounded, and missing. On the other hand the French lost two hundred and sixty-eight killed, including two officers, and seven hundred and sixty-three wounded. Of this number the Canadians had two hundred and three killed and wounded. Among the Canadians killed was the gallant Colonel Rheaume, commander of the Montreal battalion, and some of their best officers, including Captains St. Martin and Corbière. The

Indians, who, as we have already seen, basely kept at a distance during the fighting, did not pursue the fleeing Britishers, but spread over the plain, while the victors followed up the vanquished, and scalped indiscriminately the French and British who lay upon the field of battle.

The scene of the conflict presented a horrible sight, being covered with pools of blood, which the frozen ground could not absorb, while the snow which lay in the depressions of the field was turned to red. Around Dumont's mill and house the mounds of bodies completely covered the soil. Immediately after the battle General Lévis sent an officer and some men to take possession of the general hospital, which lay at the bottom of the St. Charles valley. It is not difficult to imagine the anxiety with which its occupants had watched the varying fortunes of the day.

"Every cannon and musket-shot rang in our ears," says one of the nuns, "and you may imagine our position. The interests of the nation were at stake as were also those of our relatives who were participating in the fight, and so our sufferings defied description.

"It would require a more eloquent pen than mine to depict the horrors we were called upon to witness and to listen to during the arrival of the wounded who came in for twenty-four consecutive hours. The cries of the dying and the grief of their friends were indeed heart-rending, and

one needed an almost superhuman strength to sustain the ordeal.

"Although we prepared five hundred cots, which were supplied from the king's stores, as many more were needed. Our stables and barns were crowded with the unfortunates. Out of sixty-two officers in the infirmary thirty-three died, and the place was strewn with amputated arms and legs. The misery was heightened by a scarcity of linen, and we were obliged to sacrifice even our own clothing. We could not on this occasion, as on that of the first battle, hope for aid from the hospital nuns of the city, for the British had taken possession of their hospital, as well as of the Ursuline convent, for the accommodation of their wounded, who were even more numerous than our own. In fact, we also received about twenty of their officers whom they could not carry away and with the care of whom we were also burdened."

The news of this victory rapidly flew from parish to parish, and was everywhere welcomed with outbursts of joy. For the moment it was thought that the colony was saved, for the majority of the Canadians still lived in hopes that France had not forsaken them, and that, as in the preceding year, the help which they had asked for would arrive before the British fleet, and afford Lévis the assistance he required for retaking Quebec, thus deciding the campaign once for all.

"Please accept my congratulations upon your

splendid victory, my dear general," wrote Bougainville. "I am the more delighted with it because it affords an instance of cleverly-executed movements in the field, incredible diligence on the march, and noteworthy intrepidity. You will be our father since you have restored our honour, and even should you not retake the town your glory will be none the less. I am grieved, indeed, that I was not privileged to be with you, but a man of war has no choice but to obey. Naturally our losses were heavy, but they could not be otherwise. Here every one is frantic with joy, and we await with impatience the news of your next movements. You have no time to lose.

"There is nothing new here. We are working while you are winning victories."

Vaudreuil had already written to the chevalier as follows:—"Your military experience and good judgment were sufficient to decide the battle in your favour. It will long be a memorable day, and to you all the glory of the achievement belongs. I can hardly express the keenness of the joy it gives me.

"I regret exceedingly the brave officers and men of both the regulars and Canadians who have fallen. They could not, however, be otherwise than valiant when fighting under the eyes of a general whom they love so much, and whose bravery all admire."

The appearance of the British fleet in the harbour of Quebec, however, nullified the victory at Ste. Foy. Lévis, being obliged to raise the siege which he had commenced, was compelled to fall back upon

Montreal, where he was soon surrounded by the overwhelming force which had invaded the country from three sides at once, and the capitulation signed by Vaudreuil on the following September 8th ended the French régime in Canada.

It would be superfluous to draw here a picture of Lévis, for he stands out all through the pages of this volume. In it we have heard him speak and seen him play his part. His incontestable superiority over all who surrounded him has asserted itself, and Montcalm did not hesitate to acknowledge it. The marquis, in all his correspondence, shows to what an extent he consulted the chevalier, and modified his plans in accordance with the latter's suggestions. He was, in short, the only man to whom the colony's imperious military commander bowed, feeling himself obliged to defer to his cool and lofty reasoning, his self-control, the wisdom of his advice, and the prudence of his conduct. Montcalm and Lévis had, in common, great military qualities, unflinching bravery, and a consummate knowledge and experience of the art of war, but the latter had the better judgment, more broad-mindedness, greater coolness, and even superior intrepidity in action. It was Wolfe's good fortune not to meet Lévis on the Plains of Abraham, otherwise, while the engagement at Montmorency was only a temporary check to his plans, that of September 13th might have meant to him only disaster and ruin.

The Treaty of Paris, signed on February 10th,

1763, put an end to the Seven Years' War. To all outward appearances it had in no way changed the physiognomy of Europe; in reality it marked a revolution in the history of mankind. France, being confined to the Old World, fell back upon her internal affairs, and gave herself up entirely to the new ideas which she was beginning to entertain, and which were destined to burst so soon upon the world like a thunderclap. The startling revenge which she took upon England twenty years after the Treaty of Paris was the prelude to the enormous commotion which, like an abyss, now marks the past from the present. The Treaty of Versailles, concluded in 1783, assured the independence of the English colonies, which had become the United States of America, and through it England no longer retained in America anything but a portion of New France, and the handful of people whom she had conquered, and who were just beginning to recover from the ruin that surrounded them. Immediately after the fall of Quebec, Franklin, the most eminent statesman in the English colonies, laughed at those who prophesied that the conquest of Canada would result in their early independence. "I venture to say," he wrote, "that union between them for such a purpose is not only improbable but impossible." The Treaty of Versailles proved conclusively that he was wrong. General Murray showed more perspicacity, for in a conversation with Malartic in 1760 he asked the latter:—

"Do you think we will give back Canada to you?"

"I am not familiar enough with politics to see things so far ahead," was the reply.

"If we are wise," said Murray, "we will not keep it. New England must have something to rub up against, and our best way of supplying it is by not retaining this country."

If Malartic, when he was thus questioned by Murray, could have seen into the future he would have answered: "The Cabinet at London will show less foresight than you; it will not leave the English colonies the opposition necessary to restrain their exuberance, and they will soon break their oath of allegiance. As an independent nation the United States will startle the world by their rapid growth. In a century they will have a population of over fifty million people. You ask me how they are to accomplish this prodigy? They will receive from all quarters of the earth such a horde of immigrants that only an invasion of barbarians can rival it, and its results can easily be foreseen. And this peaceful invasion will be more fraught with dire results to the early settlers of the United States than was the violent conquest of Canada to the French-Canadians. At the end of the nineteenth century the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, your most intelligent and hard-working colonists, will have almost entirely disappeared from New England. They will be replaced by others from foreign countries, who will give to the continent such a strange new aspect

that if the elders of the time of Cotton Mather were to return they would find nothing remaining of their old-time manners, habits, and religion.

"With the Canadians it will be very different. Deserted and left by France in an almost inconceivable state of ruin, they will survive. Without the aid of outside immigration, they will, by their natural increase alone, grow so rapidly that, at the end of the next century, they will form a homogeneous people numbering over two million souls, united as one man and still so French that one of their own poets will be able to say in all truth:

> 'Nous avons conservé le brillant héritage
> Légué par nos aïeux, pur de tout alliage,
> Sans jamais rien laisser aux ronces du chemin.'"

NOTES

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BOUGAINVILLE'S MISSION TO FRANCE

It is only proper to mention that Vaudreuil was largely responsible for the failure of Bougainville's mission. He commended Doreil to the minister of war: "I have full confidence in him, and he may be entirely trusted," and of Bougainville he wrote to the minister of marine: "He is in all respects better fitted than any one else to inform you of the state of the colony. I have given him my instructions, and you can trust entirely in what he tells you." The virtue of these recommendations was seriously impaired by the confidential letter which Vaudreuil wrote to the minister of marine: "I have given letters to MM. Doreil and Bougainville, but I have the honour to inform you that they are creatures of M. de Montcalm."

Pages 65, 66

WOLFE'S ALLEGED BRAVADO

The author has here followed a prevalent tradition which has been seriously questioned by competent historians. The story was not introduced for the purpose of casting discredit upon Wolfe, but rather for the purpose of enforcing the point of George III's well-known reply to the allegation that Wolfe was mad. Parkman in the third volume of his "Montcalm and Wolfe" (page 35) has argued against the probability of the story, and Wood and Doughty both urge its unreliability on the ground of Temple's incapacity to appreciate Wolfe, and because of the length of time which elapsed between the alleged occurrence and its narration at second hand to Mahon.

Page 67

WOLFE'S PORTRAIT

The fate of nations certainly did not depend upon the young commander's personal appearance. The concourse of testimony has up to the present led us to believe that Wolfe was uncompromisingly ugly, and the "receding forehead and chin" of the Abbé Casgrain's description, "which made his profile seem to be an obtuse angle," is merely in keeping with tradition. Both Dr. Doughty and Major Wood insist upon the inaccuracy of this description of Wolfe, and assert that West in his famous but unreliable picture perpetuated the features of a

certain Captain Montrésor, one of Wolfe's engineers during the siege. Dr. Doughty declares in favour of the portrait in the National Gallery as the most authentic likeness which we have of Wolfe.

Page 107

THE FORCES ENGAGED

The author has given the figures with substantial correctness. In this present paragraph the naval force is assumed to be an integral part of the army of attack. There is justification in doing so when we consider the important part which the navy played in the operations. The whole British army consisted of nine thousand men. Of these four thousand eight hundred and twenty were present at the final battle, although only three thousand one hundred were in the firing line. There are no official returns of the French forces at the battle. During the whole siege Montcalm had approximately seventeen thousand men at his disposal, but only a small proportion of these were seasoned troops. At the Battle of the Plains he had about five thousand militia and regulars.

Page 108

SCALPING

Much reference is made of necessity in this book to the inhuman aspects of the campaign. All that can be said with regard to the practice of scalping is that honours were even, and that both Wolfe and Montcalm made repeated and ineffectual efforts to hold the rangers, Indians and woodsmen in check.

Page 111

WOLFE'S INDECISION

Wolfe's indecision was in part at least an element in his strategy It is a part of the art of war to keep the enemy guessing, and Montcalm's testimony is sufficient evidence of Wolfe's success in this particular. We must also bear in mind that abrupt changes in plan were often necessitated by the frequent desertions to the enemy. A letter written by James Gibson on July 20th is an interesting commentary on the situation: "Within the space of five hours we received at the general's request three different orders of consequence, which were contradicted immediately after their reception, which, indeed, has been the constant practice of the general ever since we have been here, to the no small amazement of every one who has the liberty of thinking. Every step he takes is wholly his own—I'm told he asks no one's opinion, and wants no advice; and, therefore, as he conducts without

an assistant, the honour or . . . will be in proportion to his success."

Page 160

Neither Vaudreuil nor Montcalm considered the Foulon to be as dangerous as the country above Cap Rouge.

Page 162 THE REINFORCEMENT OF THE FOULON

Vaudreuil did suggest the addition of fifty men of Repentigny's troops to the corps of Vergor at the Foulon, but he wrote to Bougainville that if provisions were scarce he would not send them. The truth is that neither Montcalm nor Vaudreuil dreamed of the possibility of a landing in force above the town. Yet to provide against remote contingencies Montcalm wished to have the Guyenne regiment stationed upon the Heights of Abraham, and gave orders to that effect which Vaudreuil revoked.

Pages 176, 177

Bougainville's sentinels doubtless saw the large vessels at Cap Rouge, but there is nothing to indicate that they saw the small boats with Wolfe's troops drop down the river.

Page 178 VERGOR'S APPOINTMENT

We do not know why the Abbé Casgrain assumes that Bougainville is responsible for Vergor's appointment. From the correspondence it is evident that Bougainville was first informed of Vergor's appointment by Vaudreuil. See letter Vaudreuil to Bougainville, September 6th, in "The Siege of Quebec," Vol. IV., page 99.

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We might add an eleventhly to this list. When Wolfe was dropping down the river he passed close beside the *Hunter*, and was amazed to see the crew running to quarters and bringing the guns to bear upon his boat. It appears that his captain had been informed by a deserter that the French provision boats were coming down the river that night, and Wolfe's boat, not unnaturally, was mistaken for one of these. We have seen how cleverly Wolfe afterwards utilized this information.

Page 187

Vaudreuil was informed of Wolfe's descent earlier than Montcalm,

and while Montcalm was with him he received a confirmatory despatch from Bernetz giving fuller particulars of the landing.

Page 194

Montcalm could scarcely have arrived at the Plains of Abraham before eight or eight-thirty. We also know that Bougainville was as high up as Pointe-aux-Trembles on the night of the twelfth.

Page 195

There is much doubt as to what Montcalm really said when arriving upon the field of battle.

Page 215

Shortly after this Vaudreuil wrote a letter to the minister of marine defaming Montcalm: "From the moment of M. de Montcalm's arrival in this colony down to that of his death he did not cease to sacrifice everything to his boundless ambition. He sowed dissension among the troops, tolerated the most indecent talk against the government, attached to himself the most disreputable persons, used means to corrupt the most virtuous; and, when he could not succeed, became their cruel enemy."

Page 219

Montcalm wrote from his death-bed a letter to Townshend which has been preserved. It reads as follows: "Sir—Being obliged to surrender Quebec to your arms, I have the honour to recommend our sick and wounded to Your Excellency's kindness and to ask the execution of the *traité d'échange* agreed upon by His Most Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty. I beg Your Excellency to rest assured of the high esteem and respectful consideration with which I have the honour to be, Your most humble and obedient servant, Montcalm."

The letter quoted on page 219 has not been proved to be genuine. It is scarcely likely that Montcalm wrote two death-bed letters to the same person.

Page 230

Readers of the books of Dr. Doughty and Major Wood will observe that both these authorities are much more lenient than is the Abbé Casgrain towards de Ramezay in the matter of the capitulation of Quebec.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

1756, March 14th, Montcalm appointed to command the forces in Canada.

1756, August 14th, Montcalm captures Oswego.

1757, August 9th, Montcalm captures Fort William Henry.

1757, August 11th, Massacre at Fort William Henry.

1757, Wolfe appointed quartermaster-general to the Rochefort expedition.

1758, July 8th, Montcalm wins the battle of Carillon (Ticonderoga).

1758, Wolfe appointed as junior brigadier to serve under Amherst at Louisbourg.

1759, Wolfe appointed to command the expedition against Quebec.

1759, February 17th, Wolfe sails for Canada on the *Neptune*.

1759, June 26th, British fleet anchors off the Island of Orleans. Wolfe issues a proclamation to the inhabitants.

1759, June 27th, The army lands on the Island of Orleans unopposed. A heavy gale throws the fleet into confusion.

1759, June 28th, The French send fire-rafts against the ships.

1759, June 29th, Carleton occupies the point of the Island opposite the Falls of Montmorency. Monckton crosses the south channel to Beaumont.

1759, June 30th, Canadians attack Monckton's force inflicting loss.

1759, July 2nd, Wolfe occupies the Lévis heights with 5,000 men and siege guns.

1759, July 9th, Wolfe seizes the left bank of the Montmorency.

1759, July 12th, 13th, Dumas, with 1,500 men, makes an unsuccessful attack upon the Lévis batteries.

1759, July 18th, Wolfe reconnoitres the north shore above the town. Two frigates and smaller vessels also pass up the river escaping damage from the town batteries.

1759, July 21st, Wolfe again reconnoitres above the town. Carleton leads an expedition twenty miles up the river against Pointe-aux-Trembles. Bougainville appointed to watch the British movements above the town.

1759, July 25th, Wolfe makes a reconnaissance in force up the Montmorency. The French, under Repentigny, repulse him with loss.

1759, July 27th, De Courval sends fire-rafts against the fleet.

1759, July 31st, Wolfe is severely repulsed in an attack in force upon Montmorency.

1759, August 5th, Murray is sent up the river with a considerable force.

1759, August 8th, Murray receives a severe check from Bougainville at Pointe-aux-Trembles.

1759, August 25th, Murray returns to the main army.

1759, August 29th, Wolfe proposes a threefold plan to the brigadiers.

1759, August 30th, Brigadiers reject these plans and propose an alternative.

1759, August 31st to September 3rd, The camp at Montmorency is evacuated. Various reconnaissances up the river.

1759, September 10th, Wolfe makes his final reconnaissance, and selects L'Anse du Foulon (Wolfe's Cove) as the point of attack.

1759, September 13th, The battle of the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe dies on the field of battle. Vaudreuil retreats from Beauport to Jacques Cartier.

1759, September 14th, Montcalm dies.

1759, September 18th, Ramezay capitulates.

1759, September 19th, Townshend marches into Quebec.

1760, April 28th, Lévis defeats Murray at Ste. Foy.

1760, May 16th, Lévis abandons the siege of Quebec on account of the arrival of the English fleet.

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